

CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

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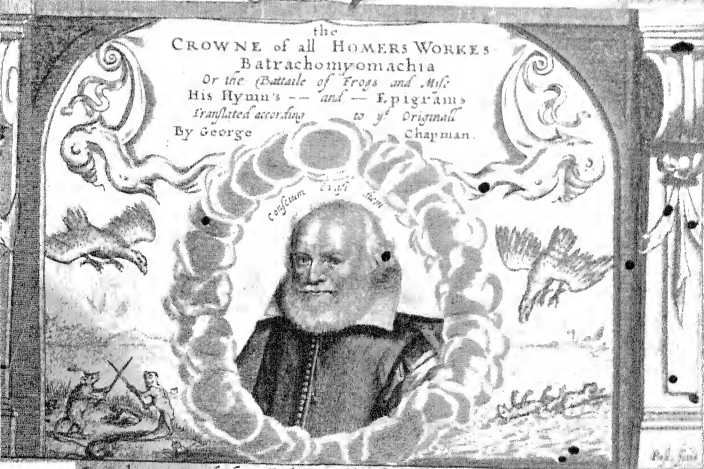
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THE
W H O L E W O R K S
OF
H O M E R
PRINCE OF POETS.

In his Iliads, and
Odyseys.

Translated according to the Greek.

By
Geo. Chapman.

De Ili : et Odyss :

*"Omnia ab his, et in his sunt omnia: sive beati
Te decet eloqui, seu rerum pondera iungunt."*

ANGEL: POL.

Commendatory Verses.

TO MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS INTO ENGLISH METRE.*

THOU ghost of Homer 'twere no fault to
call
His the translation, thine the original,
Did we not know 'twas done by thee so
well
Thou makest Homer Homer's self excel.

ON MR. CHAPMAN'S INCOMPAR- ABLE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S WORKS.

WHAT none before durst ever venture on,
Unto our wonder is by Chapman done,
Who by his skill hath made great Homer's
Song

To veil its bonnet to our English tongue,
So that the learned well may question it,
Whether in Greek, or English, Homer writ.
O happy Homer, such an able pen
To have for thy Translator, happier than
Ovid,† or Virgil,‡ who beyond their
strength
Are stretch'd, each sentence near a mile in
length.

But our renowned Chapman worthy praise
And meriting the never blasted bays,
Hath render'd Homer in a genuine sense,
Yea, and hath added to his eloquence :
And in his comments his true sense doth
show,
Telling Spondanus, what he ought to know,
Eustathius, and all that on them take
Great Homer's mystic meaning plain to
make,
Yield him more dark with far-fetch'd
allegories,
Sometimes mistaking clean his learned
stories :

As 'bout the fly Menelaus* did inspire,
Juno's retreat, Achilles' strange desire,
But he, to his own sense doth him re-
store,
And comments on him better than
before
Any could do, for which (with Homer)
we
Will yield all honour to his memory.

S. SHEPPARD.†

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of
gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen,
Round many western islands have I
been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne :
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold :
Then felt I like some watcher of the
skies
When a new planet swims into his
ken ;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle
eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his
men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.‡

* Menelaus, Agamemnon's brother, a soft-
pated Prince, as Homer covertly renders him
throughout his *Iliads*, and as Mr. Chapman hath
aptly observed in *Homer*.

† Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical and
Romantic, by S. Sheppard. Lond 1657, pp
162-163.

‡ Poems : Lond 1817, p. 89.

* [From *Wits Recreations, selected from the
finest Fancies of Modern Muses*, Lond 1640]

† By Golding

‡ By Phaer.

HOMER'S ILIADS.

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"*The Iliads of Homer Prince of Poets* Neuer before in any language truely translated. With a Coment upon some of his chiefe places, Donne according to the Greeke by Geo^r Chapman. At London printed for Nathaniell Butter" [fol.]

Homer's Iliads.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

OF all books† extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before him, Josephus affirms nor before him, saith Velleius Paterculus, was there any whom he imitated, nor after him any that could imitate him. And that Poesy may be no cause of detracton from all the eminence we give him, Spondanus (preferring it to all arts and sciences) unanswerably argues and proves, for to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny, man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chief end of man with so much excitation and expression as Poesy; Moses, David, Solomon, Job, Essay, Jeremy, &c, chiefly using that to the end above said? And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man, as all easily confess it, it must needs be acknowledged a divine infusion. To prove which in a word, this distich, in my estimation, serves something nearly:

Great Poesy, blind Homer, makes all see
Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee

For out of him, according to our most grave and judicjal Plutarch, are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therefore the world's vilifying of it that can make it vile, for so we might argue, and blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed, but like truth, hides itself from it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdom's truth in all human excellence, as in Poets' fictions. That most vulgar and foolish receipt of poetical licence being of all knowing men to be exploded, accepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling privilege above others, no Artist being so strictly and inextreably confined to all the laws of learning, wisdom, and truth as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinews and souls of all those, how could they differ far from, and be combined with eternity? To all sciences, therefore, I must still, with our learned and ingenious Spondanus, prefer it, as having a perpetual commerce with the divine Majesty, embracing and illustrating all his most holy precepts, and enjoying continual discourse with his thrice perfect and most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato to the active, as much as the head to the foot, the eye to the hand, reason to sense, the soul to the body, the end itself to all things directed to the end, quiet to motion, and eternity to time, so much prefer I divine Poesy to all worldly wisdom. To the only shadow of whose worth, yet, I entitle not the bold rhymes of every apish and impudent braggart, though he dares assume anything, such I turn over to the weaving of cobwebs, and shall but chatter on molehills (far under the hill of the Muses) when their fortunatest self-love and ambition hath advanced them highest. Poesy is the flower of the Sun, and disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures and counsels from the vulgar, *se evilescent* (saith our Spondanus). We have example sacred enough, that ~~the~~ Poesy's humility, poverty and contempt, are badges of divinity, not vanity. Bray then, and bark against it, ye wolf-faced worldlings, that nothing but honours, riches, and magistracy, *nescio quos turgide spiratis* (that I may use the words of our friend still) *qui solas leges Justinianas crepatis; paragraphum unum aut alterum, plures quam vos ipsos factis*, &c. I (for my part) shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than shine in your vainglorious bubbles and impieties; all your poor policies, wisdoms and their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut. And much

* Prefixed to the Complete Translation of the Iliads of Homer. (fol).

† All books of human wisdom.

less I weigh the frontless detractions of some stupid ignorants, that no more knowing me than their own beastly ends, and I ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight, whisper behind me vilifyings of my translation, out of the French affirming them, when both in French, and all other languages but his own, our with-all-skill-enriched Poet is so poor and displeasing that no man can discern from whence flowed his so generally given eminence and admiration. And therefore (by any reasonable creature's conference of my slight comment and conversion) it will easily appear how I shun them, and whether the original be my rule or not. In which he shall easily see, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters and commentators in places of his most depth, importance, and rapture. In whose exposition and illustration, if I abhor from the sense that others wrest and rack out of him, let my best detractor examine how the Greek word warrants me. For my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish galls; nothing so much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or foisting hounds, too vile to think of our sacred Homer, or set their profane feet within their lives' lengths of his thresholds. If I fail in something, let my full performance in other some restore me. haste spurring me on with other necessities. For as at my conclusion, I protest, so here at my entrance, less than fifteen weeks was the time in which all the last twelve books were entirely new translated. No conference had with any one living in all the novelties I presume I have found. Only some one or two places I have showed to my worthy and most learned friend, Master Harriot, for his censure how much mine own weighed; whose judgment and knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable and bottomless, yea, to be admired as much, as his most blameless life, and the right sacred expense of his time, is to be honoured and revered. Which affirmation of his clear unmatchedness in all manner of learning I make in contempt of that nasty objection often thrust upon me, that he that will judge must know more than he of whom he judgeth; for so a man should know neither God nor himself. Another right learned, honest, and entirely loved friend of mine, Master Robert Hews, I must needs put into my confessed conference touching Homer, though very little more than that I had with Master Harriot. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my general labour, but only of those one or two places, which for instances of my innovation, and how it showed to them, I imparted. If any tax me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in some places, let them read Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, who either use such shortness as cometh nothing home to Homer, or, where they shun that fault, are ten parts more paraphractical than I. As for example, one place I will trouble you (if you please) to confer with the original, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third book, and is Helen's speech to Venus fetching her to Paris from seeing his cowardly combat with Menelaus; part of which speech I will here cite:

Οὐνεκα δὴ νῦν εἶον Ἀλέξανδρον Μενελάου
Νικήσας, &c.

For avoiding the common reader's trouble here, I must refer the more Greekish to the rest of the speech in Homer, whose translation *ad verbum* by Spondanus I will here cite, and then pray you to confer it with that which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam verò nunc Alexandrum Menelaus
Postquam vicit, vult odiosam me domum abducere,
Propterea verò nunc dolium (cer-dolos) cogitans advenisti?
Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque unquam tuis pedibus revertaris in coelum,
Sed semper circa eum ærumnas perfer, et ipsum serva
Donec te vel uxorem faciat, vel hic servam, &c

Valla thus :

"Quoniam victo Paride, Menelaus me miseram est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsè sub imagine venisti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in Paridem benevolentiam : Cū dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagus, dum illum observas atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti, nec ad eos reversura es amplius ; adeò (quantum suspicor) aut uxor ejus efficietis, aut ancilla," &c.

Wherein note if there be any such thing as most of this in Homer, not only to express, as he thinks, Homer's conceit, for the more pleasure of the reader, he useth this over-

plus, *dum illi aqes, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagas, dum illum observas, atque castodis, deorum commercium reliquisti* Which (besides his superfluity) is utterly false For where he saith *reliquisti deorum commercium*, Helen said, *ὅσων δ' ἀνθρώπων καὶ θεῶν, deorum autem abnegas, or abnue, vras, ἀνέμειν (vel ἀποσείμειν* as it is used poetically) signifying *denegare, or abnuere*, and Helen (in contempt of her too much observing men) bids her renounce heaven, and come live with Paris till he make her his wife of servant, sceptically or scornfully speaking it: which both Valla, Eobanus, and all other interpreters (but these *ad verbum*) have utterly missed And this one example I thought necessary to insert here, to show my detractors that they have no reason to vilify my circumlocution sometimes, when their most approved Grecians, Homer's interpreters generally, hold him fit to be so converted Yet how much I differ, and with what authority, let my impartial and judicial reader judge. Always conceiving how pedantical and absurd an affectation it is in the interpretation of any author (much more of Homer) to turn him word for word, when (according to Horace and other best lawgivers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and judicial interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the material things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently, and to clothe and adorn them with words, and such a style and form of oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted. If I have not turned him in any place falsely (as all other his interpreters have in many, and most of his chief places), if I have not left behind me any of his sentence, elegance, height, intention, and invention, if in some few places (especially in my first edition, being done so long since, and following the common tract) I be something paraphrastical and faulty, is it justice in that poor fault (if they will needs have it so) to drown all the rest of my labour? But there is a certain envious windsucker, that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition, and buzzing into every ear my detraction, affirming I turn Homer out of the Latin only, &c, that sets all his associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to bear about my impair, and poison my reputation One that, as he thinks, whatsoever he gives to others, he takes from himself, so whatsoever he takes from others, he adds to himself One that in this kind of robbery doth like Mercury, that stole good and supplied it with counterfeit bad still One like the two gluttons, Phloxenus and Gnatho, that would still empty their noses in the dishes they loved, that no man might eat but themselves For so this kestrel, with too hot a liver, and lust after his own glory, and to devour all himself, discourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I have stricken, single him as you can Nor note I this, to cast any rubs or plasters out of the particular way of mine own estimation with the world, for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure.

*Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero
Without men's honours I will live, and make
No number in the manless course they take*

But, to discourage (if it might be) the general detraction of industrious and well-meaning virtue, I know I cannot too much diminish and deject myself, yet that passing little that I am, God only knows, to whose ever-implored respect and comfort I only submit me If any further edition of these my silly endeavours shall chance, I will mend what is amiss (God assisting me) and amplify my harsh Comment to Homer's far more right, and mine own earnest and ingenious love of him Notwithstanding, I know, the curious and envious will never sit down satisfied A man may go over and over, till he come over and over, and his pains be only his recompense every man is so loaded with his particular head, and nothing in all respects perfect, but what is perceived by few Homer himself hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poor self put up with motion And so little I will respect malignity, and so much encourage myself with mine own known strength, and what I find within me of comfort and conformance (examining myself throughout with a far more jealous and severe eye than my greatest enemy, imitating this

Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.),

that after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest means) with more labour than I have lost here, and all unchecked alacrity, dive through his Odysseys. Nor can I forget here (but with all hearty gratitude remember) my most ancient,

THE PREFACE

learned, and right noble friend, Master Richard Stapilton, first most desertful mover in the frame of our Homer. For which (and much other most ingenious and utterly undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter, and be his honourable family's speedy and full restorer. In the mean space, I entreat my impartial and judicial Reader, that all things to the quick he will not pare, but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and, if he find anything perfect, receive it unenvied.

OF HOMER.

OF his country and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that there is no question, in my conjecture, of his antiquity beyond all. To which opinion, the nearest I will cite, Adam Cedrenus placeth him under David's and Solomon's rule, and the Destruction of Troy under Saul's. And of one age with Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (*in tertio de Poeticâ*) affirms he was born in the isle of Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Muses, and a virgin of that isle compressed by that Genius, who being quick with child (for shame of the deed) came into a place called Ægina, and there was taken of thieves, and brought to Smyrna, to Mæon king of the Lydians, who for her beauty married her. After which, she walking near the flood Meletes, on that shore being overtaken with the throes of her delivery, she brought forth Homer, and instantly died. The infant was received by Mæon, and brought up as his own till his death, which was not long after. And, according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna were afflicted by the Æolians, and thought fit to leave the city, the captains by a herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them, Homer, being a little child, said he would also *ὑμπερὶν* (that is, *sequi*); and of that, for Melesigenes, which was his first name, he was called Homer. These Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this I omit for length, and in place thereof think it not unfit to insert something of his praise and honour amongst the greatest of all ages; not that our most absolute of himself needs it, but that such authentical testimonies of his splendour and excellence may the better convince the malice of his maligners.

First, what kind of person Homer was, saith Spondanus, his statue teacheth, which Cedrenus describeth. The whole place we will describe that our relation may hold the better coherence, as Nylander converts it. "Then was the Octagonon at Constantinople consumed with fire, and the bath of Severus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus, in which there was much variety of spectacle and splendour of arts; the works of all ages being conferred and preserved there, of marble, rocks, stones, and images of brass, to which this only wanted, that the souls of the persons they presented were not in them. Amongst these master-pieces and all-wit-exceeding workmanships stood Homer, as he was in his age, thoughtful and musing, his hands folded beneath his bosom, his beard untrimmed and hanging down, the hair of his head in like sort thin on both sides before, his face with age and cares of the world, as these imagine, wrinkled and austere, his nose proportioned to his other parts, his eyes fixed or turned up to his eyebrows, like one blind, as it is reported he was." (Not born blind, saith Velleius Paterculus, which he that imagines, saith he, is blind of all senses.) "Upon his under-coat he was attired with a loose robe, and at the base beneath his feet a brazen chain hung." This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagration perished. Another renowned statue of his, saith Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes, stood in the temple of Ptolemy, on the upper hand of his own statue. Cedrenus likewise remembereth a library in the palace of the king, at Constantinople, that contained a thousand and a hundred and twenty books; amongst which there was the *gut* of a dragon of an hundred and twenty foot long; in which, the letters of gold, the *Iliads* and *Odyssees* of Homer were inscribed; which miracle, in Basiliscus the Emperor's time, was consumed with fire.

For his respect amongst the most learned, Plato *in Ione* calleth him ἄριστον καὶ θεώτατον τῶν ποιητῶν, *Poetarum omnium et praeclarissimum et divinissimum, in Phædono* θεῖον ποιητὴν, *divinum Poetam*, and in *Theætetus*, Socrates citing divers of the most wise and learned for confirmation of his there held opinion, as Protagoras, Heracitus, Empedocles, Epicharmus, and Homer. Who, saith Socrates, against such an army, being all led by such a captain as Homer, dares fight or resist, but he will be held ridiculous? This for Scaliger and all Homer's envious and ignorant detractors. Why, therefore, Plato in another place banisheth him with all other poets out of his Commonwealth, dealing with them like a Politician indeed, use men, and then cast them off, though Homer he thinks fit to send out crowned and anointed, I see not, since he maketh still such honourable mention of him, and with his verses, as with precious gems, everywhere enchaseth his writings. So Aristotle continually celebrateth him. Nay, even amongst the barbarous, not only Homer's name, but his Poems have been recorded and revered. The Indians, saith Ælianus (Var. Hist. lib. xii cap 48), in their own tongue had Homer's Poems translated and sung. Nor those Indians alone, but the kings of Persia. And amongst the Indians, of all the Greek poets, Homer being ever first in estimation, whensoever they used any divine duties according to the custom of their households and hospitalities, they invited ever Apollo and Homer. Lucian in his Encomion of Demosthenes affirmeth all Poets celebrated Homer's birthday, and sacrificed to him the first fruits of their verses. So Thersagoras answereth Lucian, he used to do himself. Alex Paphius, saith Eustathius, delivers Homer as born of Egyptian parents, Dmasagoras, being his father, and Æthra his mother, his nurse being a certain prophetess and the daughter of Oris, Isis' priest, from whose breasts, oftentimes, honey flowed in the mouth of the infant. After which, in the night, he uttered nine several notes or voices of fowls—viz, of a swallow, a peacock, a dove, a crow, a partridge, a redshank, a stare, a blackbird, and a nightingale, and, being a little boy, was found playing in his bed with nine doves. Sibylla being at a feast of his parents was taken with sudden fury, and sung verses whose beginning was Ἀμασσανδρά πολὺνικε πόλινικε, signifying much victory, in which song also she called him μεγάκλεα, *great in glory*, and στεφανίτην, signifying *garland-seller*, and commanded him to build a temple to the Pegridarii, that is, to the Muses. Herodotus affirms that Phæmius, teaching a public school at Smyrna, was his master, and Dionysius in 56 oration saith, Socrates was Homer's scholar. In short, what he was, his works show most truly, to which, if you please, go on and examine him.

TO THE

MOST HONOURED NOW LIVING INSTANCE OF THE ACHILLEAN VIRTUES
ETERNIZED BY DIVINE HOMER,

THE EARL OF ESSEX,

EARL MARSHAL, ETC.

How irrational and brutish an impiety soever it be, not only to increase the curse of humanity in making the scum of the body the crown of the soul, but to murder and bury her in it; none needs to be benumbed with admiration, since her intellectual blood is shed with such authority, preferment, and profession; and to be a perfect

* Prefixed to "Seven Books of the Iliads" (1598).

villanizer of her faculties, is to seat Custom and Imputation, like Justice and Wisdom, on both sides of his chair, crowning him with honour. And this even of a plaguy necessity must come to pass, since all the means we have to make her excellency known to us, and to forge out of that holy knowledge darts to enamour us with her unpainted beauties, are held with too true experience of their effects, the only parasites to entangle our estates in miseries and massacres. Her substance yet, being too pure and illustrate to be discerned with ignorant and barbarous sense, and the matter whereon she works too passive and drossy to propagate her earthly residence to eternity; she hath devised, in despite of that worm-eaten idol, another fruitless, dead, and despised receptacle, to reverse her appearance with unspeakable profit, comfort, and life to all posterities; and that is this poor scribbling, this toy, this too living a preservative for the deathful toms of nobility, being accounted in our most gentle and complimentary use of it, only the droppings of an idle humour, far unworthy the serious expense of an exact gentleman's time. So is poor learning the inseparable Genius of this Homeric writing I intend, wherein notwithstanding the souls of all the recorded worthies that ever lived, become eternally embodied even upon earth, and our understanding parts making transition in that we understand, the lives of worthily-termed poets are their earthly Elysiums, wherein we walk with survival of all the deceased worthies we read of, every conceit, sentence, figure, and word being a most beautiful lineament of their souls' infinite bodies, and could a beauty be objected to sense, composed of as many divine members, and that we had senses responsible for their full apprehension, they should impress no more pleasure to such a body, than is sweetly enjoyed in this true manner of communication and combination of souls. But as it is not possible such a beauty and such organs of apprehension should be compact, no more can any sensual delight compare with the felicity of the mind. And ought not this to be so, where the incomprehensible figure of God is diffused in sacred and everlasting beams, where we have in earth society with eternity? All this walks upon the bosom of Death in the worthiest writing, and shall a man veil to a painted beggar on horseback, and go saucily by such a godlike resplendence with a wall-eye and an horned countenance? For as number, sound, and rhyme can challenge no inclusion of the soul without divine invention, judgment, and disposition, no more can the soul expect eternity on earth without such eternal writing. And to cast this with our vanities at our backs, is to bear the lives of beasts in our bosoms, in which base portorage is ever borne contempt of fame, honour, and love of the best, which never hath accompanied any humane or less than barbarous condition.

To you then, most abundant president of true noblesse, in whose manifest actions all these sacred objects are divinely pursued, I most humbly and affectionately consecrate this president of all learning, virtue, valour, honour, and society, who with his own soul hath eternized armies of kings and princes, whose imperial muse, the great monarch of the world would say effected more of his conquests than his universal power. And therefore at Achilles' tomb, with most holy impression of fame, and the zeal of eternity, pronounced him most happy to have so firm an eternizer as Homer.

Most true Achilles, whom by sacred prophecy Homer did but prefigure in his admirable object, and in whose unmatched virtues shine the dignities of the soul, and the whole excellence of royal humanity, let not the peasant-common politics of the world, that count all things servile and single, that pamper not their private sensualities, burying quick in their filthy sepulchres of earth the whole bodies and souls of honour, virtue, and piety, stir your divine temper from perseverance in godlike pursuit of eternity.

We must assure ourselves that the soul hath use, comfort, and benefit in her dissolution and second being, of the fame, love, and example she proposed here, since she hath general combination with blessed Eternity; and fame, love, and example being all eternal.

Now if eternity be so victorious and triumphant a goddess that with her adamant-foot, she treads upon sceptres, riches, senses, sensualities, and all the saffron-gilded pomp of ignorant braveries, only knowledge having the assentful spirit to tread upon that foot, and be lifted to the height and sweetness of her bosom, what place with the greatest doth an eternizer merit? The foot and the back parts? how to be accounted

according to his unfashionable habit of poverty, that like the poisoned mists of thawing muckpits smokes from the hoarded treasure of soulless gold-worms? If the crown of humanity be the soul, and the soul an intellectual beam of God, the essence of her substance being intellection, and intellection or understanding the strength and eminence of her faculties, the differencing of men in excellency must be directed only by their proportions of true knowledge. Homeric writing then being the native deduction of image and true heir of true knowledge, must needs in desert inherit his father's dignity.

Help, then, renowned Achilles, to prefer and defend your grave and blameless Prophet of Phœbus from the doting and vicious fury of the two Atreides, Arrogancy and Detraction, be dreadless bulwarks to bashful and fainting virtue against all those whose faces Barbarism and Fortune have congealed with standing lakes of Impudency, who being dammed up with their muddy ignorance, retain no feeling of that to which all their senses are dutifully consecrate against our sieve-witted censors, through whose brains all things exact and refined, run to the earth in heaps, when nothing remains but stones and unserviceable rubbish. And gratulate in English extraction with free and honourable encouragement, this poor assay of Poesy's Greek Nectar which I durst not more liberally pour out, for fear of vulgar profanation, if that divine sweetness and nourishment it hath wrought in divinest tempers should for want of palate and constitution in others want his due attribution. My hope of excuse therefore may be worthily grounded, since this penury being effected with such store of labour, and so much quintessence to be drawn from so little a project, it will ask as much judgment to peruse worthily as whole volumes of mere pervial inventions.

Besides this enforced breach of the commandment to live without care of to-morrow (which ever carries his confounded punishment with it, distracts invention necessary even in translation) interrupts the industry of conceit, and the discourse of the soul, and then the too true consideration, that whatsoever is laboured in this kind is esteemed but idleness and vanity, though of such sacred importance that all wholesome laws and constitutions have heretofore been exhaled, and the conceit, direction, and highest wing of most grave souls have taken strength and inspiration from it. This I say, most excellent Earl, could not as yet admit more English to this most excellent Poet and Philosopher the flood and variety of my native language as it were with dumbness fettered in my unhappy bosom, and every comfort that might dissolve and encourage it, utterly bereft me, your honoured countenance yet and vouchsafed reacknowledgment of one so unworthy as myself, being the great objects of all my labours in their first dedication, shall draw on the rest.

And thus wishing for the worthy expense of my future life to follow by all opportunity your honoured attempts and admired disposition, I doubt not my zeal to the truth of your rare virtues will enable me, inferior to none, to turn my paper to crystal, from whence no time shall raze the engraven figure of your graces. In the meantime, if your Lordship descend to acceptation of these few disordered Iliads, I shall recompense their defects in their next edition. Nor can it be reputed an unworthy incitement to propose the true image of all virtues and humane government, even in the heart of this tumultuous season, to your other serious affairs, especially since it contains the true portrait of ancient stratagems and disciplines of war, wherein it will be worthy little less than admiration of your apprehensive judgment to note in many things the affinity they have with your present complements of field the orations, counsels, attempts, and exploits, not to be exceeded by the freshest brains of this hot-spirited time; the horror of arms endlessly thundering, piety, justice, valour, and royalty, eternally shining in his soul-infused verse. To which (honourably pardoning this tedious induction, turn and hear your divine Homer) according to Spondanus' attraction, *magnificæ carentem*

By him that first, and ever freely consecrates his whole faculties to the honour of your princely virtues.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE READER.

I SUPPOSE you to be no mere reader, since you intend to read Homer; and therefore wish I may walk free from their common objections that can only read. When my disorder is seen, that four books are skipped, as a man would say, and yet the poem continued according to the Greek alphabet—viz, that for Gamma which is Eta, and that for Delta which is Theta, &c, then comes my known condemnation more grievously than charity would wish especially with those that having no eyes to peruse and judge of the translation, and whatsoever the main matter deserves, will be glad to show they see something in finding fault with that form, and peradventure find their queasy stomachs turned at whatsoever is merited in the much-laboured work.

But to him that is more than a reader, I write, and so consequently to him that will disdain those easy objections which every speller may put together. The worth of a skilful and worthy translator, is to observe the sentences, figures, and forms of speech proposed in his author, his true sense and height, and to adorn them with figures and forms of oration fitted to the original, in the same tongue to which they are translated; and these things I would gladly have made the questions of whatsoever my labours have deserved not slighted with the slight disorder of some books, which if I can put in as fit place hereafter without check to your due understanding and course of the Poet, then is their easy objection answered that I expect will be drowned in the foam of their eager and empty spleens. For likelihood of which ability, I have good authority that the books were not set together by Homer himself, Lycurgus first bringing them out of Ionia in Greece as an entire poem, before whose time his verses were dissevered into many works, one called the battle fought at the fleet, another, Dolonniades, another, Agamemnon's fortitude, another, the Catalogue of ships, another, Patroclus' death, another, Hector's redemption, another, the funeral games, &c. All which are the titles of several Iliads and if those were ordered by others, why may not I challenge as much authority, reserving the right of my precedent? But to omit what I can say further for reason to my present alteration, in the next edition when they come out by the dozen, I will reserve the ancient and common received form, in the meantime, do me the encouragement to confer that which I have translated with the same in Homer, and according to the worth of that, let this first edition pass, so shall ye do me but lawful favour, and make me take pains to give you this Emperor of all wisdom (for so Plato will allow him) in your own language, which will more honour it, if my part be worthily discharged, than anything else can be translated. In the meantime, peruse the pamphlet of errors in the impression, and help to point the rest with your judgment, wherein, and in purchase of the whole seven, if you be quick and acceptive, you shall in the next edition have the life of Homer, a table, a pretty comment, true printing, the due praise of your mother tongue above all others, for Poesy, and such demonstrative proof of our English wits above beyond-sea muses, if we would use them, that a proficient wit should be the better to hear it.

TO THE MOST HONOURED EARL,

EARL MARSHAL.

SPONDANUS, one of the most desertful commentators of Homer, calls all sorts of all men learned to be judicial beholders of this more than artificial and no less than divine rapture, than which nothing can be imagined more full of soul and humane extraction; for what is here prefigured by our miraculous artist, but the universal world, which being

so spacious and almost unmeasurable, one circlet of a shield represents and embraceth? In it heaven turns, the stars shine, the earth is enflowered, the sea swells and rageth, cities are built, one in the happiness and sweetness of peace, the other in open war and the terrors of ambush, &c. And all these so lively proposed, as not without reason many in times past have believed, that all these things have in them a kind of voluntary motion, even as those tripods of Vulcan, and that Dedalus Venus *αὐτοκίνητος*, nor can I be resolved that their opinions be sufficiently refuted by Arstonicus, for so are all things here described by our *Ωῖνιστ* poet, as if they consisted not of hard and solid metals, but of a truly living and moving soul. The ground of his invention he shows out of Eustathius, intending by the obliquity of the Shield, the roundness of the world, by the four metals, the four elements viz, by Gold, fire, by Brass, earth for the hardness; by Tin, water, for the softness and inclination to fluxure, by Silver, air, for the grossness and obscurity of the metal before it be refined. That which he calls *ἀντὶνα* *τριπύλακα μαρίμαρετο* he understands the Zodiac, which is said to be triple for the latitude it contains, and shuning by reason of the perpetual course of the Sun made in that circle; by *ἀργύρεον τελαμῶνα* the Axle-tree, about which heaven hath his motion, &c. Nor do I deny, saith Spondanus, Æneas' arms to be forged with an exceeding height of wit by Virgil, but compared with those of Homer they are nothing And thus it is, most honoured, that maketh me thus suddenly translate this Shield of Achilles, for since my publication of the other seven books, comparison hath been made between Virgil and Homer, who can be compared in nothing with more decal and cutting of all argument, than in these two Shields, and whosoever shall read Homer thoroughly and worthily, will know the question comes from a superficial and too unripe a reader; for Homer's poems were writ from a free fury, an absolute and full soul; Virgil's out of a courtly, laborious, and altogether imitatory spirit, not a smile he hath but is Homer's; not an invention, person, or disposition, but is wholly or originally built upon Homeric foundations, and in many places hath the very words Homer useth; besides, where Virgil hath had no more plentiful and liberal a wit, than to frame twelve imperfect books of the troubles and travails of Æneas, Homer hath of as little subject finished eight and forty perfect, and that the trivial objection may be answered, that not the number of books, but the nature and excellence of the work commends it; all Homer's books are such as have been precedents ever since of all sorts of poems; imitating none, nor ever worthily imitated of any, yet would I not be thought so ill created as to be a malicious detractor of so admired a poet as Virgil, but a true justifier of Homer, who must not be read for a few lines with leaves turned over capriciously in dismembered fractions, but throughout, the whole drift, weight, and height of his works set before the apprehensive eyes of his judge The majesty he enthrones, and the spirit he infuseth into the scope of his work, so far outshining Virgil, that his skurmishes are but mere scramblings of boys to Homer's, the silken body of Virgil's muse curiously dressed in gilt and embroidered silver, but Homer's in plain, massy, and unvalued gold, not only all learning, government, and wisdom being deduced as from a bottomless fountain from him, but all wit, elegance, disposition and judgment *Ὁμηρος πρῶτος διδάσκαλος καὶ ἡγεμῶν*, &c. Homer, saith Plato, was the prince and master of all praises and virtues; the emperor of wise men; an host of men against any depraver in any principle he held All the ancient and lately learned have had him in equal estimation And for any to be now contrarily affected, it must needs proceed from a mere wantonness of wit, an idle, unthriftly spirit, wilful because they may choose whether they will think otherwise or not, and have power and fortune enough to live like true men without truth, or else they must presume of puritanical inspiration, to have that with delicacy and squeamishness which others with as good means, ten times more time, and ten thousand times more labour could never conceive But some will convey their imperfections under his Greek Shield, and from thence bestow bitter arrows against the traduction, affirming their want of admiration grows from defect of our language, not able to express the copy and elegance of the original; but this easy and traditional pretext hides them not enough, for how full of height and roundness soever Greek be above English, yet is there no depth of conceit triumphing in it, but as in a mere admirer it may be imagined, so in a sufficient translator it may be expressed. And Homer that hath his chief holiness of estimation, for matter and instruction, would scorn to have his supreme worthiness glosing in

his courtship and privilege of tongue And if Italian, French, and Spanish have not made it dainty, nor thought it any presumption to turn him into their languages, but a fit and honourable labour, and, in respect of their country's profit and their poesy's credit, almost necessary, what curious, proud, poor shamefacedness should let an English muse to traduce him, when the language she works withal is more conformable, fluent, and expressive, which I would your Lordship would command me to prove against all our whippers of their own compliment in their country's dialect

O what peevish ingratitude and most unreasonable scorn of ourselves we commit, to be so extravagant and foreignly witted, to honour and imitate that in a strange tongue, which we condemn and contemn in our native for if the substance of the Poet's will be expressed, and his sentence and sense rendered with truth and elocution, he that takes judicial pleasure in him in Greek, cannot bear so rough a brow to him in English to entomb his acceptance in austerity

But thou, soul-blind Scaliger, that never hadst anything but place, time, and terms, to paint thy proficiency in learning, nor ever writest anything of thine own impotent brain, but thy only impaised diminution of Homer (which I may swear was the absolute inspiration of thine own ridiculous genius), never didst thou more palpably dam thy drossy spirit in all thy all-countries-exploded ficherics, which are so grossly illiterate, that no man will vouchsafe their refutation, than in thy senseless reprehensions of Homer; whose spirit flew as much above thy grovelling capacity as heaven moves above Barathrum but as none will vouchsafe repetition nor answer of thy other unmanly fooleries, no more will I of these, my Epistle being too tedious to your Lordship, besides, and no man's judgment serving better (if your high affairs could admit their diligent perusal), than your Lordship's, to refute and reject him But alas, Homer is not now to be lift up by my weak arm, more than he is now depressed by more feeble oppositions, if any feel not their conceits so ravished with the eminent beauties of his ascetical muse, as the greatest men of all sorts and of all ages have done. Their most modest course is, unless they will be powerfully insolent, to ascribe the defect to their apprehension, because they read him but slightly, not in his surmised frugality of object, that most really and most feastfully pours out himself in right divine occasion But the chief and unanswerable mean to his general and just acceptance must be your Lordship's high and of all men expected precedent, without which he must, like a poor snail, pull in his English horns, that out of all other languages (in regard of the country's affection and royalties of his patrons) hath appeared like an angel from a cloud, or the world out of chaos When no language can make comparison of him with ours, if he be worthily converted, wherein before he should have been born so lame and defective, as the French midwife hath brought him forth, he had never made question how your Lordship would accept him, and yet have two of their kings embraced him as a wealthy ornament to their studies, and the main battle of their armies.

If then your bounty would do me but the grace to confer my unhappy labours with theirs so successful and commended, (your judgment serving you much better than your leisure, and yet your leisure in things honourable being to be enforced by your judgment), no malicious and dishonourable whisperer, that comes armed with an army of authority and state against harmless and armless virtue, could wrest your wonted impression so much from itself to reject, with imitation of tyrannous contempt, any affection so zealous and able in this kind to honour your estate as mine. Only kings and princes have been Homer's patrons, amongst whom, Ptolemy would say, he that had slight hands to entertain Homer, had as slight brains to rule his commonwealth. And an usual severity he used, but a most rational (how precise and ridiculous soever it may seem to men made of ridiculous matter) that in reverence of the piety and perfect humanity he taught; whosoever writ or committed any proud detraction against Homer (as even such a man wanted not his malicious depravers), he put him with torments to extremest death. O high and magically raised prospect, from whence a true eye may see means to the absolute redress, or much to be wished extenuation, of all the unmanly degeneracies now tyrannizing amongst us; for if that which teacheth happiness and hath unpainful corrosives in it (being entertained and observed), to eat out the heart of that raging ulcer, which, like a Lernean Fen of corruption furnaceth the universal sighs and complaints of this transposed world, were

seriously and as with armed garrisons defended and heartened ; that which engenders and disperseth that wilful pestilence, would be purged and extirpate ; but that which teacheth, being overturned, that which is taught is consequently subject to eversion ; and if the honour, happiness and preservation of true humanity consist in observing the laws fit for man's dignity, and that the elaborate prescription of those laws must of necessity be authorized, favoured, and defended before any observation can succeed ; is it unreasonable to punish the contempt of that moving prescription with one man's death , when at the heels of it follows common neglect of observation, and in the neck of it, an universal ruin ? This, my Lord, I enforce only to interrupt in others that may read this unsavoury stuff, the too open-mouthed damnation of royal and virtuous Ptolemy's severity. For to digest, transform, and sweat a man's soul into rules and attractions to society, such as are fashioned and tempered with her exact and long laboured contention of study, in which she tosseth with her impartial discourse before her, all cause of fantastical objections and reproofs, and without which she were as wise as the greatest number of detractors that shall presume to censure her ; and yet by their flash and insolent castigations to be slighted and turned over their miserably vain tongues in an instant, is an injury worthy no less penalty than Ptolemy inflicted. To take away the heels of which running profanation, I hope your Lordship's honourable countenance will be as the unicorn's horn, to lead the way to English Homer's yet poisoned fountain, for till that favour be vouchsafed, the herd will never drink, since the venomous galls of some of their fellows have infected it, whom, alas, I pity. Thus confidently affirming your name and dignities shall never be more honoured in a poor book than in English Homer, I cease to afflict your Lordship with my tedious Dedicatories, and to still sacred Homer's spirit through a language so fit and so favourable, humbly presenting your Achillean virtues with Achilles' shield, wishing as it is much more admirable and divine, so it were as many times more rich, than the Shield the Cardinal pawned at Antwerp.

By him that wisheth all the degrees of judgment and honour to attend your deserts to the highest,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE UNDERSTANDER.

You are not everybody, to you, as to one of my very few friends, I may be bold to utter my mind, nor is it more impair to an honest and absolute man's sufficiency to have few friends, than to an Homeric poem to have few commendators ; for neither do common dispositions keep fit or plausible consort with judicial and simple honesty, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate poem. My Epistle dedicatory before my seven books, is accounted dark and too much laboured. for the darkness there is nothing good or bad, hard or soft, dark or perspicuous, but in respect ; and in respect of men's light, flight, or envious perusals (O whose loose capacities any work worthy composed is knit with a riddle) and that the style is material flowing, and not rank. it may perhaps seem dark to rank riders or readers that have no more souls than burbolts ; but to your comprehension, and in itself, I know it is not. For the affected labour bestowed in it I protest two mornings both ended it and the Reader's Epistle ; but the truth is, my desire and strange disposition in all things I write, is to set down uncommon, and most profitable coherents for the time : yet further removed from abhorred affectation than from the most popular and cold digestion. And I ever imagine that as Italian and French Poems to our studious linguists win much of their discountred affection, as well because the understanding of foreign tongues is sweet to their apprehension, as that the matter and invention is pleasing ; so my far-fetched, and as it were beyond-sea manner of writing, if they would take as much pains for their poor country-

men as for a proud stranger when they once understand it, should be much more gracious to their choice conceits than a discourse that falls naked before them and hath nothing but what mixeth itself with ordinary table-talk. For my variety of new words, I have none ink-pot I am sure you know, but such as I give passport with such authority, so significant and not ill-sounding, that if my country language were an usurer, or a man of this age speaking it, he would thank me for enriching him. Why, alas, will my young master the reader affect nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinary? Swaggering is a new word amongst them, and round-headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopoeia without etymology or derivation, and why may not an elegancy authentically derived, and as I may say of the upper house, be entertained as well in their lower consultation with authority of Art, as their own forgeries licked up by nature? All tongues have enriched themselves from their original (only the Hebrew and Greek which are not spoken amongst us) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh air, and nourishment of new blood in their still growing bodies, and why may not ours? Chaucer, by whom we will needs authorize our true English, had more new words for his time than any man needs to devise now. And therefore for current wits to cry from standing brains, like a brood of frogs from a ditch, to have the ceaseless flowing river of our tongue turned into their frog-pool, is a song far from their arrogation of sweetness, and a sin would soon bring the plague of barbarism amongst us, which in faith it needs not be hastened with defences of his ignorant furtherers, since it comes with meal-mouthed toleration too savagely upon us. To be short, since I had the reward of my labours in their consummation, and the chief pleasure of them in mine own profit, no young prejudicate or castigatory brain hath reason to think I stand trembling under the airy stroke of his fevery censure, or that I did ever expect any flowing applause from his dry fingers, but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to every true lover of virtue, I set in the seat of mine own profit and contentment, and if there be any one in whom this success is enflowered, a few sprigs of it shall be my garland. Since then this never-equalled Poet is to be understood, and so full of government and direction to all estates, stern anger and the affrights of war, bearing the main face of his subject, soldiers shall never spend their idle hours more profitably, than with his studious and industrious perusal, in whose honours his deserts are infinite. Counsellors have never better oracles than his lines, fathers have no morals so profitable for their children as his counsels, nor shall they ever give them more honour'd injunction than to learn Homer without book, that being continually conversant in him, his height may descend to their capacities, and his substance prove their worthiest riches. Husbands, wives, lovers, friends, and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties, all sorts of which concourse and society in other more happy ages, have instead of sonnets and lascivious ballads, sung his Iliads. Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours; for talk our quiddittical Italianists of what proportion soever their strutting lips affect, unless it be in these couplets into which I have hastily translated this Shield, they shall never do Homer so much right, in any octaves canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoever fustian Epigraphs they shall entitle their measures. Only the extreme false printing troubles my conscience, for fear of your deserved discouragement in the impair of your poet's sweetness; whose general divinity of spirit, clad in my willing labours (envious of none nor detracting any) I commit to your good nature and solid capacity.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

ARGUMENT

APOLLO's priest to th' Argive fleet doth bring
 Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the king,
 For which her tender'd freedom he entreats,
 But, being dismiss'd with contumelious threats,
 At Phœbus' hands, by vengeful prayer, he seeks
 To have a plague inflicted on the Greeks
 Which had, Achilles doth a council cite,
 Emboldening Calchas, in the king's despite,
 To tell the truth why they were punish'd so
 From hence their fierce and deadly strife did
 grow

For wrong in which Æacides* so raves,
 That goddess Thetis, from her throne of waves
 Ascending heav'n, of Jove assistance won,
 To plague the Greeks by absence of her son,
 And make the general himself repent
 To wrong so much his army's ornament
 This found by Juno, she with Jove contends,
 Till Vulcan, with heaven's cup, the quarrel ends

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Alpha the player of Chryses sings
 The army's plague the strife of kings

ACHILLES' baneful wrath resound, O God-
 less, that imposed
 Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many
 brave souls losed
 From breasts heroic, sent them far to that
 invisible cave!

That no light comforts, and their limbs to
 dogs and vultures gave;
 To all which Jove's will gave effect, from
 whom first strife begun³
 Betwixt Atreides, king of men, and Thetis'
 godlike son.

What god gave Eris their command, and
 oped that fighting vein?
 Jove's and Latona's son; who fired against
 the king of men,
 For contumely shown his priest, infectious
 sickness sent

To plague the army, and to death by
 troops the soldiers went
 Occasion'd thus, Chryses, the priest, came
 to the fleet to buy,

For presents of unvalued price, his daughter's
 liberty.

The golden sceptre and the crown of
 Phœbus in his hands
 Proposing, and made suit to all, but most
 to the commands

Of both th' Atreides, who most ruled
 "Great Atreus' sons," said he,

"And all ye well-greaved Greeks, the Gods,
 whose habitations be

In heavenly houses, grace your powers
 with Priam's razed town,

And grant ye happy conduct home! To
 win which wish d renown

Of Jove, by honouring his son, far-shooting
 Phœbus, daign

For these fit presents to dissolve the ran-
 somable chain

Of my loved daughter's servitude." The
 Greeks entirely gave!

Glad acclamations, for sign that their de-
 sires would have

The grave priest revered, and his gifts
 of so much price embraced,

The General yet bore no much mind, but
 viciously disgraced

With violent terms the priest, and said —
 "Dotard! avoid our fleet,

Where lingering be not found by me, nor
 thy returning feet

Let ever visit us again, lest nor thy god-
 head's crown,

Nor sceptre, save thee! Her thou seek'st
 I still will hold mine own,

Till age deflower her. In our court at
 Argos, far transferr'd

From her loved country, she shall ply her
 web, and see prepared*

With all fit ornaments my bed. Incense
 me then no more

But, if thou wilt be safe, be gone" This
 said, the sea-beat shore,

Obeying his high will, the priest trod off
 with haste and fear.

And, walking silent, till he left far off his
 enemies' ear,

* "See my bed made," it may be Englished
 The word is *arrowscov*, which signifies *contra*
stantem, as *standing of one side opposite to*
another on the other side; which yet others
 translate *capessentem et adornantem*; which,
 since it shows best to a reader, I follow.

* Æacides, surname of Achilles, being the
 grandchild of Æacus.

Phœbus, fair-hair'd Latona's son, he stirr'd
 up with a vow,
 To this stern purpose "Hear, thou God
 that bear'st the silver bow,
 That Chrysa guard'st, rulest Tenedos with
 strong hand, and the round^s
 Of Cilla most divine dost walk! O Smin-
 theus! if crown'd
 With thankful offerings thy rich fane I ever
 saw, or fired
 Fat thighs of oxen and of goats to thee,
 this grace desired
 Vouchsafe to me pains for my tears let
 these rude Greeks repay,
 Forced with thy arrows" Thus he pray'd,
 and Phœbus heard him pray,
 And, vex'd at heart, down from the tops of
 steep heaven stoop'd, his bow,
 And quiver cover'd round, his hands did
 on his shoulders throw,
 And of the angry deity the arrows as he
 moved
 Rattled about him. Like the night he
 ranged the host, and roved
 (Apart the fleet set) terribly, with his hard-
 loosing hand
 His silver bow twang'd, and his shafts did
 first the mules command,
 And swift hounds then the Greeks them-
 selves his deadly arrows shot
 The fires of death went never out, nine
 days his shafts flew hot
 About the army, and the tenth, Achilles
 called a court
 Of all the Greeks, heaven's white-arm'd
 Queen (who, everywhere cut short,
 Beholding her loved Greeks, by death)
 suggested it, and he [now I see
 (All met in one) arose, and said "Atides,
 We must be wandering again, flight must
 be still our stay,
 If flight can save us now, at once, sickness
 and battle lay
 Such strong hand on us Let us ask some
 prophet, priest, or prove
 Some dream-interpret (for dreams are
 often sent from Jove)
 Why Phœbus is so much incensed; if un-
 performed vows
 He blames in us, or hecatombs, and if
 these knees he bows
 To death may yield his graves no more,
 but offering all supply
 Of savours burnt from lambs and goats,
 avert his fervent eye,
 An turn his temperate." Thus, he sate,
 and then stood up to them
 Calchas, surnamed Thestorides, of augurs
 the supreme;

He knew things present, past, to come,
 and ruled the equi⁶age
 Of th' Argive fleet to Iliou, for his prophetic
 rage
 Given by Apollo; who, well-seen in th' ill
 they felt, proposed
 This to Achilles "Jove's beloved, would
 thy charge see disclosed
 The secret of Apollo's wrath? then covenant
 and take oath
 To my discovery, that, with words and
 powerful actions both,
 Thy strength will guard the truth in me,
 because I well conceive
 That he whose empire governs all, whom
 all the Grecians give
 Confirm'd obedience, will be moved and
 then you know the state
 Of him that moves him When a king hath
 once mark'd for his hate
 A man inferior, though that day his wrath
 seems to digest
 Th' offence he takes, yet evermore he rakes
 up in his breast
 Brands of quick anger, till revenge hath
 quench'd to his desire
 The fire reserved Tell me, then, if what-
 soever ire
 Suggests in hurt of me to him, thy valour
 will prevent?"
 Achilles answer'd "All thou know'st
 speak, and be confident,
 For by Apollo, Jove's beloved, (to whom
 performing vows,
 O Calchas, for the state of Greece, thy
 spirit prophetic shows
 Skills that direct us) not a man of all these
 Grecians here,
 I living, and enjoying the light shot through
 this flowery sphere,
 Shall touch thee with offensive hands;
 though Agamemnon be
 The man in question, that doth boast the
 mightiest empery
 Of all our army" Then took heart the
 prophet unreprieved,
 And said "They are not unpaid vows,
 nor hecatombs, that moved
 The God against us, his offence is for his
 priest impair'd
 By Agamemnon, that refused the present
 he prefer'd,
 And kept his daughter. This is cause why
 heaven's Far-darter darts
 These plagues amongst us; and this still
 will empty in our hearts
 His deathful quiver, uncontain'd, till to her
 loved sire [redemptory hire
 The black-eyed damsel be resign'd; no

Took for her freedom, not a gift, but all
 he ransom quit,
 And she convey'd, with sacrifice, till her
 enfranchised feet
 Tread Chrysa under; then the God, so
 pleased, perhaps we may
 Move to remission. Thus, he sate, and
 up, the great in sway,
 Heroic Agamemnon rose, eagerly bearing
 all,
 His mind's seat overcast with fumes, an
 anger general
 Fill'd all his faculties, his eyes sparkled
 like kindling fire,
 Which sternly cast upon the priest, thus
 vented he his ire
 "Prophet of ill! for never good came
 from thee towards me
 Not to a word's worth, evermore thou
 took'st delight to be
 Offensive in thy auguries, which thou con-
 tinuest still,
 Now casting thy prophetic gall, and
 vouching all our ill,
 Shot from Apollo, is imposed since I re-
 fused the price
 Of fair Chryseis' liberty, which would in
 no worth rise
 To my rate of herself, which moves my
 vows to have her home;
 Past Clytemnestra loving her, that graced
 my nuptial room
 With her virginity and flower. Nor ask
 her merits less
 For person, disposition, wit, and skill in
 housewiferies
 And yet, for all this, she shall go, if more
 conducive
 That course be then her holding here. I
 rather wish the weal
 Of my loved army than the death. Provide
 yet instantly
 Supply for her, that I alone of all our
 royalty
 Lose not my winnings. 'tis not fit, ye
 see all I lose mine
 Forced by another, see as well some other
 may resign
 His prize to me." To this replied the swift-
 foot, god-like son
 Of Thetis, thus: "King of us all, in all
 ambition
 Most covetous of all that breathe, why
 should the great-soul'd Greeks
 Supply thy lost prize out of theirs? nor
 what thy advance seeks
 Our common treasury can find, so little it
 doth guard which most is shared,
 Of what our razed towns yielded us; of all

And given our soldiers, which again to
 take into our hands
 Were ignominious and base Now then,
 since God commands,
 Part with thy most-loved prize to him, not
 any one of us
 Exacts it of thee, yet we all, all loss thou
 suffer'st thus,
 Will treble, quadruple, in gain, when Jupiter
 bestows
 The sack of well-wall'd Troy on us, which
 by his word he owes
 "Do not deceive yourself with wit," he
 answer'd, "god-like man,
 Though your good name may colour it;
 'tis not your swift foot can
 Outrun me here, nor shall the gloss, set
 on it with the God,
 Persuade me to my wrong Wouldst thou
 maintain in sure abode
 Thine own prize, and slight me of mine?
 Resolve this if our friends,
 As fits in equity my worth, will right me
 with amends,
 So rest it, otherwise, myself will enter
 personally
 On thy prize, that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for
 supply,
 Let him on whom I enter rage But come,
 we'll order these
 Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to
 sacred seas
 Our black sail, in it rowers put, in it fit
 sacrifice;
 And to these I will make ascend my so
 much envied prize,
 Bright-cheek'd Chryseis For conduct of
 all which, we must choose
 A chief out of our counsellors. Thy ser-
 vice we must use,
 Idomeneus, Ajax, thine, or thine, wise
 Ithacus,
 Or thine, thou termlest of men, thou son
 of Peleus,
 Which fittest were, that thou might'st see
 these holy acts perform'd,
 For which thy cunning zeal so pleads;
 and he, whose bow thus storm'd
 For our offences, may be calm'd
 Achilles, with a frown,
 Thus answer'd "O thou impudent! of
 no good but thine own
 Ever respectful, but of that, with all craft
 covetous,
 With what heart can a man attempt a
 service dangerous,
 Or at thy voice be spinted to fly upon a foe,
 Thy mind thus wretched? For myself, I
 was not injured so

By any Trojan, that my powers should bid
 them any blows,
 In nothing bear they blame of me Phthia,
 whose bosom flows
 With corn and people, never felt impair of
 her increase
 By their invasion, hills enow, and far-
 resounding seas,
 Pour out their shades and deeps between,
 but thee, thou frontless man,
 We follow, and thy triumphs make with
 bonfires of our bane
 Thine, and thy brother's vengeance sought,
 thou dog's eyes, of this Troy
 By our exposed lives, whose deserts thou
 neither dost employ
 With honour nor with care And now,
 thou threat'st to force from me
 The fruit of my sweat, which the Greeks
 gave all; and though it be,
 Compared with thy part, then snatch'd up,
 nothing, nor ever is
 At any sack'd town, but of fight, the
 fetcher in of this,
 My hands have most share; in whose toils
 when I have emptied me
 Of all my forces, my amends in liberality,
 Though it be little, I accept, and turn
 pleased to my tent,
 And yet that little thou esteem'st too great
 a continent
 In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthia
 therefore now
 My course is; since 'tis better far, than
 here t' endure that thou
 Should'st still be ravishing my night, draw
 my whole treasure dry,
 And add dishonour " He replied " If
 thy heart serve thee, fly,
 Stay not for my cause; others here will aid
 and honour me;
 If not, yet Jove I know is sure; that coun-
 sellor is he
 That I depend on. As for thee, of all our
 Jove-kept kings
 Thou still art most my enemy; strifes,
 battles, bloody thifigs,
 Make thy blood-feasts still. But if
 strength, that these moods build upon,
 Flow in thy nerves, God gave thee it; and
 so 'tis not thine own,
 But in his hands still. What then lifts
 thy pride in this so high?
 Home with thy fleet, and Myrmidons; use
 there their empery;
 Command not here. I weigh thee not,
 nor mean to magnify
 Thy rough-hewn rages, but, instead, I thus
 far threaten thee:

Since Phoebus needs will force from me
 Chryseis, she shak go,
 My ships and friends shall waft her home;
 but I will imitate so
 His pleasure, that mine own shall take, in
 person, from thy tent
 Bright-cheek'd Briseis, and so tell thy
 strength how eminent
 My power is, being compared with thine;
 all other making fear
 To vaunt equality with me, or in this
 proud kind bear
 Their beards against me " Thetis' son at
 this stood vex'd, his heart
 Bristled his bosom, and two ways drew his
 discursive part,
 If, from this thigh his sharp sword drawn,
 he should make room about
 Atreides' person, slaughtering him, or sit
 his anger out,
 And curb his spirit. While these thoughts
 strived in his blood and mind,
 And he his sword drew, down from heaven
 Athena stoop'd, and shined
 About his temples, being sent by th' ivory-
 wristed Queen,
 Saturna, who out of her heart had ever
 loving been,
 And careful for the good of both. She
 stood behind, and took
 Achilles by the yellow curls, and only gave
 her look
 To him appearance, not a man of all the
 rest could see
 He turning back his eye, amaze strook
 every faculty,
 Yet straight he knew her by her eyes, so
 terrible they were,
 Sparkling with ardour, and thus spake:
 "Thou seed of Jupiter,
 Why comest thou? to behold his pride,
 that boasts our empery?
 Then witness with it my revenge, and see
 that insolence die
 That lives to wrong me." She replied:
 "I come from heaven to see
 Thy anger settled, if thy soul will use her
 sovereignty
 In fit reflection. I am sent from Juno,
 whose affects [give us both respects,
 Stand heartily inclined to both. Come,
 And cease contention; draw no sword;
 use words, and such as may
 Be bitter to his pride, but just, for, trust
 in what I say.
 A time shall come when thrice the worth
 of that he forceth now,
 He shall propose for recompense of these
 wrongs; therefore throw

Rein on thy passions, and serve us " He
 answer'd " Though my heart
 Burn in just anger, yet my soul must conquer th' angry part,
 And yield you conquest Who subdues
 his earthly part for heaven,
 Heaven to his prayers subdues his wish."
 This said, her charge was given
 Fit honour, in his silver hilt he held his
 able hand,
 And forced his broad sword up, and up
 to heaven, did re-ascend
 Minerva, who, in Jove's high roof, that
 bears the rough shield, took
 Her place with other deities. She gone,
 again forsook
 Patience his passion, and no more his
 silence could confine
 His wrath, that this broad language gave
 "Thou ever steep'd in wine,
 Dog's-face, with heart but of a hart, that
 nor in th' open eye
 Of fight daiest thrust into a prease, nor
 with our noblest lie
 In secret ambush These works seem too
 full of death for thee,
 'Tis safer far in th' open host to dare an
 injury
 To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-
 eating king,
 Base spirits thou govern'st, or this wrong
 had been the last foul thing
 Thou ever author'd'st, yet I vow, and by
 a great oath swear,
 Even by this sceptre, that, as this never
 again shall bear*
 Green leaves or branches, nor increase
 with any growth his size,
 Nor did since first it left the hills, and had
 his faculties
 And ornaments bereft with iron; which
 now to other end
 Judges of Greece bear, and their laws, re-
 ceived from Jove, defend
 (For which my oath to thee is great), so,
 • hencever need
 Shall burn with thirst of me thy host, no
 prayers shall ever breed
 Affection in me to thine aid, though well-
 deserved woes
 Afflict thee for them, when to death man-
 slaughtering Hector throws
 Whole troops of them, and thou torment'st
 thy vex'd mind with conceit
 Of thy rude rage now, and his wrong that
 most deserved the right

Of all thy army." Thus, he threw his
 sceptre 'gainst the ground,
 With golden studs stuck, and took seat.
 Atides' breast was drown'd
 In rising choler Up to both sweet-spoken
 Nestor stood,
 The cunning Pylan orator, whose tongue
 pour'd forth a flood
 Of more-than-honey-sweet discourse; two
 ages were increased
 Of divers-languaged men, all born in his
 time and deceased,
 In sacred Pylos, where he reign'd amongst
 the third-aged men.
 He, well-seen in the world, advised, and
 thus express'd it then :
 "O Gods, our Greek earth will be
 drown'd in just tears, rapeful Troy,
 Her king, and all his sons, will make as
 just a mock, and joy,
 Of these disjunctions, if of you, that all
 our host excel
 In counsel and in skill of fight, they hear
 this Come, repel
 These young men's passions Y'are not
 both, put both your years in one,
 So old as I I lived long since, and was
 companion
 With men superior to you both, who yet
 would ever hear
 My counsels with respect. My eyes yet
 never witness were,
 Nor ever will be, of such men as then
 delighted them, [pheme,
 Pin'ous, Exadius, and god-like Poly-
 Cæneus, and Dryas, prince of men, Ægean
 Theseus,
 A man like heaven's immortals form'd;
 all, all most vigorous,
 Of all men that even those days bred;
 most vigorous men, and fought
 With beasts most vigorous, mountain beasts,
 (for men in strength were nought
 Match'd with their forces) fought with them,
 and bravely fought them down
 Yet even with these men I conversed, being
 call'd to the renown
 Of their societies, by their suits from Pylos
 far, to fight
 In the Asian kingdom, and I fought, to a
 degree of might
 That help'd even their mights, against such
 as no man now would dare
 To meet in conflict, yet even these my
 counsels still would hear,
 And with obedience crown my words. Give
 you such palm to them;
 'Tis better then to wreak your wraths,
 Atides, give not stream

* This simile Virgil directly translates.

To all thy power, nor force his prize, but
yield her still his own,

As all men else do Nor do thou encounter
with thy crown,

Great son of Peleus, since no king that
ever Jove allow'd

Grace of a sceptre equals him. Suppose
thy nerves endow'd

With strength superior, and thy birth a
very goddess gave,

Yet he of force is mightier, since what his
own nerves have

Is amplified with just command of many
other King of men,

Command thou then thyself; and I with
my prayers will obtain

Grace of Achilles to subdue his fury; whose
parts are

Worth our intreaty, being chief check to
all our ill in war."

"All this, good father," said the king,
"is comely and good right;

But this man breaks all such bounds; he
affects, past all men, height;

All would in his power hold, all make his
subjects, give to all

His hot will for their temperate law; all
which he never shall

Persuade at my hands. If the Gods have
given him the great style

Of ablest soldier, made they that his
licence to revile

Men with vile language?" Thetis' son
prevented him, and said:

"Fearful and vile I might be thought,
if the exactions laid

By all means on me I should bear. Others
command to this,

Thou shalt not me, or if thou dost, far
my free spirit is

From serving thy command. Beside, this
I affirm (afford [my sword

Impression of it in thy soul) I will not use
On thee or any for a wench, unjustly

though thou takest

The thing thou gavest, but all things else,
that in my ship thou makest

Greedy survey of, do not touch without my
leave; or do

Add that act's wrong to this, that these may
see that outrage too;

And then comes my part; then be sure, thy
blood upon my lance

Shall flow in vengeance." These high
terms these two at variance

Used to each other; left their seats; and
after them arose

The whole court. To his tents and ships,
with friends and soldiers, goes

Angry Achilles. Atreus' son the swift ship
launch'd and put

Within it twenty chosen rowers, within it
likewise shut

The hecatomb, t' appease the God; then
caused to come aboard

Fair-cheek'd Chryseis; for the chief, he in
whom Pallas pour'd

Her store of counsels, Ithacus, aboard went
last, and then

The moist ways of the sea they sail'd
And now the king of men

Bade all the host to sacrifice. They sacri-
ficed, and cast

The offal of all to the deeps, the angry
God they graced

With perfect hecatombs, some bulls, some
goats, along the shore

Of the unfruitful sea, inflamed To heaven
the thick fumes bore

Enwrapped savours Thus, though all the
politic king made show

Respects to heaven, yet he himself all that
time did pursue

His own affections; the late jar, in which
he thunder'd threats

Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affec-
tions' heats

Thus vented to Talthybius, and grave
Eurybates,

Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his
messages.

"Haste to Achilles' tent; where take
Briseis' hand, and bring

Her beauties to us If he fail to yield her,
say your king

Will come himself with multitudes, that
shall the horribler

Make both his presence and your charge,
that so he dares defer"

This said, he sent them with a charge of
hard condition

They went unwillingly, and trod the fruit-
less sea's shore, soon

They reach'd the navy and the tents, in
which the quarter lay

Of all the Myrmidons, and found the chief
Chief in their sway

Set at his black bark in his tent. Nor was
Achilles glad [any glory had

To see their presence; nor themselves in
Their message, but with reverence stood,

and fear'd th' offended king,

Ask'd not the dame, nor spake a word.
He yet, well knowing the thing

That caused their coming, graced them
thus - "Heralds, ye men that bear

The messages of men and gods, y' are
welcome, come ye near.

I nothing blame you, but your king, 'tis he, I know, doth send
 You for Briseis, she is his Patroclus, honour'd friend,
 Bring forth the damsel, and these men let lead her to their lord
 But, heralds, be you witnesses. before the most adored,
 Before us mortals, and before your most ungentle king, [bring
 Of what I suffer, that, if war ever hereafter
 My aid in question, to avert any severest bane
 It brings on others, I am 'scused to keep my aid in wane,
 Since they mine honour But your king, in tempting mischief, raves,
 Nor sees at once by present things the future, how like waves
 Ills follow ill, injustices being never so secure
 In present times, but after-plagues even then are seen as sure
 Which yet he sees not, and so soothes his present lust, which, check'd,
 Would check plagues future, and he might, in succouring right, protect
 Such as fight for his right at fleet. They still in safety fight,
 That fight still justly." This speech used, Patroclus did the rite
 His friend commanded, and brought forth Briseis from her tent,
 Gave her the heralds, and away to th' Achive ships they went
 She sad, and scarce for grief could go. Her love all friends forsook,
 And wept for anger. To the shore of th' old sea he betook
 Himself alone, and casting forth upon the purple sea
 His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven advancing, this sad plea
 Made to his mother Mother, since you brought me forth to breathe
 So short a life, Olympus had good right to bequeath
 My short life honour; yet that right he doth in no degree,
 But lets Atreides do me shame, and force that prize from me
 That all the Greeks gave." This with tears he utter'd, and she heard,
 Set with her old sire in his deeps, and instantly appear'd?
 Up from the grey sea like a cloud, sate by his side, and said.
 "Why weeps my son? What grieves thee? speak, conceal not what hath laid

Such hard hand on thee, let both know.
 He, sighing like a storm,
 Rephed "Thou dost know, why should I things known again inform?
 We march'd to Thebes, the sacred town of king Cteion,
 Sack'd it, and brought to fleet the spoil, which every valiant son
 Of Greece indifferently shared. Atreides had for share
 Fair-cheek'd Chryseis. After which, his priest that shoots so far,
 Chryses, the fair Chryseis' sire, arriv'd at th' Achive fleet,
 With infinite ransom, to redeem the dear imprison'd feet
 Of his fair daughter In his hands he held Apollo's crown, [Grecian son,
 And golden sceptre, making suit to every But most the sons of Atreus, the others' orderers,
 Yet they least heard him; all the rest received with reverend ears
 The motion, both the priests and gifts gracing, and holding worth
 His wish'd acceptance Atreus' son yet (vex'd) commanded forth
 With rude terms Phcebus' reverend priest; who, angry, made retreat,
 And pray'd to Phcebus, in whose grace he standing passing great
 Got his petition. The God an ill shaft sent abroad
 That tumbled down the Greeks in heaps. The host had no abode
 That was not visited We ask'd a prophet that well knew
 The cause of all, and from his lips Apollo's prophecies flew,
 Telling his anger. First myself exhorted to appease
 The anger'd God, which Atreus' son did at the heart displease,
 And up he stood, used threats, perform'd. The black-eyed Greeks sent home
 Chryseis to her sire, and gave his God a hecatomb.
 Then, for Briseis, to my tents Atreides' heralds came,
 And took her, that the Greeks gave, all. If then thy powers can frame
 Wreak for thy son, afford it. Scale Olympus, and implore
 Jove (if by either word, or fact, thou ever didst restore
 Joy to his griev'd heart) now to help. I oft have heard thee vaunt,
 In court of Peleus, that alone thy hand was conversant

In rescue from a cruel spoil the black-
cloud-gathering Jove,
Whom other Godheads would have bound
(the Power whose pace doth move
The round earth, heaven's great Queen,
and Pallas), to whose bands
Thou comest with rescue, bringing up him
with the hundred hands
To great Olympus, whom the Gods call
Briareus, men
Ægeon, who his sire surpass'd, and was
as strong again,
And in that grace sat glad by Jove Th'
immortals stood dismay'd [his aid
At his ascension, and gave free passage to
Of all this tell Jove, kneel to him, embrace
his knee, and pray
If Troy's aid he will ever deign, that now
their forces may
Beat home the Greeks to fleet and sea,
embruing their retreat
In slaughter; their pains paying the wreak
of their proud sovereign's heat,
And that far-ruling king may know, from
his poor soldier's harms
His own harm falls, his own and all in
mine, his best in arms."
Her answer she pour'd out in tears. "O
me, my son," said she,
"Why brought I up thy being at all, that
brought thee forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to
heaven, that since
Thy fate is little, and not long, thou
might'st without offence
And tears perform it. But to live, thrall
to so stern a fate
As grants thee least life, and that least so
most unfortunate,
Grieves me t' have given thee any life.
But what thou wishest now,
If Jove will grant, I'll up and ask; Olymp-
us crown'd with snow
I'll clumb; but sit thou fast at fleet, re-
nounce all war, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope o. wreak;
till which come, thou shalt need
A little patience. Jupiter went yesterday
to feast
Amongst the blameless Æthiops, in th'
ocean's deepen'd breast,
All Gods attending him; the twelfth, high
heaven again he sees,
And then his brass-paved court I'll scale,
clinging to his powerful knees,
And doubt not but to win thy wish."
Thus, made she her remove,
And left wrath tying on her son, for his
enforced love,

Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arriv'd at
Chrysa's shore,
And when amidst the haven's deep mouth,
they came to use the oar,
They straight strook sail, then roll'd them
up, and on the hatchæ threw,
The top-mast to the keelson then, with
halyard down they drew,
Then brought the ship to port with oars,
then forked anchor cast,
And, 'gainst the violence of storms, for
drifting made her fast
All come ashore, they all exposed the
holy hecatomb
To angry Phœbus, and, with it, Chryseis
welcomed home,
Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did
at th' altar stand,
For honour led, and, spoken thus, resign'd
her to his hand
"Chryseis, the mighty king of men, great
Agamemnon, sends
Thy loved seed by my hands to thine, and
to thy God commends
A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacri-
fice, and seek
Our much-sigh-mix'd woe, his recure,
voked by every Greek"
Thus he resign'd her, and her sire re-
ceived her, highly joy'd
About the well-built altar, then, they
orderly employ'd
The sacred offering, wash'd their hands,
took salt cakes, and the priest,
With hands held up to heaven, thus pray'd:
"O thou that all things seest,
Fautor of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth
guardfully dispose [Tenedos,
Celestial Cilla, governing in all power
O hear thy priest, and as thy hand, in free
grace to my prayers,
Shot fervent plague-shafts through the
Greeks, now hearten their affairs
With health renew'd, and quite remove th'
infection from their blood."
He pray'd; and to his prayers again the
God propitious stood
All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew
back, kill'd, flay'd the beeves,
Cut out and dubb'd with fat their thighs,
fair dress'd with doubled leaves,
And on them all the sweetbreads prick'd.
The priest, with small sere wood,
Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine, by
whom the young men stood,
And turn'd, in five ranks, spits; on which
(the legs enough) they eat
The inwards, then the gizzards cut the other
fit for meat,

And put to fire, which, roasted well, they
drew. The labour done,
They served the feast in, that fed all to
satisfaction

Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd,
the youths crown'd cups of wine
Drunk off, and fill'd again to all That
day was held divine,

And spent in pæans to the Sun, who heard
with pleased ear,

When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea,
and twilight hid the clear,

All soundly on their cables slept, even till
the night was worn

And when the lady of the light, the rosy-
finger'd Morn,

Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to
the camp retired

Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling
bark inspired

The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on
his round breast they put,

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship
her course did cut

So swiftly that the parted waves against her
ribs did rore, aloft the sandy shore,

Which, coming to the camp, they drew
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept
his quarter as before.

But Peleus' son, swift-foot Achilles, at
his swift ships sate,

Burning in wrath, nor ever came to
councils of estate

That make men honour'd, never trod the
herce embattail'd field,

But kept close, and his loved heart pined
what fight and cries could yield

Thrusting at all parts to the host And
now, since first he told

His wrongs to Thetis, twelve fair morns
their ensigns did unfold,

And then the ever-living gods mounted
Olympus, Jove

First in ascension. Thetis, then, re-
member'd well to move

Achilles' motion, rose from sea, and, by
the morn's first light,

The great heaven and Olympus climb'd,
where, in supremest height

Of all that many-headed hill, she saw the
far-seen son [seat alone.

Of Saturn, set from all the rest, in his free
Before whom, on her own knees fall'n, the

knees of Jupiter

Her left hand held, her right his chin, and
thus she did prefer

Her son's petition "Father Jove! If ever
I have stood [implored good

Aidful to thee in word or work, with this

Requite my aid, renown my son, since in so
short a race

(Past others) thou confinest his life An
insolent disgrace

Is done him by the king of men, he forced
from him a prize

Won with his sword But thou, O Jove
that art most strong, most wise,

Honour my son for my sake, add strength
to the Trojans' side

By his side's weakness in his want, and
see Troy amplified

In conquest, so much, and so long, till
Greece may give again

The glory rest him, and the more illustrate
the free reign

Of his wrong'd honour " Jove at this sate
silent, not a word

In long space pass'd him Thetis still
hung on his knee, implor'd

The second time his help, and said
"Grant, or deny my suit,

Be free in what thou doest, I know, thou
canst not sit thus mute

For fear of any, speak, deny, that so I
may be sure,

Of all heaven's Goddesses 'tis I, that only
must endure

Dishonour by thee " Jupiter, the great
cloud-gatherer, grieved

With thought of what a world of griefs this
suit ask'd, being achieved,

Swell'd, sigh'd, and answer'd. "Works of
death thou urgest O, at this

Juno will storm, and all my powers inflame
with contumelies

Ever she wrangles, charging me in ear of
all the Gods

That I am partial still, that I add the dis-
pleasing odds

Of my aid to the Ilians. Begone then, lest
she see,

Leave thy request to my care, yet, that
trust may hearten thee

With thy desire's grant, and my power to
give it act approve

How vain her strife is, to thy prayer my
eminent head shall move,

Which is the great sign of my will with all
th' immortal states; [rates

Irrevocable, never fails, never without the
Of all powers else, when my head bows, all

heads bow with it still

As their first mover; and gives power to
any work I will

He said, and his black eyebrows bent;
above his deathless head

Th' ambrosian curls flow'd, great heaven
shook, and both were severed,

Their counsels broken. To the depth of
 Neptune's kingdom dived
 Thetis from heaven's height, Jove arose,
 and all the Gods received
 (All rising from their thrones) their Sire,
 attending to his court.
 None sate when he rose, none delay'd the
 furnishing his port
 Till he came near, all met with him, and
 brought him to his throne
 Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she
 beheld alone
 Old Nereus' silver-footed seed with Jove,
 that she had brought
 Counsels to heaven; and straight her
 tongue had teeth in it, that wrought
 Thus sharp invective "Who was that
 (thou craftiest counsellor
 Of all the Gods) that so apart some secret
 did implore?
 Ever, apart from me, thou lovest to counsel
 and decree
 Things of more close trust than thou
 think'st are fit to impart to me
 Whatever thou determinest, I must ever be
 denied [speech thus replied
 The knowledge of it by thy will" To her
 The Father both of men and Gods
 "Have never hope to know
 My whole intentions, though my wife, it
 fits not, nor would show
 Well to thine own thoughts, but what fits
 thy woman's ear to hear,
 Woman, nor man, nor God, shall know
 before it grace thine ear
 Yet what, apart from men and Gods, I
 please to know, forbear
 To examine, or inquire of that." She with
 the cow's fair eyes,
 Respected Juno, this return'd: "Austere
 king of the skies,
 What hast thou utter'd? When did I
 before this time inquire,
 Or sift thy counsels? Passing close you
 are still. Your desire
 Is served with such care, that I fear you
 can scarce vouch the deed
 That makes it public, being seduced by
 this old sea-god's seed,
 That could so early use her knees, em-
 bracing thine. I doubt, [working out
 The late act of thy bowed head was for the
 Of some boon she ask'd; that her son thy
 partial hand would please
 With plaguing others." "Wretch!" said
 he, "thy subtle jealousies
 Are still exploring; my designs can never
 'scape thine eye, [curiosity
 Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy

Makes thee less cared for at my hands, and
 horrible the end [suspects intend,
 Shall make thy humour. If it be what thy
 What then? 'Tis my free will it should,
 to which let way be given
 With silence Curb your tongue in time;
 lest all the Gods in heaven
 Too few be and too weak to help thy
 punish'd insolence,
 When my inaccessible hands shall fall on
 thee" The sense
 Of this high threatening made her fear, and
 silent she sate down,
 Humbling her great heart All the Gods
 in court of Jove did frown
 At this offence given, amongst whom
 heaven's famous artisan,
 Ephestus, in his mother's care, this comely
 speech began
 "Believe it, these words will breed
 wounds, beyond our powers to bear,
 If thus for mortals ye fall out Ye make a
 tumult here
 That spoils our banquet Evermore worst
 matters put down best
 But, mother, though yourself be wise, get
 let your son request
 His wisdom audience. Give good terms to
 our loved father Jove,
 For fear he take offence again, and our
 kind banquet prove
 A wrathful battle. If he will, the heavenly
 Lightener can
 Take you and toss you from your throne;
 his power Olympian
 Is so surpassing Soften then with gentle
 speech his spleen,
 And drink to him, I know his heart will
 quickly down again
 This said, arising from his throne, in his
 loved mother's hand
 He put the double-handled cup, and said
 "Come, do not stand
 On these cross humours, suffer, bear,
 though your great bosom grieve,
 And lest blows force you, all my aid not
 able to relieve
 Your hard condition, though these eyes
 behold it, and this heart
 Sorrow to think it. 'Tis a task too
 dangerous to take part
 Against Olympus! I myself the proof of
 this still feel.
 When other Gods would fain have help'd,
 he took me by the heel,
 And hur'd me out of heaven. All day I
 was in falling down;
 At length in Lemnos I strook earth; the
 likewise-falling sun

And I, together, set ; my life almost set
too ; yet there
The Sinitcheer'd and took me up " This
did to laughter cheer
White-wristed Juno, who now took the cup
of him, and smiled
The sweet peace-making draught went
round, and lame Ephaistus fill'd
Nectar to all the other Gods A laughter
never left
Shook all the blessed deities, to see the lame
so deft
At that cup service. All that day, even till
the sun went down,
They banqueted, and had such cheer as
did their wishes crown.

Nor had they music less divine ; Apollo
there did touch
His most sweet harp, to which, with voice,
the Muses pleased as much
But when the sun's fair light was set, each
Godhead to his house
Address'd for sleep, where every one, with
art most curious,
By heaven's great both-foot-halting God, a
several roof had built
Even he to sleep went, by whose hand
heaven is with lightning gilt,
High Jove, where he had used to rest when
sweet sleep seized his eyes ;
By him the golden-throned Queen slept,
the Queen of deities.

COMMENTARIUS.

SINCE I dissent from all other translators, and interpreters, that ever assayed exposition of this miraculous poem, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacity in grammarians merely, and grammatical critics, and where the inward sense or soul of the sacred muse is only within eye-shot of a poetical spirit's inspection (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent, of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound, by this brief comment, to show I understand how all other extants understand, my reasons why I reject them, and how I receive my author In which labour, if, where all others find discords and dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate ; if, where they often alter and fly his original, I at all parts stand fast, and observe it, if, where they mix their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration (though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her), I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm her, that, the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our Homer, he shall now gird his temples with the sun, and be confessed (against his good friend) *numquam dormire*. But how all translators, censors, or interpreters, have slept, and been dead to his true understanding, I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirm, nor of difficulty in you to believe, if you please to suspend censure, and diminution, till your impartial

conference of their pains and mine be admitted For induction and preparative to which patience, and persuasion, trouble yourselves but to know this This never-enough-glorified poet (to vary and quicken his eternal poem) hath inspired his chief persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters, which not understood, how are their speeches, being one by another as conveniently and necessarily known as the instrument by the sound ? If a translator or interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly-described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the original, to make his speech grave, and him valiant, can the negligence and numbness of such an interpreter or translator be less than the sleep and death I am bold to sprinkle upon him ? Or could I do less than affirm and enforce this, being so happily discovered ? This, therefore (in his due place) approved and explained, let me hope by other assumptions will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second book I have wholly translated again, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since, and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them Nor are the wealthy veins of this holy ground so amply discovered in my first twelve labours as my last ; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this

silver bow of our Phœbus, the clear scope and contexture of his work, the full and most beautiful figures of his persons To those last twelve, then, I must refer you, for all the chief worth of my clear discoveries; and in the mean space I entreat your acceptance of some few new touches in these first. Not perplexing you in first or last with anything handled in any other interpreter, further than I must conscientiously make congression with such as have diminished, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered author

¹ Ἀτρεῖ προτάειν, αἰδώς (being compounded *ex à privativa*, and εἶδω, *video*) signifies *locus tenebrosus*, or, according to Virgil, *sine luce domus*, and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

² Κύνεσσιν, οἰωνοῖσι τε πάσι (Διὸς, &c.) is the vulgar reading, which I read, *κύνεσσιν οἰωνοῖσι τε* (πάσι Διὸς δὲ τελείῳ βουλῇ) because *πάσι* referred to *κύνεσσιν*, &c., is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greeks by Jove's counsel, grave, and sententious.

³ Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τὰ πρῶτα, &c., *ex quo quidem primum* Here our common readers would have *tempore* understood, because *βουλῇ* (to which they think the poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Jove, as in *Taw*, verse 273, he expounds himself in these words *ἀλλὰ ποδὶ Λέως*, &c., which Pindarus Thebanus, in his epitome of these Iliads, rightly observes in these verses:—

“Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis,
Ex quo contulerat discordis pectore pugnas
Sceptinger Atreides, et bello clarus Achilles.”

⁴ Ἐκνεύφησαν ἄχαιοι, *comprobarunt Græci* all others turn it; but since *ἐκνεύφησαν* signifies properly, *fausta acclamatione de significationem approbationis*, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greeks by word; which was not so, but only by articulate acclamations or shouts.

⁵ Ἀμφιβέβηκας ἀμφιβεβῶν signifies properly *circumambulo*, and only metaphorically *protego*, or *tutor*, as it is always in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usual phrase of walking the round in towns of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the property of the original.

⁶ Πρὸ γὰρ ἔζε θεὰ λευκώλενος Ἥρα. *Praemiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Juno.* Why Juno should send Pallas is a thing not

noted by any; I therefore answer, because Juno is Goddess of state The allegory, therefore, in the prosopopœia both of Juno and Pallas, is, that Achilles, for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger So in divers other places, when state is represented, Juno procures it, as in the eighteenth book, for the state of Patroclus his fetching off, Juno commands the sun to go down before his time, &c.

⁷ Ὡς φάτο δακρυχέων *sic dixit lacrymans*, &c. These tears are called, by our commentators, unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such an hero as Achilles, and therefore Plato is cited in the *Repub.* where he saith, *Ὀφθαλμοὶ ἀπὸ, &c. Meritū igitur clarorum virorum ploratus ē medio tolleremus*, &c. To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the Great, &c.), I oppose against Plato, only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all others we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears, viz., our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears, generally, utterly unanswerable, these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural, tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits, either when their abilities cannot perform to their wills, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations; as now the consideration of the state and gravity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and magnanimity, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for cursed heart, when Apollo strook his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before not to resist the goddess; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then. So when not-enough-vented anger was not to be expressed enough by that tear-starting affection in courageous and fierce men, our most accomplished expresser helps the illustration in a simile of his fervour, in most fervent-spirited fowls, resembling the wrathful fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two vultures fighting, and crying on a rock; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:—

"Down jump'd he from his chariot, down
 leap'd his foe as light,
 And as, on some far-seeing rock, a cast of
 vultures fight,
 Fly on each other, strike, and truss, part,
 meet, and then stick by,
 Tug both with crooked beaks and serres, cry,
 fight, and fight, and cry
 So fiercely fought these angry kings," &c.

Wherein you see that crying in these
 eagerly-fought fowls (which is like tears in
 angry men) is so far from softness or faint-
 ness, that to the superlative of hardness
 and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must
 we be so gross to imagine that Homer

made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob,
 &c, but, in the very point and sting of
 their unvented anger, shed a few violent
 and seething-over tears. What ass-like
 impudence is it then for any merely vain-
 glorious and self-loving puff, that every-
 where may read these inimitable touches
 of our Homer's mastery, anywhere to
 oppose his arrogant and ignorant castiga-
 tions, when he should rather (with his much
 better understander Spondanus) submit
 where he oversees him faulty, and say
 thus; "Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacro-
 sanctæ tuæ authoritatī per me nihil de-
 trahetur."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT

Jove calls a vision up from Somnus' den
To bid Atreides muster up his men
The King, to Greeks dissembling his desire,
Persuades them to their country to retire
By Pallas' will, Ulysses stays their flight,
And wise old Nestor heartens them to fight
They take their meat, which done, to arms
they go,
And march in good array against the foe.
So those of Troy; when Iris, from the sky,
Of Saturn's son performs the embassy

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta the dream and synod cites,
And catalogues the naval knights

THE other Gods, and knights at arms, all
night slept, only Jove
Sweet slumber seized not, he discoursed
how best he might approve
His vow made for Achilles' grace, and
make the Grecians find
His miss in much death All ways cast,
this counsel served his mind
With most allowance, to despatch a harm-
ful dream to greet
The king of men, and gave this charge
"Go to the Achive fleet,
Pernicious dream, and, being arrived in
Agamemnon's tent, [him to convent
Deliver truly all this charge Command
His whole host arm'd before these towers,
for now Troy's broad-way'd town
He shall take in, the heaven-housed Gods
are now indifferent grown
Juno's request hath won them; Troy now
under imminent ills
At all parts labours" This charge heard,
the Vision straight fulfils;
The ships reach'd, and Atreides' tent, in
which he found him laid,
Divine sleep pour'd about his powers. He
stood above his head
Like Nestor, graced of old men most, and
this did intimate:
"Sleeps the wise Atreus'-tame-horse
son? a councillor of state
Must not the whole night spend in sleep;
to whom the people are
For guard committed, and whose life
stands bound to so much care.

Now hear me, then, Jove's messenger,
who, though far off from thee,
Is near thee yet in ruth and care, and gives
command by me
To arm thy whole host Thy strong hand
the broad-way'd town of Troy
Shall now take in, no more the Gods dis-
sentiously employ
Their high-housed powers, Juno's suit
hath won them all to her,
And ill fates overhang these towers, ad-
dress'd by Jupiter
Fix in thy mind this, nor forget to give it
action, when
Sweet sleep shall leave thee" Thus he
fled, and left the king of men
Repeating in discourse his dream, and
dreaming still, awake,
Of power, not ready yet for act. O fool,
he thought to take
In the next day old Priam's town; not
knowing what affairs
Jove had in purpose, who prepared, by
strong fight, sighs and cares
For Greeks and Trojans The dream
gone, his voice still murmured
About the king's ears, who sate up, put
on him in his bed
His silken inner weed, fair, new, and then
in haste arose,
Cast on his ample mantle, tied to his soft
feet fair shoes,
His silver-hilted sword he hung about his
shoulders, took
His father's sceptre never stain'd; which
then abroad he shook,
And went to fleet And now great heaven,
Goddess Aurora scaled,
To Jove, and all Gods, bringing light;
when Agamemnon call'd
His heralds, charging them aloud to call
to instant court
The thick-hair'd Greeks. The heralds
call'd; the Greeks made quick resort.
The Council chiefly be composed of old
great-minded men,
At Nestor's ships, the Pylian king; all
there assembled then,
Thus Atreus' son begun the court: "Hear,
friends: A dream divine,
Amidst the calm night in my sleep, did
through my shut eyes shine,

Within my fantasy. His form did passing
 naturally
 Resemble Nestor; such attire, a stature
 just as high.
 He stood above my head, and words thus
 "fashion'd did relate
 'Sleep the wise Atreus'-tame-horse son?
 A councillor of state
 Must not the whole night spend in sleep,
 to whom the people are
 For guard committed, and whose life
 stands bound to so much care.
 Now hear me then, Jove's messenger, who,
 though far off from thee,
 Is near thee yet in love and care, and gives
 command by me
 To arm thy whole host Thy strong hand
 the broad-way'd town of Troy
 Shall now take in, no more the Gods dis-
 sentiously employ
 Their high-~~hous~~ed powers, Saturnia's suit
 hath won them all to her,
 And ill fates over-hang these towers, ad-
 dress'd by Jupiter.
 Fix in thy mind this.' This express'd, he
 took wing and away,
 And sweet sleep left me. Let us then by
 all our means assay
 To arm our army, I will first (as far as fits
 our right)
 Try their addictions, and command with
 full-sail'd ships our flight;
 Which if they yield to, oppose you." He
 sat, and up arose
 Nestor, of sandy Pylos king, who willing
 to dispose
 Their counsel to the public good, proposed
 this to the state
 "Princes and Councillors of Greece, if
 any should relate
 This vision but the king himself, it might
 be held a tale,
 And move the rather our retreat, but since
 our General
 Affirms he saw it, hold it true, and all our
 best means make
 To arm our army." This speech used, he
 first the Council braid,
 The other sceptre-bearing States arose too,
 and obey'd
 The people's Rector Being abroad, the
 earth was overlaid
 With flocks to them, that came forth, as
 when of frequent bees
 Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing
 the degrees
 Of their egression endlessly, with ever
 rising new still as it faded, grew,
 From forth their sweet nest, as their store,

And never would cease sending forth her
 clusters to the spring,
 They still crowd out so, this flock here, that
 there, belabouring
 The loaded flowers, so from the ships and
 tents the army's store
 Troop'd to these princes and the court,
 along th' unmeasured shore,
 Amongst whom, Jove's ambassadress,
 Fame, in her virtue shined.
 Exciting greediness to hear. The rabble,
 thus inclined,
 Hurried together, uproar seized the high
 court, earth did groan
 Beneath the settling multitude; tumult was
 there alone.
 Thrice-three vociferous heralds rose, to
 check the rout, and get
 Ear to their Jove-kept governors, and in-
 stantly was set
 That huge confusion, every man set fast,
 and clamour ceased
 Then stood divine Atreides up, and in his
 hand compress'd
 His sceptre, th' elaborate work of fiery
 Mulciber, [his messenger;
 Who gave it to Saturnian Jove, Jove to
 His messenger, Argicides, to Pelops, skill'd
 in horse,
 Pelops to Atreus, chief of men, he, dying,
 gave it course
 To prince Thyestes, rich in herds, Thyestes
 to the hand
 Of Agamemnon render'd it, and with it the
 command
 Of many isles and Argos all On this he
 leaning, said
 "O friends, great sons of Danaus,
 servants of Mars, Jove laid
 A heavy curse on me, to vow, and bind
 it with the bent
 Of his high forehead; that this Troy of all
 her people spent,
 I should return, yet now to mock our
 hopes built on his vow,
 And charge ingloriously my flight, when
 such an overflow
 Of brave friends I have authored. But to
 his mightiest will
 We must submit us, that hath razed, and
 will be razing still
 Men's footsteps from so many towns;
 because his power is most,
 He will destroy most. But how vile such
 and so great an host
 Will show to future times! that, match'd
 with lesser numbers far,
 We fly, not putting on the crown of our so
 long-held war,

Of which there yet appears no end. Yet
 should our foes and we
 Strike truce, and number both our powers,
 Troy taking all that be
 Her arm'd inhabitants, and we, in tens,
 should all sit down
 At our truce banquet every ten allow'd
 one of the town
 To fill his feast-cup, many tens would their
 attendant want,
 So much I must affirm our power exceeds
 th' inhabitant
 But their auxiliary bands, those brandishers
 of spears, [our hinderers,
 From many cities drawn, are they that are
 Not suffering well-raised Troy to fall
 Nine years are ended now,
 Since Jove our conquest wov'd, and now,
 our vessels rotten grow,
 Our tackling fails, our wives, young sons,
 sit in their doors and long
 For our arrival, yet the work, that should
 have wreak'd our wrong,
 And made us welcome, lies unwrought
 Come then, as I bid, all
 Obey, and fly to our loved home, for now,
 nor ever, shall
 Our utmost take in broad-way'd Troy"
 This said, the multitude
 Was all for home, and all men else that
 what this would conclude
 Had not discover'd All the crowd was
 shov'd about the shore,
 In sway, like rude and raging waves,
 roused with the fervent blow
 Of th' east and south winds, when they
 break from Jove's clouds, and are borne
 On rough backs of th' Icarian seas, or like
 a field of corn
 High grown, that Zephyr's vehement gusts
 bring easily underneath,
 And make the stiff up-bristled ears do
 homage to his breath;
 For even so easily, with the breath Atreides
 used, was sway'd
 The violent multitude. To fleet with
 shouts, and disarray'd,
 All rush'd; and, with a fog of dust, their
 rude feet dimm'd the day,
 Each cried to other, 'Cleanse our ships,
 come, launch, aboard, away.'
 The clamour of the runners home reach'd
 heaven; and then past fate
 The Greeks had left Troy, had not then
 the Goddess of estate
 Thus spoke to Pallas: "O foul shame,
 thou untamed seed of Jove,
 Shall thus the sea's broad back be charged
 with these our friends' remove?"

Thus leaving Argive Helen here? thus
 Priam graced? thus Troy?
 In whose fields, far from their loved own,
 for Helen's sake, the joy
 And life of so much Grecian birth is
 vanish'd? Take thy way
 T' our brass-arm'd people; speak them fair,
 let not a man obey
 The charge now given, nor launch one
 ship. She said, and Pallas did
 As she commanded, from the tops of
 heaven's steep hill she slid,
 And straight the Greeks' swift ships she
 reach'd, Ulysses (like to Jove
 In gifts of counsel) she found out, who to
 that base remove
 Sturr'd not a foot, nor touch'd a ship; but
 grieved at heart to see
 That fault in others. To him close the
 blue-eyed Deity
 Made way, and said: "Thou wisest Greek,
 divine Laertes' son,
 Thus fly ye homewards, to your ships,
 shall all thus headlong run?
 Glory to Priam thus ye leave, glory to all
 his friends,
 If thus ye leave her here, for whom" so
 many violent ends
 Have closed your Greek eyes, and so far
 from their so loved home
 Go to these people, use no stay, with fair
 terms overcome
 Their foul endeavour, not a man a flying
 sail let hoise"
 Thus spake she; and Ulysses knew
 'twas Pallas by her voice;
 Ran to the runners, cast from him his
 mantle, which his man
 And herald, grave Eurybates, the Itha-
 cencian
 That follow'd him, took up. Himself to
 Agamemnon went, [descent,
 His incorrupted sceptre took, his sceptre of
 And with it went about the fleet. What
 prince, or man of name,
 He found flight-given, he would restrain
 with words of gentlest blame:
 "Good sir, it fits not you to fly, or fare
 as one afraid,
 You should not only stay yourself, but see
 the people staid.
 You know not clearly, though you heard
 the king's words, yet his mind;
 He only tries men's spirits now, and, whom
 his trials find
 Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor
 you, nor I, heard all
 He spake in council; nor durst press too
 near our General,

Lest we incensed him to our hurt. The
 anger of a king
 Is mighty, he is kept of Jove, and from
 Jove likewise spring
 His honours, which, out of the love of wise
 Jove, he enjoys "
 Thus he the best sort used ; the worst,
 whose spirits brake out in noise,
 He cudgell'd with his sceptre, chid, and
 said " Stay, wretch, be still,
 And hear thy betters, thou art base, and
 both in power and skill
 Poor and unworthy, without name in
 council or in war [most irregular,
 We must not all be kings The rule is
 Where many rule One lord, one king,
 propose to thee, and he,
 To whom wise Saturn's son hath given
 both law and empery
 To rule the public, is that king " Thus
 ruling, he restrain'd
 The host from flight, and then again the
 Council was maintain'd
 With such a concourse, that the shore rung
 with the tumult made,
 As when the far-resounding sea doth in his
 rage invade
 His sandy confines, whose sides groan with
 his involved wave,
 And make his own breast echo sighs All
 sate, and audience gave
 Thersites only would speak all A most
 disorder'd store
 Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which
 his mind held more
 Than it could manage, anything, with
 which he could procure
 Laughter, he never could contain He
 should have yet been sure
 To touch no kings, t' oppose their states
 becomes not jesters' parts
 But he the filthiest fellow was of all that
 had deserts
 In Troy's brave siege, he was squint-eyed,
 and lame of either foot,
 So crook-back'd, that he had no breast,
 sharp-headed, where did shoot
 (Here and there persed) thin mossy hair
 He most of all envied
 Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen
 would chide.
 Nor could the sacred King himself avoid
 his saucy vein ;
 Against whom since he knew the Greeks
 did vehement hates sustain,
 Being angry for Achilles' wrong, he cried
 out railing thus.
 " Atrides, why complain'st thou now?
 what wouldst thou more of us ?

Thy tents are full of brass ; and dames,
 the choice of all, are thine,
 With whom we must present thee first,
 when any towns resign
 To our invasion. Want'st thou then, be-
 sides all this, more gold
 From Troy's knights to redeem their sons,
 whom to be dearly sold
 I or some other Greek must take ? or
 wouldst thou yet again
 Force from some other lord his prize, to
 soothe the lusts that reign
 In thy encroaching appetite ? It fits no
 prince to be [progeny
 A prince of ill, and govern us, or lead our
 Byrape to run O base Greeks, deserving
 infamy,
 Byills eternal, Greekish girls, not Greeks,
 ye are Come, fly
 Home with our ships, leave this man here
 to perish with his preys,
 And try if we help'd him or not, he wrong'd
 a man that weighs
 Far more than he himself in worth ; he
 forced from Thetis' son,
 And keeps his prize still Nor think I that
 mighty man hath won
 The style of wrathful worthily ; he's soft,
 he's too remiss,
 Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of
 injuries "
 Thus he the people's Pastor chid ; but
 straight stood up to him
 Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding
 grave and grim,
 This bitter check gave " Cease, vain fool,
 to vent thy railing vein
 On kings thus, though it serve thee well ;
 nor think thou canst restrain,
 With that thy railing faculty, their wills in
 least degree,
 For not a worse, of all this host, came
 with our King than thee,
 To Troy's great siege, then do not take
 into that mouth of thine
 The names of kings, much less revile the
 dignities that shine
 In their supreme states, wresting thus this
 motion for our home,
 To soothe thy cowardice, since ourselves
 yet know not what will come
 Of these designments : if it be our good,
 to stay or go
 Nor is it that thou stand'st on ; thou
 revilest our General so,
 Only because he hath so much, not given
 by such as thou
 But our heroes. Therefore this thy rude
 vein makes me vow

(Which shall be cariously observed) if ever
 I shall hear
 This madness from thy mouth again, let
 not Ulysses bear
 This head, nor be the father call'd of young
 Telcmachus,
 If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee
 not, and thus
 Whip thee to fleet from council; send,
 with sharp stripes, weeping hence
 Thus glory thou affect'st to rail." This
 said, his insolence
 He settled with his sceptre; strook his back
 and shoulders so
 That bloody wales rose He shrunk round,
 and from his eyes did flow
 Moist tears, and, looking filthily, he sate,
 fear'd, smarted, dried
 His blubber'd cheeks; and all the prease,
 though grieved to be denied
 Their wish'd retreat for home, yet laugh'd
 delightfully, and spake
 Either to other. "O ye Gods, how in-
 finitely take [counsels, great
 Ulysses' virtues in our good' author of
 In ordering armies, how most well this act
 became his heat,
 To beat from council this rude fool! I
 think his saucy spirit,
 Hereafter, will not let his tongue abuse the
 sovereign merit,
 Exempt from such base tongues as his"
 Thus spake the people, then
 The city-razer Ithacus stood up to speak
 again,
 Holding his sceptre. Close to him grey-
 eyed Minerva stood,
 And, like a herald, silence caused, that all
 the Achive brood
 (From first to last) might hear and know
 the counsel; when, inclined
 To all their good, Ulysses said "Atides,
 now I find
 These men would render thee the shame
 of all men; nor would pay
 Their own vows to thee, when they took
 their free and honour'd way
 From Argos hither, that, till Troy were by
 their brave hands razed,
 They would not turn home: yet, like
 babes, and widows, now they haste
 To that base refuge. 'Tis a spite to see
 men melted so
 In womanish changes; though 'tis true,
 that if a man do go
 Only a month to sea, and leave his wife
 far off, and he,
 Tortured with winter's storms, and toss'd
 with a tumultuous sea,

Grows heavy, and would home Us then,
 to whom the thrice three year
 Hath fill'd his revoluble orb, since our
 arrival here,
 I blame not to wish home much more;
 yet all this time to stay,
 Out of our judgments, for our end; and
 now to take our way
 Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustain
 then, friends, abide [prophesied
 The time set to our object; try if Calchas
 True of the time or not. We know, ye
 all can witness well,
 (Whom these late death-conferring fates
 have fail'd to send to hell)
 That when in Aulis, all our fleet assembled
 with a freight
 Of ills to Ithon and her friends, beneath
 the fair grown height
 A platan bore, about a fount, whence
 crystal water flow'd,
 And near our holy altar, we upon the
 Gods bestow'd
 Accomplish'd hecatombs; and there ap-
 pear'd a huge portent,
 A dragon with a bloody scale, hornd to
 sight, and sent
 To light by great Olympius; which, crawl-
 ing from beneath
 The altar, to the platan climb'd, and ruth-
 less crash'd to death
 A sparrow's young, in number eight, that
 in a top-bough lay
 Hid under leaves, the dam the ninth, that
 hover'd every way,
 Mourning her loved birth, till at length,
 the serpent, watching her,
 Her wing caught, and devour'd her too.
 This dragon, Jupiter,
 That brought him forth, turn'd to a stone;
 and made a powerful mean²
 To stir our zeals up, that admired, when
 of a fact so clean
 Of all ill, as our sacrifice, so fearful an
 oment
 Should be the issue Calchas, then, thus
 prophesied th' event.
 'Why are ye dumb strook, fair-hair'd
 Greeks? Wise Jove is he hath shown
 This strange oment to us. 'Twas late,
 and passing lately done,
 But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffer-
 ing all the state
 Of his appearance (being so slow) nor time
 shall end, nor fate,
 As these eight sparrows, and the dam
 (that made the ninth) were eat
 By this stern serpent; so nine years we are
 to endure the heat

Of ravenous war, and, in the tenth, take
in this broad-way'd town.

Thus he interpreted this sign, and all
things have their crown
As he interpreted, till now The rest,
then, to succeed

Believe ~~as~~ certain Stay we all till that
most glorious deed

Of taking this rich town, our hands are
honour'd with." This said,

The Greeks gave an unmeasured shout,
which back the ships repaid

With terrible echoes, in applause of that
persuasion [comparison]

Divine Ulysses used, which yet held no
With Nestor's next speech, which was
this: "O shameful thing! ye talk

Like children all, that know not war. In
what air's region walk

Our oaths, and covenants? Now, I see
the fit respects of men

Are vanish'd quite, our right hands given,
our faiths, our counsels vain,

Our sacrifice with wine, all fled in that
profaned flame

We made to bind all; for thus still we vain
persuasions frame,

And strive to work our end with words, not
joining stratagems

And hands together, though, thus long,
the power of our extremes

Hath urged us to them. Atreus' son, firm
as at first hour stand.

Make good thy purpose, talk no more in
councils, but command

In active field. Let two or three, that by
themselves advise,

Faint in their crowning, they are such as
are not truly wise,

They will for Argos, ere they know if that
which Jove hath said

Be false or true I tell them all, that high
Jove bow'd his head,

As first we went aboard our fleet, for sign
we should confer

These Trojans their due fate and death,
almighty Jupiter

All that day darting forth his flames, in an
unmeasured light,

On our right hands. Let therefore none
once dream of coward flight,

Till (for his own) some wife of Troy he
sleeps withal, the rape

Of Helen, wreaking, and our sighs enforced
for her escape.

If any yet dare dote on home, let his dis-
honour'd haste

His black and well-built bark but touch,
that (as he first disgraced

VOL. III.

His country's spirit) fate, and death, may
first his spirit let go.

But be thou wise, king, do not trust thyself,
but others Know

I will not use an abject word. See all thy
men array'd

In tribes and nations that tribes, tribes;
nations, may nations aid.

Which doing, thou shalt know what chiefs,
what soldiers play the men,

And what the cowards, for they all, will
fight in several then,

Easy for note And then shalt thou, if
thou destroy'st not Troy,

Know if the prophecy's defect, or men thou
dost employ

In their approved arts, want in war; or
lack of that brave heat

Fit for the venturous spirits of Greece, was
cause to thy defeat "

To this the king of men replied. "O
father, all the sons

Of Greece thou conquer'st in the strife of
consultations [could make,

I would to Jove, Athena, and Phœbus, I
Of all, but ten such counsellors; then in-
stantly would shake

King Priam's city, by our hands laid hold
on and laid waste

But Jove hath order'd I should grieve, and
to that end hath cast

My life into debates past end. Myself, and
Thetis' son,

Like girls, in words fought for a girl, and
I th' offence begun

But if we ever talk as friends, Troy's thus
deferred fall

Shall never vex us more one hour. Come
then, to victuals all,

That strong Mars all may bring to field.
Each man his lance's steel

See sharpen'd well, his shield well lined
his horses meated well,

His chariot carefully made strong, that
these affairs of death

We all day may hold fiercely out. No man
must rest, or breathe;

The bosoms of our targeteers must all be
steep'd in sweat;

The lancer's arm must fall dissolved; our
chariot-horse with heat

Must seem to melt. But if I find one
soldier take the chase,

Or stir from fight, or fight not still fix'd in
his enemy's face,

Or hid a shipboard, all the world, for force,
nor price, shall save

His hated life; but fowls and dogs be his
abhorred grave."

He said; and such a murmur rose, as
 on a lofty shore
 The waves make, when the south-wind
 comes, and tumbles them before
 Against a rock, grown near the strand,
 which diversely beset
 Is never free, but, here and there, with
 varied uproars beat
 All rose then, rushing to the fleet, per-
 fumed their tents, and eat,
 Each offering to th' immortal gods, and
 praying to 'scape the heat
 Of war and death. The king of men an
 ox of five years' spring
 T' almighty Jove slew. call'd the peers;
 first Nestor, then the king
 Idomeneus; after them th' Ajaces, and
 the son
 Of Tydeus; Ithacus the sixth, in counsel
 paragon
 To Jove himself. All these he bade, but
 at-a-martial-cry³ [busily
 Good Menelaus, since he saw his brother
 Employ'd at that time, would not stand on
 invitation,
 But of himself came. All about the
 offering overthrown
 Stood round, took salt-cakes, and the king
 himself thus pray'd for all
 "O Jove, most great, most glorious,
 that, in that starry hall,
 Sitt'st drawing dark clouds up to air, let
 not the sun go down,
 Darkness supplying it, till my hands the
 palace and the town
 Of Priam overthrow and burn; the arms
 on Hector's breast
 Dividing; spoiling with my sword thousands,
 in interest
 Of his bad quarrel, laid by him in dust, and
 eating earth."
 He pray'd; Jove heard him not, but
 made more plentiful the birth
 Of his sad toils, yet took his gifts. Prayers
 past, cakes on they threw;
 The ox then, to the altar drawn, they kill'd,
 and from him drew
 His hide; then cut him up; his thighs (in
 two hewn), dubb'd with fat,
 Prick'd on the sweetbreads; and with
 wood, leaveless, and kindled at
 Apposed fire, they burn the thighs; which
 done, the inwards, slit,
 They broil'd on coals and eat; the rest, in
 giggots cut, they spit,
 Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast;
 nought lack'd to leave allay'd
 Each temperate appetite; which served,
 Nestor began and said:

"Atreides, most graced king of men,
 now no more words allow,
 Nor more defer the deed Jove vows. Let
 heralds summon now
 The brazen-coated Greeks, and us range
 everywhere the host,
 To stir a strong war quickly up." This
 speech no syllable lost;
 The high-voiced heralds instantly he
 charged to call to arms
 The curl'd-head Greeks; they call'd; the
 Greeks straight answer'd their alarms.
 The Jove-kept kings, about the king all
 gather'd, with their aid
 Ranged all in tribes and nations. With
 them the grey-eyed Maid
 Great Ægis (Jove's bright shield) sustain'd,
 that can be never old,
 Never corrupted, fringed about with ser-
 pents forged of gold,
 As many as sufficed to make an hundred
 fringes, worth
 A hundred oxen, every snake all sprawl-
 ing, all set forth
 With wondrous spirit Through the host
 with this the Goddess ran,
 In fury, casting round her eyes, and
 furnish'd every man
 With strength, exciting all to arms, and
 fight incessant None
 Now liked their loved homes like the wars.
 And as a fire upon
 A huge wood, on the heights of hills—that
 far off hurls his light;
 So the divine brass shined on these, thus
 thrusting on for fight,
 Their splendour through the air reach'd
 heaven. And as about the flood
 Calster, in an Asian mead, flocks of the
 airy brood,
 Cranes, geese, or long-neck'd swans, here,
 there, proud of their pinions fly,
 And in their falls lay out such throats, that
 with their spiritul cry
 The meadow shrinks again; so here, these
 many-nation'd men
 Flow'd over the Scamandrian field, from
 tents and ships, the ^{son}
 Was dreadful, that the feet of men and
 horse beat out of earth.
 And in the flourishing mead they stood,
 thick as the odorous birth
 Of flowers, or leaves bred in the spring;
 or thick as swarms of flies
 Through then to sheep-cotes, when each
 swarm his erring wing applies
 To milk dew'd on the milk-maid's pails;
 all eagerly disposed [heaps closed
 To give to run th' fluns. And as in rude

Though huge goatherds are at their food,
 the goatherds easily yet
 Sort into sundry herds, so here the chiefs
 in battle set
 Here tribes, here nations, ordering all
 Amongst whom shined the king,
 With eyes like lightning-loving Jove, his
 forehead answering,
 In breast like Neptune, Mars in waist
 And as a goodly bull
 Most eminent of all a herd, most strong,
 most masterful,
 So Agamemnon, Jove that day made over-
 heighten clear
 That heaven-bright army, and preferr'd to
 all the heroes there
 Now tell me, Muses, you that dwell in
 heavenly roofs, (for you
 Are Goddesses, are present here, are wise,
 and all things know,
 We only trust The voice of fame, know
 nothing), who they were
 That here were captains of the Greeks,
 commanding princes here
 The multitude exceed my song, though
 fitted to my choice
 Ten tongues were, harden'd palates ten,
 a breast of brass, a voice
 Infractions and trumpet-like; that great work,
 unless the seed of Jove,
 The deathless Muses, undertake, maintains
 a pitch above
 All mortal powers The princes then, and
 navy that did bring
 These so inenarrable troops, and all their
 soils, I sing.

THE CATALOGUE OF THE GRECIAN SHIPS AND CAPTAINS

Peneleus, and Leitus, all that Boeotia
 bred,
 Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothoenor, led,
 Th' inhabitants of Hyria, and stony Aulida,
 Schene, Scote, the hilly Eteon, and holy
 Thespiea,
 Of Grea, and great Mycaesse, that hath
 the ample plain, [remain
 Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did
 In Eryth, and in Eleon, in Hylan, Peteona,
 In fair Ocalea, and, the town well-built,
 Medeona,
 Copas, Eutresis, Thisbe, that for pigeons
 doth surpass, [of grass,
 Of Coroneia, Haliart, that hath such store
 All those that in Platsea dwelt, that Iliada
 did possess,
 And Hypotheis, whose well-built walls are
 rare and fellowless,

In rich Onchestus' famous wood, to watery
 Neptune vow'd,
 And Arne, where the vine-trees are with
 vigorous bunches bow'd,
 With them that dwell in Midea, and Nissa
 most divine,
 All those whom utmost Antheion did
 wealthily confine.
 From all these coasts, in general, full fifty
 sail were sent,
 And six-score strong, Boeotian youths in
 every burthen went
 But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and
 Mimian Orchomen,
 God Mars his sons did lead (Ascalaphus
 and Ialmen),
 Who in Azidon Actor's house did of
 Astyoche come;
 The bashful maid, as she went up into the
 higher room,
 The War-god secretly compress'd. In safe
 conduct of these,
 Did thirty hollow-bottom'd barks divide
 the wavy seas
 Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the
 Phocian captains were,
 (Naubolida-Iphitus' sons all-proof 'gainst
 any fear,
 With them the Cyparissians went, and bold
 Pythonians,
 Men of religious Chrysa's soil, and fat
 Dauldians,
 Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyam-
 polists;
 And those that dwell where Cephissus casts
 up his silken mists,
 The men that fair Lalæa held, near the
 Cephissian spring,
 All which did forty sable barks to that
 designation bring
 About th' entail'd Phocensian fleet had
 these their sail assign'd,
 And near to the sinister wing the arm'd
 Boeotians shined.
 Ajax the less, Oileus' son, the Locrians
 led to war;
 Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man
 by far,
 Little he was, and ever wore a breastplate
 made of linne,
 But for the manage of his lance he general
 praise did win.
 The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoen,
 The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias,
 lovely men,
 Of Tarphis, and of Thronus, near flood
 Boagrus' fall,
 Twice-twenty martial barks of these, less
 Ajax sail'd withal.

Who near Eubœa's blessed soil their habitations had,
 Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats in sweet Eubœa made,
 The Histiaens rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida,
 The Cerniths bordering on the sea, of rich Eretria,
 Of Dion's highly-seated town, Charistus, and of Styre,
 All these the duke Alphenor led, a flame of Mars his fire,
 Surnamed Chalcodontades, the mighty Abants' guide,
 Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backs their trailing hair did hide,
 Well-seen in fight, and soon could pierce with far extended darts
 The breastplates of their enemies, and reach their dearest hearts
 Forty black men of war did sail in this Alphenor's charge
 The soldiers that in Athens dwelt, a city builded large,
 The people of Eristhius, whom Jove-sprung Pallas fed,
 And plenteous-feeding Tellus brought out of her flowery bed,
 Him Pallas placed in her rich fane, and, every ended year,
 Of bulls and lambs th' Atheman youths please him with offerings there,
 Mighty Menestheus, Peteus' son, had their divided care,
 For horsemen and for targeteers none could with him compare,
 Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend,
 But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend;
 With him came fifty sable sail And out of Salamine
 Great Ajax brought twelve sail, that with th' Athenians did combine.
 Who did in fruitful Argos dwell, or strong Tirynth keep,
 Hermion, or in Asinen, whose bosom is no deep,
 Troezena, Elion, Epidaure, where Bacchus crowns his head,
 Ægina, and Maseta's soil, did follow Diomed,
 And Sthenelus, the dear-loved son of famous Capaneus,
 Together with Euryalus, heir of Mecisteus,
 The king of Talaeonides; past whom, in deeds of war,
 The famous soldier Diomed of all was held by far.

Four-score black ships did follow these.
 The men fair Mycene held,
 The wealthy Corinth, Cleon that for beauteous site excell'd,
 Aræthyrea's lovely seat, and in Ornia's plain,
 And Syrona, where at first did king Adrastus reign,
 High-seated Gonoessa's towers, and Hyperisus,
 That dwelt in fruitful Pellenen, and in divine Ægius,
 With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helce's friends,
 To Agamemnon every town her native birth commends,
 In double fifty sable barks With him a world of men
 Most strong and full of valour went, and he in triumph then
 Put on his most resplendent arms, since he did overshine
 The whole heroic host of Greece, in power of that design
 Who did in Lacedæmon's rule th' unmeasured concave hold,
 High Phans', Sparta's, Messe's towers, or doves so much extoll'd,
 Bryseia's and Augia's ground, strong Laa, Oetylon,
 Amyclas, Helos' harbour-town, that Neptune beats upon,
 All these did Menelaus lead (his brother, that in cries
 Of war was famous), sixty ships convey'd these enemies
 To Troy in chief, because their king was chiefly injured there,
 In Helen's rape, and did his best to make them buy it dear
 Who dwelt in Pylos' sandy soil, and Arene the fair,
 In Thyron, near Alpheus' flood, and Aepy fuk of air,
 In Cyparisseus, Amphigen, and little Pteleon,
 The town where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon, ^α [poesy,
 Where all the Muses, opposite, in strife of To ancient Thamyris of Thrace, did use him cruelly
 (He coming from Eurytus' court, the wise Cechahan king),
 Because he proudly durst affirm he could more sweetly sing
 Than that Pierian race of Jove; who, angry with his vaunt,
 Bereft his eyesight, and his song, that did the ear enchant,

And of his skill to touch his harp dis-
furnished his hand

All these in ninety hollow keels grave
Nestor did command

The richly-blest inhabitants of the Arca-
dian land

Below Cyllene's mount (that by Epyrus'
tomb did stand)

Where dwelt the bold near-fighting men,
who did in Phæneus live,

And Orchomen, where flocks of sheep the
shepherds clustering drive,

In Ripe, and in Stratie, the fair Mantinean
town,

And strong Enispe, that for height is ever
weather-blown;

Tegea, and in Stymphalus, Parrhasia
strongly wall'd,

All these Alcæus' son to field (king Aga-
penor) call'd,

In sixty barks he brought them on, and
every bark well-mann'd

With fierce Arcadians, skill'd to use the
utmost of a band

King Agamemnon, on these men, did
well-built ships bestow

To pass the gulfy purple sea, that did no
sea rites know

They who in Hermin, Buphrasis, and
Elis, did remain,

What Olen's cliffs, Alisius, and Myrsin did
contain,

Were led to war by twice two dukes and
each ten ships did bring,

Which many venturous Epians did serve
for burthening,

Beneath Amphimachus his charge, and
valiant Thalpius,

Son of Eurytus-Actor one, the other
Cteatus,

Diores Amaryncides the other did employ,
The fourth divine Polixenus, Agasthenes
his joy.

The king of fair Angeiades, who from
Dulichius came,

And from Echmaus' sweet isles, which hold
their holy frame

By ample Elis' region, Meges Phylides
led;

Whom duke Phyleus, Jove's beloved, begat,
and whom led

To large Dulichius, for the wrath that fired
his father's breast

Twice-twenty ships with ebon sails were in
his charge address'd.

The warlike men of Cephale, and those
of Ithaca,

Woody Neritus, and the men of wet
Crocylia,

Sharp Ægilipha, Samos' isle, Zacynthus,
sea-enclosed,

Epirus, and the men that hold the con-
tinent opposed,

All these did wise Ulysses lead, in counsel
peer to Jove,

Twelve ships he brought, which in their
course vermilion sterns did move

Thoas, Andremon's well-spoke son, did
guide the Ætolians well,

Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong
Pylene dwell,

Great Chalcis, that by sea-side stands, and
stony Calydon,

(For now no more of Ceneus' sons survived;
they all were gone,

No more his royal self did live, no more
his noble son,

The golden Meleager now, their glasses all
were run)

All things were left to him in charge, th'
Ætolians' chief he was,

And forty ships to Trojan wars the seas
with him did pass

The royal soldier Idomen did lead the
Cretans stout,

The men of Gnossus, and the town
Gortyna wall'd about,

Of Lactus, and Miletus' towers, of white
Lycastus' state,

Of Phæstus, and of Rhytus, the cities
fortunate,

And all the rest inhabiting the hundred
towns of Crete;

Whom warlike Idomen did lead, co-partner
in the fleet

With kill-man Merion. Eighty ships with
them did Troy invade

Tlepolemus Heracles, right strong and
bigly made,

Brought nine tall ships of war from Rhodes,
which haughty Rhodians mann'd,

Who dwelt in three dissever'd parts of that
most pleasant land,

Which Lyndus and Jahssus were, and
bright Camrus, call'd.

Tlepolemus commanded these, in battle
unappall'd,

Whom fair Astyoche brought forth, by
force of Hercules, [Sellees,

Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from river
When many towns of princely youths he
levell'd with the ground.

Tlepolem, in his father's house (for building
much renown'd)

Brought up to headstrong state of youth,
his mother's brother slew,

The flower of arms, Licynius, that some-
what aged grew,

Then straight he gather'd him a fleet,
assembling bands of men,
And fled by sea, to shun the threats that
were denounced then

By other sons and nephews of th' Alciden
fortitude

He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in
with tempests rude

The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and
great with Jove did stand,

The King of men and Gods, who gave
much treasure to their land

Nireus out of Syma's haven three well-
built barks did bring,

Nireus, fair Aglaia's son, and Charopes
the king;

Nireus was the fairest man that to fair
Llion came

Of all the Greeks, save Peleus' son, who
pass'd for general frame,

But weak this was, not fit for war, and
therefore few did guide

Who did in Cassus, Nisyus, and Crapa-
thus abide,

In Co, Eurypylius his town, and in Calydna's
Phidippus and bold Antiphus did guide to
Trojan toils

(The sons of crowned Thessalus, derived
from Hercules),

Who went with thirty hollow ships well-
order'd to the seas.

Now will I sing the sackful troops Pelas-
gian Argos held,

That in deep Alus, Alope, and soft Trechina
dwell'd,

In Phthia, and in Hellade where live the
lovely dames,

The Myrmidons, Hellenians, and Achives,
rob'd of fames;

All which the great Æacides in fifty ships
did lead.

For these forgat war's horrid voice, because
they lack'd their head

That would have brought them bravely
forth; but now at fleet did lie

That wind-like use of his feet, fair Thetis'
progeny,

Wroth for bright-cheek'd Briseis' loss,
whom from Lynessus' spoils

(His own exploit) he brought away as trophy
of his toils,

When that town was depopulate; he sunk
the Theban towers;

Myneta, and Epistrophus, he sent to
Pluto's bowers,

Who came of king Evenus' race, great
Helepiades;

Yet now he idly lives enraged, but soon
must leave his ease.

Of those that dwell in Phylace, and
flowery Pyrasion

The wood of Ceres, and the soil that sheep
are fed upon

Iton, and Antron built by sea, and Pteleus
full of grass,

Protesilaus, while he lived, the worthy
captain was,

Whom now the sable earth detains, his
tear torn-faced spouse

He woful left in Phylace, and his half-
finish'd house,

A fatal Dardan first his life, of all the
Greeks, bereft,

As he was leaping from his ship, yet were
his men unleft

Without a chief, for though they wish'd to
have no other man

But good Protesilaus their guide, Podarces
yet began

To govern them (Iphitus son, the son of
Phylacus),

Most rich in sheep, and brother to short-
lived Protesilaus,

Of younger birth, less, and less strong, yet
served he to direct

The companies, that still did more their
ancient duke affect

Twice-twenty jetty sails with him the swell-
ing stream did take

But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the
Boebean lake,

In Boebe, and in Glaphyra, Ialocus build'd
fair,

In thrice six ships to Pergamus did through
the seas repair,

With old Admetus' tender son, Eumelus,
whom he bred

Of Alcest, Pelus' fairest child of all his
female seed.

The soldiers that before the siege Me-
thone's vales did hold,

Thaumacie, flowery Meliboe, and Olison
the cold,

Duke Philoctetes governed, in darts of
finest sleight;

Seven vessels in his charge convey'd their
honourable freight,

By fifty rowers in a bark, most expert in the
But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought
miserably low

By torment of an ulcer grown with Hydra
poison'd blood,

Whose sting was such, Greece left him
there in most impatient mood;

Yet thought they on him at his ship, and
choosed, to lead his men,

Medon, Oileus' bastard son, brought forth
to him by Rhen.

From ~~T~~rica, bleak Ithomen's cliffs, and
hapless Oechaly,
Eurytus' city, ruled by him in wilful
tyranny,
In charge of Æsculapius' sons, physician
highly praised,
Machaon, Podalirius, were thirty vessels
raised,
Who near Hyperia's fountain dwelt, and
in Ormenius,
The snowy tops of Titanus, and in
Asterius,
Evemon's son, Eurypylus, did lead into the
field,
Whose towns did forty black-sail'd ships to
that encounter yield
Who Gyron, and Argissa, held, Orthen,
and Elon's seat,
And chalky Cloosone, were led by Poly-
pæte,
The issue of Pirithous, the son of Jupiter
Him the Athenian Theseus' friend Hip-
podamy did bear,
When he the bristled savages did give
Ramnusia,
And drove them out of Pelius, as far as
Æth'ca
He came not single, but with him Leon-
teus, Coron's son,
An arm of Mars, and Coron's life Ceneus'
seed begun.
Twice twenty ships attended these
Guneus next did bring
From Cyphus twenty sail and two, the
Emians following;
And fierce Peræbi, that about Dodone's
frozen mould
Did plant their houses; and the men that
did the meadows hold,
Which Titaresius decks with flowers, and
his sweet current leads
Into the bright Penelus, that hath the
silver heads:
Yet with his admirable stream ~~no~~ not
~~his~~ waves commix,
But glides aloft on it like oil, for 'tis the
flood of Siga,
By which th' immortal Gods do swear
Teuthredon's honour'd birth,
Prothous, led the Magnets forth, who near
the shady earth
Of Pelus, and Peneion, dwelt, forty re-
vengeful sail
Did follow him. These were the dukes
and princes of avail
That came from Greece. But now the
man, that overshadowed them all,
Sing, Muse; and the most famous steeds
to my recital call,

That both th' Atreides followed. Fair
Pheretiades
The bravest mares did bring by much;
Eumelus managed these,
Swift of their feet as birds of wings, both
of one hair did shine,
Both of an age, both of a height, as
measured by a line,
Whom silver-bow'd Apollo bred in the
Pierian mead,
Both slick and dainty, yet were both in war
of wondrous dread.
Great Ajax Telamon for strength pass'd
all the peers of war,
While vex'd Achilles was away, but he
surpass'd him far
The horse that bore that faultless man
were likewise past compare,
Yet lay he at the crook'd-stern'd ships, and
fury was his fare,
For Atreus' son's ungracious deed, his
men yet pleased their hearts
With throwing of the holed stone, with
hurling of their darts,
And shooting faulty on the shore, their
horse at chariots fed
On greatest parsley, and on sedge that in
the fens is bred.
His princes' tents their chariots held, that
richly cover'd were;
His princes, amorous of their chief, walk'd
storming here and there
About the host, and scorn'd to fight; their
breaths as they did pass
Before them flew, as if a fire fed on the
trembling grass,
Earth under-groan'd their high raised feet,
as when offended Jove, (drove
In Arime, Typhœus with rattling thunder
Beneath the earth, in Arime, men say, the
grave is still,
Where thunder-tomb'd Typhœus, and is a
monstrous hill;
And as that thunder made earth groan, so
groan'd it as they past,
They trod with swift hard-set-down steps,
and so exceeding fast
To Troy the rainbow-gu'd Dame right
heavy news relates
From Jove, as all to council drew in Priam's
palace-gates,
Resembling Priam's son in voice, Polites,
swift of feet,
In trust whereof, as sentinel, to see when
from the fleet
The Grecians sallied, he was set upon the
lofty brow
Of aged Æsyetes' tomb; and this did Iris
show:

"O Priam, thou art always pleased with
 indiscreet advice,
 And framest thy life to times of peace,
 when such a war doth rise
 As threats inevitable spoil I never did
 behold
 Such and so mighty troops of men, who
 trample on the mould
 In number like Autumnus' leaves, or like
 the marine sand,
 All ready round about the walls to use a
 running hand
 Hector, I therefore charge thee most, this
 charge to undertake.
 A multitude remain in Troy, will fight for
 Priam's sake,
 Of other lands and languages; let every
 leader then
 Bring forth well-arm'd into the field his
 several bands of men."
 Strong Hector knew a Deity gave charge
 to this assay,
 Dismiss'd the council straight, like waves,
 clusters to arms do sway;
 The ports are all wide open set; out rush'd
 the troops in swarms,
 Both horse and foot, the city rung with
 sudden-cried alarms.
 A column stands without the town, that
 high his head doth raise,
 A little distant, in a plain trod down with
 divers ways,
 Which men do Bateia call, but the Im-
 mortals name
 Myrme's famous sepulchre, the wondrous
 active dame.
 Here were the auxiliary bands, that came
 in Troy's defence,
 Distinguish'd under several guides of
 special excellence.
 The duke of all the Trojan power great
 helm-deck'd Hector was,
 Which stood of many mighty men well-
 skill'd in darts of brass. [a man,
 Aeneas of commixed seed (a Goddess with
 Anchises with the Queen of love) the troops
 Dardanians
 Led to the field; his lovely sire in Ida's
 lower shade
 Begat him of sweet Cyprides; he solely
 was not made
 Chief leader of the Dardan powers, Ante-
 nor's valliant sons,
 Archilochus and Acamas, were join'd com-
 panions.
 Who in Zelia dwelt beneath the sacred
 foot of Ide,
 That drink of black Aëseus' stream, and
 wealth made full of pride,

The Aphnu, Lycaon's son, whom Phœbus
 gave his bow,
 Prince Pandarus, did lead to field. Who
 Adrestinus owe,
 Apesus' city, Pityæ, and mount Tereies,
 Adrestus and stout Amphius led; who did
 their size displease,
 (Merops Percosius, that excell'd all Troy
 in heavenly skill
 Of futures-searching prophecy) for, much
 against his will,
 His sons were agents in those arms; whom
 since they disobey'd,
 The fates, in letting slip their threads, their
 hasty valours stay'd
 Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisba, did
 abide, [did guide,
 Who Sestus and Abydus bred, Hyrtacides
 Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that, through
 great Seleus' force,
 Brought from Arisba to that fight the great
 and fiery horse.
 Pylæus, and Hippothous, the stout Pe-
 lasgians led, [nourished:
 Of them Larissa's fruitful soil before had
 These were Pelasgian Pithus' sons, son of
 Teutamidas. [valiant Acamas,
 The Thracian guides were Prouis, and
 Of all that the impetuous flood of Helles-
 pont enclosed
 Euphemus, the Ciconian troops, in his
 command disposed,
 Who from Troezenus-Ceades right nobly
 did descend
 Pyrræchmes did the Pæons rule, that
 crooked bows do bend,
 From Axius, out of Amydon, he had them
 in command,
 From Axius, whose most beauteous stream
 still overflows the land
 Pylæmen with the well-arm'd heart, the
 Paphlagonians led,
 From Enes, where the race of mules fit for
 the plough is bred.
 The men that broad Cytorus' bounds and
 Sesamus enfold, [much extoll'd,
 About Parthenus' lofty flood, in houses
 From Cromna and Aëgialus, the men that
 arms did bear,
 And Erythinus situate high, Pylæmen's
 soldiers were.
 Epistrophus and Drius did the Halizo-
 nians guide,
 Far-fetch'd from Alybe, where first the
 silver mines were tried,
 Chromus, and angur Eunomus, he My-
 sians did command,
 Who could not with his auguries the
 strength of death withstand,

<p>But suffer'd it beneath the stroke of great <i>Æolides</i>, In Xanthus, where he made more souls dive to the Stygian seas Phorcys, and fair Ascanus, the Phry- gians brought to war, Well train'd for battle, and were come out of Ascania far. With Methles, and with Antiphus (Py- læmen's sons) did fight The men of Meion, whom the fen Gygea brought to light, And those Meionians that beneath the mountain Tmolus sprung. The rude unletter'd Cæbæ, that bar- barous were of tongue, Did under Naustes' colours march, and young Amphimachus (Nomon's famous sons), to whom, the mountain Phthirorur,</p>	<p>That with the famous wood is crown'd, Miletus, Mycales That hath so many lofty marks for men that love the seas, The crooked arms Mæander bow'd with his so snaky flood, Resign'd for conduct the choice youth of all their martial brood The fool Amphimachus, to field, brought gold to be his wrack, Proud-girllike that doth ever bear her dower upon her back, Which wise Achilles mark'd, slew him, and took his gold in strife, At Xanthus' flood; so little Death did fear his golden life Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus unproved, From Lycia, and the gulfy flood of Xan- thus far removed.</p>
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COMMENTARIUS.

1 *Ἦντο ἕνεα*, &c. *Sicut examina pro-*
deunt apum frequentum, &c. In this
 simile Virgil (using the like in imitation) is
 preferred to Homer, with what reason I
 pray you see. Their ends are different,
 Homer intending to express the infinite
 multitude of soldiers everywhere dispeising,
 Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgil's
 simile is this: I. *Æneid* :—

“Qualis apes æstate novâ per florea rura
 Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos
 Educunt foetus; aut cum liquentia mella
 Stipant; et dulci distendunt nectare cellas;
 Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut, agmine
 facto,
 Ignavum fucos pecus præsepibus arcent:
 Fervet opus, redolent thymo fragrantia
 mella.”

Now compare this with Homer's, but in
 my translation; and judge if, to both
 their ends, there be any such betterness as
 Virgil's, but that the reverence of the
 scholar, due to the master (even in these
 his maligners), might well have contained
 their lame censures of the poetical fury
 from these unmanly and hateful com-
 parisons. Especially, since Virgil hath
 nothing of his own, but only elocution;
 his invention, matter, and form, being all
 Homer's; which laid by a man, that which
 he addeth is only the work of a woman, to
 netify and polish. Nor do I, alas, but
 the foremost rank of the most ancient and

best learned that ever were, come to the
 field for Homer, hiding all other poets
 under his ensign. Hate not me then, but
 them; to whom, before my book, I refer
 you. But much the rather I insist on the
 former simile, for the word *ἕνεα*, *ca-*
teruatim, or *confertim*, which is noted
 by Spondanus to contain all the *ἑνέοις*,
 reddition, or application of the comparison,
 and is nothing so. For though it be all
 the reddition Homer expresseth, yet he
 intends two special parts in the application
 more, which he leaves to his judical
 reader's understanding, as he doth in all
 his other similes; since a man may
 perversally (or, as he passeth) discern all
 that is to be understood. And here,
 besides the throngs of soldiers expressed
 in the swarms of bees, he intimates the
 infinite number in those throngs or com-
 panies, issuing from fleet so ceaselessly
 that there appeared almost no end of their
 issue; and thirdly, the everywhere dis-
 persing themselves. But Spondanus would
 excuse Homer for expressing no more of
 his application, with affirming it impossible
 that the thing compared, and the com-
 parison, should answer in all parts; and
 therefore alleges the vulgar understanding
 of a simile, which is as gross as it is vulgar,
 that a similitude must *uno pede semper*
claudicare. His reason for it is as absurd as
 the rest; which is this, *Si ea inter se*

omnino responderent, fulleret illud axioma, nullum simile est idem, as though the general application of the compared and the comparison would make them anything more the same, or all one, more than the swarms of bees and the throng of soldiers are all one or the same, for answering most aptly. But that a simile must needs halt of one foot still sheweth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of poesy. For who at first sight will not conceive it absurd to make a simile, which serves to the illustration and ornament of a poem, lame of a foot, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable similes, being expressed in his place, will abundantly prove the stupidity of this tradition, and how injuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him in his strait and deep places, when in his open and fair passages they halt and hang back so.

² *Τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεός, &c. hunc quidem clarum (or illustrem) fecit Deus*, as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprehend it) of the word ἀρίζηλος, beginning here, and continuing wheresoever it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transition of ζ into θ in derivation, according to the Doric, for which cause our interpreters will needs have Homer intend ἀθίζηλος, which is *clarus* or *illustrious*, when he himself saith ἀρίζηλος, which is a compound of ἀρί, which is *valde*, and ζήλος, and signifies, *quem valde æmulamur*, or *valde æmulandus*, according to Scapula. But because ζήλος is most authentically expounded, *impetus mentis ad cultum divinum*, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound τὸν μὲν ἀρίζηλον θῆκεν θεός, *hunc quidem magnam impulsam ad cultum divinum fecit Deus*, because he turned so suddenly and miraculously the dragon to a stone. To make it ἀθίζηλον, and say *clarum* or *illustrem fecit Deus qui ostendit, or ostendebat*, which follows in the verse, and saith thus much in our tongue, *God that showed this, made it clear*, is very little more than, *God that showed this, showed it*. One way it observes the word (betwix which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is fair, full, grave; the other alters the original, and is ugly, empty, idle.

³ *Ἀντίλοχος δὲ οἱ ῥῆδε ποτὶν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος, &c. Spontaneus autem ei venit vocē bonus Menelaus*; and some say *bello strenuus Menelaus*, which is far estranged from the mind of our Homer, ποτὶν signifying *vocē*

feratō, or *clamor*, though some will have it *pugna*, ex consequenti, because fights are often made with clamour. But in *bello strenuus* (unless it be ironically taken) is here strained beyond sufferance, and is to be expounded *vociferatōne bonus Menelaus*, which, agreeeth with that part of his character in the next book, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice, which is *μαλὰ λυγρὸς, valde stridule, or arguto cum stridore*, λυγρὸς being commonly and most properly taken in the worse part, and signifieth shrilly, or noisefully, squeaking; howsoever in the vulgar conversion it is in that place most grossly abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I refer you in his place, and in the meantime show you, that, in this first and next verse, Homere (speaking scotically) beaks open the fountain of his ridiculous humour following, never by any interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenious conceited person that any man can show in any heroical poem, or in any comic poet. And that you may something perceive him before you read to him in his several places, I will, as I can in haste, give you him here together as Homer at all parts presents him—viz, simple, well-meaning, standing still affectedly on telling truth, small, and shrill-voiced (not sweet, or eloquent, as some most against the hair would have him), short spoken, after his country the Laconical manner, yet speaking thick and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to be employed, and (being *mollis bellator* himself) set still to call to every hard service the hardest; even by the wit of Ajax played upon, about whom he would still be diligent, and what he wanted of the martial fury and faculty himself, that he would be bold to supply out of Ajax, Ajax and he, to any for blows; Antilochus and he for wit (Antilochus, old Nestor's son, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellently formed person); sometimes valiant, or daring (as what coward is not?) sometimes falling upon sentence and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacity doth not?) Nor useth our most inimitable imitator of nature this cross and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person, than to follow the true life of nature, being often, or always, expressed so disparate in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poor critics

have stood upon, to make fools always foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c., is far from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions must needs contain the like opposition.

But now to the first, ἀντόματος δὲ οἱ ἦλθε, &c., *spontaneus autem ei venit*, &c., about which a passing great piece of work is picked out by our greatest philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to supper or council, which some commend, others condemn in him, but the reason why he staid not the invitement, rendered immediately by Homer, none of them will understand—viz., Ἥδεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμὸν, &c., *scribat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat*; of which verse his interpreters cry out for the expunction, only because it was never entered in their apprehension, which I more than admire (for the easiness of it) so freely offering itself to their entertainment, and yet using the hoof of Pegasus, only with a touch breaking open (as above said) the fountain of his humour.

For thus I expound it (laying all again together, to make it plain enough for you); Agamemnon, inviting all the chief commanders to supper, left out his brother; but he, seeing how much his brother was troubled about the dream, and busied, would not stand upon invitement, but came of himself. And this being spoken *scopically*, or by way of irrision, argueth what manner of man he made of him. *Ineptus enim* (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp and second question) *fuit Menelaus, et locum dedit proverbio, qui ad consilium dandum accessisset non vocatus*. And to this place he had reference, because a council of war was to be held at this supper. And here, I say, Homer opened the vein of his simplicity, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and council, as in the reason for it ironically rendered, that he knew his brother was busy, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sense of our poet is not safe, our interpreters would have razed.

THE THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, betwixt the hosts, to single fight,
Of all the Greeks, dares the most hardy knight.
King Menelaus doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he again should have
Fair Helena, with all she brought to Troy,
If he subdued, else Paris should enjoy
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth
grant
Her dear wreath to the Grecian combatant,
But Venus to her champion's life doth yield
Safe rescue, and conveys him from the field
Into his chamber, and for Helen sends,
Whom much her lover's foul disgrace offends;
Yet Venus for him still makes good her charms,
And ends the second combat in his arms

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Gamma the single fight doth sing
Twixt Paris and the Spartan king.

WHEN every least commander's will best
soldiers had obey'd,
And both the hosts were ranged for fight,
the Trojans would have fray'd
The Greeks with noises, crying out, in
coming rudely on;
At all parts like the cranes that fill, with
harsh confusion,
Of brutish clangs all the air, and in
ridiculous war
(Eschewing the unsuffer'd storms, shot
from the winter's star)
Visit the ocean, and confer the Pygmei
soldier's death.
The Greeks charged silent, and like men,
bestow'd their thrifty breath
In strength of far-resounding blows, still
entertaining care
Of either's rescue, when their strength did
their engagements dare.
And as, upon a hill's steep tops, the south
wind pours a cloud,
To shepherds thankless, but by thieves,
that love the night, allow'd,
A darkness letting down, that blinds a
stone's cast off men's eyes;
Such darkness from the Greeks' swift feet
(made all of dust) did rise.
But, ere stern conflict mix'd both strengths,
fair Paris stept before
The Trojan host; athwart his back a pan-
ther's hide he wore,

A crooked bow, and sword, and shook two
brazen-headed darts;
With which well-arm'd, his tongue pro-
voked the best of Grecian hearts
To stand with him in single fight. Whom
when the man, wrong'd most
Of all the Greeks, so gloriously saw stalk
before the host.
As when a lion is rejoiced (with hunger
half forlorn),
That finds some sweet prey, as a hart,
whose grace lies in his horn,
Or sylvan goat, which he devours, though
never so pursued
With dogs and men, so Sparta's king
exulted, when he view'd
The fair-faced Paris so exposed to his so
thirsted wreak,
Whereof his good cause made him sure.
The Grecian front did break,
And forth he rush'd, at all parts arm'd,
leapt from his chariot,
And royally prepared for charge. Which
seen, cold terror shot
The heart of Paris, who retired as head-
long from the king
As in him he had shunn'd his death. And
as a hilly spring
Presents a serpent to a man, full under-
neath his feet,
Her blue neck, swoln with poison, raised,
and her sting out, to greet
His heedless entry, suddenly his walk he
altereth,
Starts back amazed, is shook with fear, and
looks as pale as death,
So Menelaus Paris scared; so that divine-
faced foe
Shrunk in his beauties. Which beheld Ly-
 Hector, he let go
This bitter check at him: "Accursed,
made but in beauty's scorn,
Impostor, woman's man! O heaven, that
thou hadst ne'er been born,
Or, being so manless, never lived to bear
man's noblest state,
The nuptial honour! which I wish, be-
cause it were a fate
Much better for thee than this shame.
This spectacle doth make
A man a monster. Hark how loud the
Greeks laugh, who did take

Thy fair form for a continent of parts as
 far. A rape
 Thou madest of nature, like their queen
 No soul, an empty shape
 Takes up thy being, yet how spite to
 every shade of good
 Fills it with ill! for as thou art, thou
 couldst collect a brood
 Of others like thee, and far hence fetch ill
 enough to us,
 Even to thy father, all these friends make
 those foes mock them thus
 In thee, for whose ridiculous sake so
 seriously they lay
 All Greece and fate upon their necks. O
 wretch! Not dare to stay
 Weak Menelaus? But 'twas well, for in
 him thou hadst tried
 What strength lost beauty can infuse, and
 with the more grief died
 To feel thou robb'dst a worthier man, to
 wrong a soldier's right
 Your harp's sweet touch, curl'd locks, fine
 shape, and gifts so exquisite,
 Given thee by Venus, would have done
 your fine dames little good,
 When blood and dust had ruffled them;
 and had as little stood
 Thyself in stead; but what thy care of all
 these in thee flies [fectious cowardice
 We should inflict on thee ourselves In-
 In thee hath terrified our host, for which
 thou well deservest
 A coat of tombstone, not of steel, in which,
 for form, thou servest
 To this thus Paris spake (for form, that
 might inhabit heaven)
 "Hector, because thy sharp reproof is out
 of justice given,
 I take it well; but though thy heart,
 inured to these affrights,
 Cuts through them as an axe through oak,
 that more used more excites
 The workman's faculty, whose art can
 make the edge go far;
 Yet I, less practised than thyself in these
 extremes of war,
 May well be pardon'd, though less bold,
 in these your worth exceeds,
 In others mine. Nor is my mind of less
 force to the deeds
 Required in war, because my form more
 flows in gifts of peace.
 Reproach not, therefore, the kind gifts of
 golden Cyprides.
 All heaven's gifts have their worthy price;
 as little to be scorn'd
 As to be won with strength, wealth,
 state; with which to be adorn'd,

Some men would change state, wealth, or
 strength. But, if your martial heart
 Wish me to make my challenge good, and
 hold it such a part
 Of shame to give it over thus, cause all the
 rest to rest,
 And, 'twixt both hosts, let Sparta's king
 and me perform our best
 For Helen and the wealth she brought;
 and he that overcomes,
 Or proves superior any way, in all your
 equal dooms,
 Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keep
 her, or take her home,
 The rest strike leagues of endless date, and
 hearty friends become;
 You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, the
 Greeks retire their force
 T' Achaia, that breeds fairest dames, and
 Argos, fairest horse
 He said, and his amendsful words did
 Hector highly please,
 Who rush'd betwixt the fighting hosts, and
 made the Trojans cease,
 By holding up in midst his lance. The
 Grecians noted not
 The signal he for parley used, but at him
 fiercely shot,
 Hurl'd stones, and still were levelling
 darts. At last the king of men,
 Great Agamemnon, cried aloud: "Ar-
 gives! for shame, contain;
 Youths of Achaia, shoot no more; the fair-
 helm'd Hector shows
 As he desired to treat with us" This said,
 all ceased from blows,
 And Hector spake to both the hosts:
 "Trojans, and hardy Greeks,
 Hear now what he that stirr'd these wars,
 for their cessation seeks
 He bids us all, and you, disarm, that he
 alone may fight
 With Menelaus, for us all, for Helen and
 her right,
 With all the dower she brought to Troy;
 and he that wins the day, [way,
 Or is, in all the art of arms, superior any
 The queen, and all her sorts of wealth, let
 him at will enjoy;
 The rest strike truce, and let love seal firm
 leagues 'twixt Greece and Troy."
 The Greek host wonder'd at this brave;
 silence flew everywhere;
 At last spake Sparta's warlike king: "Now
 also give me ear,
 Whom grief gives most cause of reply. I
 now have hope to free
 The Greeks and Trojans of all ills, they
 have sustain'd for me,

And Alexander, that was cause I stretch'd
my spleen so far.
Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his
death end the war;
The rest immediately retire, and greet all
homes in peace.
Go then (to bless your champion, and give
his powers success)
Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sun (the
Gods on whom ye call)
Two lambs, a black one and a white, a
female and a male,
And we another, for ourselves, will fetch,
and kill to Jove
To sign which rites bring Priam's force,
because we well approve
His sons perfidious, envious, and (out of
practised bane
To faith, when she believes in them) Jove's
high truce may profane
All young men's hearts are still unstead,
but in those well-weigh'd deeds
An old man will consent to pass things
past, and what succeeds
He looks into, that he may know, how
best to make his way
Through both the fortunes of a fact, and
will the worst obey
This granted, a delightful hope, both
Greeks and Trojans fed,
Of long'd-for rest from those long toils,
their tedious war had bred.
Their horses then in rank they set, drawn
from their chariots round,
Descend themselves, took off their arms,
and placed them on the ground,
Near one another; for the space 'twixt both
the hosts was small.
Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they
from thence might call
King Priam, and to bring the lambs, to
rate the truce they swore.
But Agamemnon to the fleet Talthylus
sent before,
To fetch their lamb; who nothing slack'd
the royal charge was given.
Iris, the rain-bow, then came down,
ambassador from heaven,
To white-arm'd Helen¹ She assumed at
every part the grace
Of Helen's last love's sister's shape, who
had the highest place
In Helen's love, and had to name Laodice;
most fair
Of all the daughters Priam had, and made
the nuptial pair
With Helicaon, royal sprout of old Antenor's
seed. [about a weed,
She found queen Helena at home, at work

Woven for herself, it shined like fife, was
rich, and full of size,
The work of both sides being alike, in
which she did comprise
The many labours warlike Troy and brass-
arm'd Greece endured
For her fair sake, by cruel Mars and his
stern friends procured
Iris came in in joyful haste, and said. "O
come with me,
Loved nymph, and an admired sight of
Greeks and Trojans see,
Who first on one another brought a war so
full of tears,
Even thirsty of contentious war. Now every
man forbears,
And friendly by each other sits, each
leaning on his shield,
Their long and shining lances pitch'd fast
by them in the field.
Paris, and Sparta's king, alone must take
up all the strife; [his wife."
And he that conquers only call fair Helena
Thus spake the thousand-colour'd Dame,
and to her mind commends
The joy to see her first espoused, her native
towers, and friends,
Which stir'd a sweet desire in her; to
serve the which she bled,
Shadow'd her graces with white veils, and
(though she took a pride
To set her thoughts at gaze, and see, in
her clear beauty's flood,
What choice of glory swum to her yet
tender womanhood)
Season'd with tears her joys to see, more
joys the more offence,
And that perfection could not flow from
earthly excellence
Thus went she forth, and took with her
her women most of name,
Æthra, Pittheus' lovely birth, and Clymene,
whose fame
Hath for her fair eyes memorized. They
reach'd the Scæan towers,
Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all
his counsellors,
Panthous, Lampus, Clytus,² and stout
Hicetaon,
Thymotes, wise Antenor, and profound
Ucalegon,
All grave old men; and soldiers they had
been, but for age
Now left the wars, yet counsellors they
were exceeding sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold
spiny grasshoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out, that
scarce can pierce our ears³

For softness, and their weak faint sounds,
 so, talking on the tower,
 These seniors of the people sate, who when
 they saw the power
 Of beauty, in the queen, ascend, even those
 cold-spirited peers,
 Those wise and almost wither'd men,
 found this heat in their years,
 That they were forced (through whispering)
 to say: "What man can blame
 The Greeks and Trojans to endure, for so
 admired a dame,
 So many miseries, and so long? In her
 sweet countenance shine
 Looks like the Goddesses'. And yet (though
 never so divine)
 Before you boast, unjustly still, of her en-
 forced prize, [progenies,
 And justly suffer for her sake, with all our
 Labour and ruin, let her go, the profit of
 our land
 Must pass the beauty" Thus, though
 these could bear so fit a hand
 On their affections, yet, when all their
 gravest powers were used,
 They could not choose but welcome her,
 and rather they accused
 The gods than beauty; for thus spake the
 most-famed king of Troy
 "Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and
 take the worthy joy
 Of thy first husband's sight, old friends,
 and princes near allied,
 And name me some of these brave Greeks,
 so manly beautified,
 Come, do not think I lay the wars, en-
 dured by us, on thee,
 The gods have sent them, and the tears in
 which they swum to me
 Sit then, and name this goodly Greek, so
 tall, and broadly spread,
 Who than the rest, that stand by him, is
 higher by the head;
 The bravest man I ever saw, and most
 majestic,
 His only presence makes me think him
 king amongst them all"
 The fairest of her sex replied. "Most
 reverend father-in-law,
 Most loved, most fear'd, would some ill
 death had seized me, when I saw
 The first mean why I wrong'd you thus,
 that I had never lost
 The sight of these my ancient friends, of
 him that loved me most;
 Of my sole daughter, brothers both, with
 all those kindly mates,
 Of one soil, one age, born with me, though
 under different fates.

But these boons envious stars deny, the
 memory of these
 In sorrow pines those beauties now, that
 then did too much please,
 Nor satisfy they your demand, to which I
 thus reply [in empery;
 That's Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the great
 A king, whom double royalty doth crown,
 being great and good,
 And one that was my brother-in-law, when
 I contain'd my blood,
 And was more worthy; if at all I might be
 said to be,
 My being being lost so soon in all that
 honour'd me"
 The good old king admired, and said:
 "O Atreus' blessed son,
 Born under joyful destinies, that hast the
 empire won
 Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I
 discover here!
 I once march'd into Phrygia, that many
 vines doth bear,
 Where many Phrygians I beheld, well-
 skill'd in use of horse,
 That of the two men, like two gods, were
 the commanded force,
 Otreus, and great Mygdonus, who on
 Sangarius sands
 Set down their tents, with whom myself,
 for my assistant bands,
 Was number'd as a man in chief; the
 cause of war was then
 Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts
 affected to be men.
 In all there was a mighty power, which yet
 did never rise
 To equal these Achaian youths, what have
 the sable eyes."
 Then (seeing Ulysses next) he said:
 "Loved daughter, what is he
 That, lower than great Atreus' son, seems
 by the head to me,
 Yet, in his shoulders and big breast, presents
 a broader show?
 His armour lies upon the earth; he up
 and down doth go,
 To see his soldiers keep their ranks, and
 ready have their arms,
 If, in this truce, they should be tried by
 any false alarms
 Much like a well-grown bell-wether, or
 felled ram, he shows,
 That walks before a wealthy flock of fair
 white-fleeced ewes."
 High Jove and Leda's fairest seed to
 Priam thus replies
 "This is the old Laertes' son, Ulysses,
 call'd the wise;

Who, though unfruitful Ithaca was made
his nursing seat,
Yet knows he every sort of sleight, and is
in counsels great."

The wise Antenor answer'd her. "'Tis
true, renowned dame,
For, some times past, wise Ithacus to Troy
a legate came,
With Menelaus, for your cause; to whom
I gave receipt
As guests, and welcomed to my house,
with all the love I might
I learn'd the wisdoms of their souls, and
humours of their blood,
For when the Trojan council met, and
these together stood,
By height of his broad shoulders had
Atreides eminence,
Yet, set, Ulysses did exceed, and bred
more reverence

And when their counsels and their words
they wove in one, the speech
Of Atreus' son was passing loud, small,
fast, yet did not reach^s

To much, being naturally born Laconical,
nor would^t [th' other, old,

His humour lie for anything, or was, like
But when the prudent Ithacus did to his
counsels rise, [earth his eyes,

He stood a little still, and fix'd upon the
His sceptre moving neither way, but held
it formally, [wrathful quality,

Like one that vainly doth affect Of
And frantic (rashly judging him) you would
have said he was,

But when, out of his ample breast, he gave
his great voice pass,

And words that flew about our ears, like
drifts of winter's snow,

None thenceforth might contend with him,
though nought admired for show."

The third man, aged Priam mark'd, was
Ajax Telamon,

Of whom he ask'd: "What lord is that, so
large of limb and bone,

So raised in height, that to his breast I see
there reacheth none?"

To him the Goddess of her sex, the
large-veil'd Helen, said:

"That lord is Ajax Telamon, a bulwark in
their aid.

On th' other side stands Idomen, in Crete
of most command,

And round about his royal sides his Cretan
captains stand;

Off both the warlike Spartan king given
hospitable due

To him within our Lacene court, and all
his retinue.

And now the other Achive dukes I generally
discern;

All which I know, and all their names
could make thee quickly learn.

Two princes of the people yet, I nowhere
can behold,

Castor, the skilful knight on horse, and
Pollux uncontroll'd

For all stand-fights, and force of hand,
both at a burthen bred,

My natural brothers, either here they have
not followed

From lovely Sparta, or, arriv'd within the
sea-boine fleet, [share to meet."

In fear of infamy for me, in broad field
Nor so, for holy Tellus' womb inclosed
those worthy men

In Sparta, their beloved soil. The voice-
ful heralds then

The firm agreement of the Gods through
all the city ring;

Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine (the
frunt of earth) they bring,

Within a goat-skin bottle closed; Idæus
also brought

A massy glittering bowl, and cups, that all
of gold were wrought,

Which bearing to the king, they cried -
"Son of Laomedon

Rise, for the well-rode peers of Troy, and
brass-arm'd Greeks, in one,

Send to thee to descend the field, that they
firm vows may make;

For Paris and the Spartan king must fight
for Helen's sake,

With long-arm'd lances; and the man that
proves victorious,

The woman and the wealth she brought,
shall follow to his house;

The rest knit friendship, and firm leagues;
we safe in Troy shall dwell,

In Argos and Achaea they, that do in
dames excel."

He said, and Priam's aged joints with
chafed fear did shake,

Yet instantly he bade his men his chariot
ready make.

Which soon they did, and he ascends:
he takes the reins, and guide

Antenor calls; who instantly mounts to
his royal side,

And, through the Scæan ports to field,
the swift-foot horse they drive.

And when at them of Troy and Greece the
aged lords arrive,

From horse, on Troy's well-feeding soil,
'twixt both the hosts they go.

When straight up-rose the king of men,
up-rose Ulysses too;

The heralds in their richest coats repeat
(as was the guise)

The true vows of the Gods term'd theirs,
since made before their eyes

Then in a cup of gold they mix the wine
that each side brings,

And next pour water on the hands of both
the kings of kings

Which done, Atreides drew his knife, that
evermore he put

Within the large sheath of his sword,
with which away he cut

The wool from both fronts of the lambs,
which (as a rite in use

Of execration to their heads, that brake
the plight'd truce)

The heralds of both hosts did give the
peers of both, and then,

With hands and voice advanced to heaven,
thus pray'd the king of men

"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and
hast the titles won [all-seeing Sun,

Most glorious, most invincible, and thou
All-hearing, all-recomforting, floods,

earth; and powers beneath,
That all the perjuries of men chastise even

after death,
Be witnesses, and see perform'd the hearty

vows we make, [take,
If Alexander shall the life of Menelaus

He shall from henceforth Helena, with all
her wealth, retain,

And we will to our household Gods, house
sail, and home again

If by my honour'd brother's hand, be
Alexander slain,

The Trojans then shall his forced queen,
with all her wealth, restore,

And pay convenient fine to us, and ours
for evermore.

If Priam and his sons deny to pay this,
thus agreed, [perfidious deed,

When Alexander shall be slain; for that
And for the fine, will I fight here, till

dearly they repay,
By death and ruin, the amends, that false-

hood keeps away."
Thus said, the throats of both the lambs

cut with his royal knife,
He laid them panting on the earth, till,

quite deprived of life,
The steel had robb'd them of their strength,

then golden cups they crown'd,
With wine, out of a cistern drawn, which

pour'd upon the ground,
They fell upon their humble knees to all

the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts,

that might do sacrifice:
VOL. III.

"O Jupiter, most high, most great, and
all the deathless powers,

Who first shall dare to violate the late
sworn oaths of ours,

So let the bloods and brains of them, and
all they shall produce,

Flow on the stain'd face of the earth, as
now this sacred juice;

And let their wives with bastardice brand
all their future race"

Thus pray'd they, but, with wish'd effects
their prayers Jove did not grace;

When Priam said "Lords of both hosts,
I can no longer stay

To see my loved son try his life, and so
must take my way

To wind-exposed Ilion. Jove yet and
heaven's high States

Know only, which of these must now pay
tribute to the Fates"

Thus, putting in his coach the lambs, he
mounts and reins his horse,

Antenor to him, and to Troy, both take
their speedy course

Then Hector, Priam's martial son, stepp'd
forth, and met the ground,

With wise Ulysses, where the blows of
combat must resound;

Which done, into a helm they put two
lots, to let them know

Which of the combatants should first his
brass-piled javelin throw;

When all the people standing by, with
hands held up to heaven,

Pray'd Jove the conquest might not be by
force or fortune given,

But that the man, who was in right the
author of most wrong,

Might feel his justice, and no more these
tedious wars prolong,

But, sinking to the house of death, leave
them (as long before)

Link'd fast in leagues of amity, that might
dissolve no more.

Then Hector shook the helm that held
the equal dooms of chance,

Look'd back, and drew; and Paris first
had lot to hurl his lance.

The soldiers all sat down enrank'd, each
by his arms and horse

That then lay down and cool'd their hoofs,
And now th' allotted course

Bids fair-hair'd Helen's husband arm; who
first makes fast his greaves

With silver buckles to his legs; then on
his breast receives

The cures that Lycaon wore (his brother)
but made fit [and fasten'd it,

For his fair body; next his sword he took,
E

All damask'd, underneath his arm ; his
shield then, grave and great,
His shoulders wore , and on his head his
glorious helm he set ;
Topp'd with a plume of horse's hair, that
horribly did dance,
And seem'd to threaten as he moved ; at
last he takes his lance,
Exceeding big, and full of weight, which
he with ease could use

In like sort, Sparta's warlike king him-
self with arms indues
Thus arm'd at either army both, they both
stood bravely in,
Possessing both hosts with amaze, they
came so chin to chin,
And with such horrible aspects, each
other did salute.

A fair large field was made for them,
where wraths, for hugeness mute,
And mutual, made them mutually at
either shake their darts

Before they threw Then Paris first with
his long javelin parts ,
It smote Atreides' orby targe, but ran not
through the brass,
For in it (arming well the shield) the head
reflected was

Then did the second combatant apply
him to his spear,
Which ere he threw, he thus besought
almighty Jupiter

"O Jove! vouchsafe me now revenge,
and that my enemy, [deserv'dly
For doing wrong so undeserv'd, may pay
The pains he forfeited , and let these hands
inflict those pains,
By conquering, ay, by conquering dead,
him on whom life complains ,
That any now, or any one of all the brood
of men

To live hereafter, may with fear from all
offence abstain,
Much more from all such foul offence to
him that was his host,
And entertain'd him as the man whom he
affected most "

This said, he shook and threw his lance ,
which strook through Paris' shield,
And, with the strength he gave to it, it
made the cures yield,
His coat of mail, his breast; and all, and
drew his entrails in,
In that low region where the guts in three
small parts begin ;
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented
sable death.

This taunt he follow'd with his sword,
drawn from a silver sheath,

Which lifting high, he strook his helm full
where his plume did stand,
On which it piecemeal brake, and fell from
his unhappy hand.

At which he sighing stood, and stared upon
the ample sky,
And said "O Jove, there is no God given
more illiberally

To those that serve thee than thyself, why
have I pray'd in vain?

I hoped my hand should have revenged
the wrongs I still sustains,
On him that did them, and still dares their
foul defence pursue ,

And now my lance hath miss'd his end,
my sword in shivers flew,
And he 'scapes all " With this, again he
rush'd upon his guest,

And caught him by the horse-hair plume,
that dangled on his crest,
With thought to drag him to the Greeks ,
which he had surely done,

And so, besides the victory, had wondrous
glory won

(Because the needle-painted lace, with
which his helm was tied

Beneath his chin, and so about his dainty
throat implied,

Had strangled him), but that, in time,
the Cyprian seed of Jove

Did break the string, with which was lined
that which the needle wove,

And was the tough thong of a steer , and
so the victor's palm

Was, for so full a man-at-arms, only an
empty helm

That then he swung about his head, and
cast among his friends,

Who scrambled, and took 't up with
shouts. Again then he intends

To force the life-blood of his foe, and ran
on him again,

With shaken javelin , when the Queen,*
that lovers loves, again

Attended, and now ravish'd him from that
encounter quite,

With ease, and wondrous suddenly, for
she, a Goddess, might.

She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never
made him known,

Till in his chamber, fresh and sweet, she
gently set him down,

And went for Helen ; whom she found in
Sceæa's utmost height,

To which whole swarms of city dames had
climb'd to see the sight.

* This place Virgil imitates

To give her enand good success, she
 took on her the shape
 Of beldame Græa, who was brought by
 Helen, in her rape,
 From Lacedæmon, and had trust in all her
 secrets still,
 Being old, and had (of all her maids) the
 main bent of her will,
 And spun for her her finest wool. Like
 her, Love's Empress came,
 Pull'd Helen by the heavenly veil, and
 softly said "Madame,
 My lord calls for you, you must needs
 make all your kind haste home,
 He's in your chamber, stays, and longs;
 sits by your bed, pray come,
 'Tis richly made, and sweet, but he more
 sweet, and looks so clear,
 So fresh, and movingly attired, that, seeming,
 you would swear
 He came not from the dusty fight, but
 from a courtly dance,
 Or would to dancing " This she made a
 charm for dalliance,
 Whose virtue Helen felt, and knew, by her
 so radiant eyes,
 White neck, and most enticing breasts, the
 defied disguise.
 At which amazed, she answer'd her
 "Unhappy Deity!
 Why lovest thou still in these deceits to
 wrap my fantasy?
 Or hither yet, of all the towns given to
 their lust beside, [my guide,
 In Phrygia, or Mæonia, comest thou to be
 If there (of divers-linguaged men) thou
 hast, as here in Troy,
 Some other friend to be my shame, since
 here thy latest joy
 By Menelaus now subdued, by him shall I
 be borne
 Home to his court, and end my life in
 triumphs of his scorn?
 And, to this end, would thy decoits my
 wanton life allure?
 Hence, go thyself to Priam's son, and all
 the ways abuse
 Of Gods, or godlike-minded dames, nor
 ever turn again
 Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven, but for
 his sake sustain
 Toils here, guard, grace him endlessly,
 till he requite thy grace
 By giving thee my place with him; or take
 his servant's place,
 If, all dishonourable ways, your favours
 seek to serve
 His never-pleased incontinence, I better
 will deserve,

Than serve his dotage now. What shame
 were it for me to feed
 This lust in him, all honour'd dames would
 hate me for the deed,
 He leaves a woman's love so shamed, and
 shows so base a mind,
 To feel nor my shame nor his own, griefs
 of a greater kind
 Wound me than such as can admit such
 kind delights so soon "
 The Goddess, angry that, past shame, her
 mere will was not done,
 Replied " Incense me not, you wretch,
 lest, once incensed, I leave
 Thy cursed life to as strange a hate, as yet
 it may receive
 A love from me, and lest I spread through
 both hosts such despite,
 For those plagues they have felt for thee,
 that both abjure thee quite,
 And setting thee in midst of both, turn all
 their wraths on thee,
 And dart thee dead, that such a death
 may weak thy wrong of me "
 This strook the fair dame with such fear,
 it took her speech away,
 And, shadow'd in her snowy veil, she durst
 not but obey,
 And yet, to shun the shame she fear'd, she
 vanish'd undescried
 Of all the Trojan ladies there, for Venus
 was her guide
 Arrived at home, her women both fell to
 their work in haste,
 When she, that was of all her sex the most
 divinely graced,
 Ascended to a higher room, though much
 against her will, [Venus still
 Where lovely Alexander was, being led by
 The laughter-loving Dame discern'd her
 moved mind by her grace,
 And, for her mirth sake, set a stool, full
 before Paris' face,
 Where she would needs have Helen sit;
 who, though she durst not choose
 But sit, yet look'd away for all the Goddess'
 power could use,
 And used her tongue too, and to chide
 whom Venus soothed so much,
 And chid, too, in this bitter kind "And
 was thy cowardice such,
 So conquer'd, to be seen alive? O would
 to God, thy life
 Had perish'd by his worthy hand, to whom
 I first was wife!
 Before this, thou wouldst glorify thy valour
 and thy lance,
 And, past my first love's, boast them far.
 Go once more, and advance

Thy braves against his single power ; this
foil might fall by chance
Poor conquer'd man 'twas such a chance,
as I would not advise
Thy valour should provoke again Shun
him, thou most unwise, [be his prize "
Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy body
He answer'd " Pray thee, woman, cease,
to chide and grieve me thus
Disgraces will not ever last. Look on their
end On us
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the
victor's wreath, [love sink beneath
As on him Pallas put it now Shall our
The hate of fortune? In love's fire, let all
hates vanish Come,
Love never so inflamed my heart, no, not
when, bringing home
Thy beauty's so delicious prize, on Cranae's
blest shore [this he went before,
I long'd for, and enjoy'd thee first " With
She after, to the odorous bed While
these to pleasure yield, [down the field,
Perplex'd Atreides, savage-like, ran up and

And every thickest troop of Troy, and of
their far-call'd aid,
Search'd for his foe, who could not be by
any eye betray'd,
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did
they conceal his sight,
All hated him so like their deaths, and
owed him such despite
At last thus spake the king of men
" Hear me, ye men of Troy,
Ye Dardans, and the rest, whose powers
you in their aids employ
The conquest on my brother's part, ye all
discern is clear,
Do you then Argive Helena, with all her
treasure here,
Restore to us, and pay the mulct, that by
your vows is due,
Yield us an honour'd recompense, and, all
that should accrue
To our postenties, confirm ; that when you
render it,
Our acts may here be memorized." This
all Greeks else thought fit.

COMMENTARIUS.

Ἥρα δ' αἶψ' Ἑλένην, &c. *Iris autem*
Helena, &c Elegantly and most aptly
(saith Spondanus) is Helen called by
Homer to the spectacle of this single fight,
as being the chief person in cause of all
the action. The chief end of whose
coming yet, enviously and most vainly,
Scaliger's Criticus taxeth, which was her
relation to Priam of the persons he noted
there ; jesting (with his French wit) at this
Greek father, and fount of all wit, for
making Priam to seek now of their names
and knowledges, when nine years together
they had lien there before. A great piece
of necessity to make him therefore know
them before, when there was no such
urgent occasion before to bring Priam to
note them, nor so calm a convenience in
their ordered and quiet distinction. But
let his criticism in this be weighed with
his other faults found in our master : as,
for making lightning in winter before snow
or rain ; which the most ignorant upland
peasant could teach him out of his obser-
vations. For which yet his Criticus hath
the project impudence to tax Homer ;
most falsely repeating his words too ;
saying *ubi ningit*, when he saith, *τοῦτον*
ἡ σελήνη ὕπνου, &c., *parans, or struens, vel*

multum imbrem, immensamve grandinem,
vel nivem : preparing, or going about
those moist impressions in the air, not in
present act with them. From this, im-
mediately and most rabidly, he ranges to
Ulysses' reprehension, for killing the
wooers with his bow, in the *Odysses*.
Then to his late vomit again in the *Iliads*
the very next word, and envieth Achilles'
horse for speaking (because himself would
have all the tongue) when, in Sacred Writ,
Balaam's ass could have taught him the
like hath been heard of. Yet now to the
Odysses again with a breath, and challenges
Ulysses' ship for suffering Neptune to turn
it to a rock. Here is strange laying out
for a master so curiously methodical. Not
with what Graces, with what Muses, we
may ask, he was inspired, but with what
Harpies, what Furies, putting the *putidum*
mendacium upon Homer? *Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis* (being terms fitter
for a scold or a bawd, than a man softened
by learning) he belcheth against him whom
all the world hath revered, and admired,
as the fountain of all wit, wisdom, and
learning. What touch is it to me, then,
to bear spots of depravations, when my
great master is thus muddily daubed with

it? But whoever saw true learning, wisdom, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vain-glorious, and braggartly spirit, when their chief act and end is to abandon and abhor it? Language, reading, habit of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant, but, in this poesy, redundant I affirm him, and rattle him. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus, (*in calce Epinomidis*), which are these (as I convert it) 2. "Great was his name, but had been figurely greater, would himself have been less, where now, bold with the greatness of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much less exactness, and so his confidence, set on by the renown of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c."

2 Ὅσα λειρίδεςσαν ἰεῖαι. *Vocem suavem emittunt*, saith the interpreter (intending the grasshoppers, to whom he compareth the old counsellors), but it is here to be expounded, *vocem teneram* not *suavem* (*λειρίδες* in this place signifying *tener*) for grasshoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly, wherein the weak and tender voice of the old counsellors is to admiration expressed. The simile Spondanus highly commends as most apt and expressive, but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it; and that is, to make the old men resemble grasshoppers for their cold and bloodless spinniness, Tithon being for age turned to a grasshopper, but where they were grave and wise counsellors, to make them garrulous, as grasshoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so, these being ἑσθλοὶ ἀγορηταὶ ὄντες, et *periti*, *concionatores*, the word ἑσθλός signifying *frugi* also, which is temperate or full of all moderation, and, so, far from intumescing any touch of garrulity. Nor was the conceit of our poet by Spondanus or any other understood in this simile.

3 Ἐπιτροχάδῃ ἀγόρευε, *succincte concionabatur Menelaus*, he speaks succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters, which is utterly otherwise, in the voice *ἐπιτροχάδην*, signifying *velociter*, properly, *modo eorum qui currunt*, he spake fast or thick *πᾶρα ἄν, &c.*, few words yet, he used, ἀλλὰ μάλᾳ λυγέως, *sed valde acutè*, they expound it, when it is *valde stridulè*, shrilly, smally, or aloud; *λυγέως* (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part; and accordingly expounded, maketh

even with his simple character at all parts, his utterance being noiseful, small, or squeaking, an excellent pipe for a fool. Nor is the voice or manner of utterance in a man the least key that discovereth his wisdom or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Ulysses in the second book—that he knew Pallas by her voice.

ἔπει οὐ πολὺμυθος, *quoniam non garrulus, or loquax*; being born naturally Laconical; which agreeth not the less with his fast or thick speaking, for a man may have that kind of utterance, and yet few words.

4 Ὅδ' ἀφαιμαρτοεπής: *neque in verbis peccans*, say the commentators, as though a fool were perfectly spoken; when the word here hath another sense, and our Homer a far other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded *neque mendax erat*, he would not lie by any means, for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a fool *non peccans verbis*, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancy or absurdity in men of more language.

You see, then, to how extreme a difference and contrariety the word and sense lie subject, and that, without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to express an author truly, especially any Greek author, the language being so differently significant, which not judiciously fitted with the exposition that the place (and coherence with other places) requirerth, what a motley and confused man a translator may present! As now they do all of Menelaus, who, wheresoever he is called Ἀρηϊφίλος, is there untruly translated *bellis-cosus*, but *cui Mars est charus*, because he might love the war, and yet be no good warrior, as many love many exercises at which they will never be good, and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar epithets, as a vain-glorious affectation in him, rather than a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new annotations, deferring the like in the next nine books for more breath and encouragement, since time (that hath ever oppressed me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my author entered and emboldened me; where so many rich discoveries importune my poor expression, that I fear rather to betray them to the world than express them to their price. But howsoever envy and prejudice stand

squirting their poison through the eyes of my readers, this shall appear to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the original with authentical expositions, according to the proper signification of the word in his place, though I differ therein utterly from others, I have rendered all things of importance with answerable life and height to my author, though with some periphrasis, without which no man

can worthily translate any worthy poet. And since the translation itself, and my notes (being impartially conferred) amply approve this, I will still be confident in the worth of my pains, how idly and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus to the last twelve books (leaving other horrible errors in his other interpreters unmoved) with those free feet that entered me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Gods in council, at the last, decree
That famous Ithon shall expugned be;
And that their own continued faults may prove
The reasons that have so incensed Jove
Minerva seeks, with more offences done
Against the lately injured Atreus' son
(A ground that clearest would make seen their
sin),
To have the Lycian Pandarus begin
He 'gainst the truce with sacred covenants
bound)
Gives Menelaus a dishonour'd wound
Machaon heals him Agamemnon then
To mortal war incenseth all his men
The battles join, and, in the heat of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endless night

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

In Delta is the Gods' Assize,
The Truce is broke, was freshly rise

WITHIN the fair-paved court of Jove, he
and the Gods conferr'd
About the sad events of Troy; amongst
whom minister'd
Bless'd Hebe nectar As they sat, and did
Troy's towers behold,
They drank, and pledged each other round
in full-crown'd cups of gold
The mirth at whose feast was begun by
great Saturnides [Goddesses
In urging a begun dislike amongst the
But chiefly in his solemn Queen, whose
spleen he was disposed
To tempt yet further, knowing well what
anger it inclosed,
And how wives' angers should be used
On which, thus pleased, he play'd
"Two Goddesses there are that still give
Menelaus aid,
And one that Paris loves. The two that
sit from us so far
(Which Argive Juno is, and she that rules
in deeds of war),
No doubt be pleased to see how well the
late-seen fight did frame,
And yet, upon the adverse part, the
laughter-loving Dame
Made her power good too for her friend;
for, though he were so near-
The stroke of death in th' others' hopes,
she took him from them clear.

The conquest yet is questionless the martial Spartan king's
We must consult then what events shall
crown these future things,
If wars and combats we shall still, with
even successes strike,
Or (as impartial) friendship plant on both
parts If ye like
The last, and that it will as well delight, as
nearly please
Your happy deities, still let stand old
Priam's town in peace,
And let the Lacedæmon king again his
queen enjoy "
As Pallas and heaven's Queen sat close,
complotting ill to Troy,
With silent murmurs they received this ill-
liked choice from Jove;
Gainst whom was Pallas much incensed,
because the Queen of Love
Could not, without his leave relieve, in that
late point of death
The son of Priam, whom she loathed; her
wrath yet fought beneath
Her supreme wisdom, and was curb'd; but
Juno needs must ease
Her great heart with her ready tongue,
and said: "What words are these,
Austere, and too much Saturn's son? Why
wouldst thou render still
My labours idle, and the sweat of my in-
dustrious will
Dishonour with so little power? My chariot
horses are tired
With posting to and fro for Greece, and
bringing banes desired
To people-mustering Priamus, and his per-
fidious sons;
Yet thou protect'st, and join'st with them,
whom each just Deity shuns.
Go on, but ever go resolved, all other Gods
have vow'd
To cross thy partial course for Troy, in all
that makes it proud."
At thus, the cloud-compelling Jove a far-
fetch'd sigh let fly,
And said: "Thou fury! what offence of
such impiety
Hath Priam or his sons done thee, that,
with so high a hate,
Thou shouldst thus ceaselessly desire to raze
and runate

So well a builded town as Troy? I think,
 hadst thou the power,
 Thou wouldst the ports and far-stretch'd
 walls fly over, and devour
 Old Priam and his issue quick, and make
 all Troy thy feast,
 And then at length I hope thy wrath and
 tired spleen would rest;
 To which run on thy chariot, that nought
 be found in me
 Of just cause to our future jars. In this
 yet strengthen thee,
 And fix it in thy memory fast, that if I
 entertain
 As peremptory a desire to level with the
 plain
 A city where thy loved live, stand not be-
 twixt my ire
 And what it aims at; but give way, when
 thou hast thy desire,
 Which now I grant thee willingly, although
 against my will.
 For not beneath the ample sun, and
 heaven's star-bearing hill,
 There is a town of earthly men so honour'd
 in my mind
 As sacred Troy; nor of earth's kings as
 Priam and his kind,
 Who never let my altars lack rich feast of
 offerings slain,
 And their sweet savours, for which grace
 I honour them again
 Dread Juno, with the cow's fair eyes, re-
 plied: "Three towns there are
 Of great and eminent respect, both in my
 love and care;
 Mycene, with the broad highways; and
 Argos, rich in horse;
 And Sparta, all which three destroy, when
 thou enviest their force,
 I will not aid them, nor malign thy free
 and sovereign will, [their ill,
 For if I should be envious, and set against
 I know my envy were in vain, since thou
 art mightier far.
 But we must give each other leave, and
 wink at either's war.
 I likewise must have power to crown my
 works with wished end,
 Because I am a Deity, and did from thence
 descend
 Whence thou thyself, and th' elder born;
 wise Saturn was our sire,
 And thus there is a twofold cause that
 pleads for my desire,
 Being sister, and am call'd thy wife: and
 more, since thy command
 Rules all Gods else, I claim therein a like
 superior hand.

All wrath before then now remit, and
 mutually combine
 In either's empire, I, thy rule, and thou,
 illustrate, mine,
 So will the other Gods agree, and we shall
 all be strong
 And first (for this late plot) with speed let
 Pallas go among
 The Trojans, and some one of them entice
 to break the truce,
 By offering in some treacherous wound the
 honour'd Greeks abuse
 The Father both of men and Gods agreed,
 and Pallas sent,
 With these wing'd words, to both the hosts:
 "Make all haste, and invent
 Some mean by which the men of Troy,
 against the truce agreed,
 May stir the glorious Greeks to arms with
 some inglorious deed."
 Thus charged he her with haste that did,
 before, in haste abroad,
 Who cast herself from all the heights, with
 which steep heaven is crown'd.
 And as Jove, brandishing a star, which
 men a comet call,
 Hurl'd out his curled hair abroad, that from
 his brand exhale
 A thousand sparks to fleets at sea, and
 every mighty host, [trusted most;
 Of all presages and ill-haps a sign mis-
 So Pallas fell twixt both the camps, and
 suddenly was lost,
 When through the breasts of all that saw,
 she strook a strong amaze
 With viewing, in her whole descent, her
 bright and ominous blaze
 When straight one to another turn'd, and
 said "Now thundering Jove
 (Great Arbiter of peace and arms) will
 either stablish love
 Amongst our nations, or renew such war
 as never was"
 Thus either army did presage, when
 Pallas made her pass
 Amongst the multitude of Troy; who
 now put on the grace
 Of brave Laodocus, the flower of old
 Antenor's race,
 And sought for Lycian Pandarus, a man
 that, being bred [fit to shed
 Out of a faithless family, she thought was
 The blood of any innocent, and break the
 covenant sworn.
 He was Lycaon's son, whom Jove into a
 wolf did turn
 For sacrificing of a child; and yet in arms
 renown'd [standing found,
 As one that was inculpable. Him Pallas

And round about him his strong troops
that bore the shady shields,
He brought them from Æsepus' flood, let
through the Lycian fields,
Whom standing near, she whisper'd thus
"Lycæon's warlike son,
Shall I despair at thy kind hands to have a
favour done?"

Nor dost thou let an arrow fly upon the
Spartan king?

It would be such a grace to Troy, and
such a glorious thing,

That every man would give his gift, but
Alexander's hand

Would load thee with them, if he could
discover from his stand

His foe's pride strook down with thy shaft,
and he himself ascend

The flaming heap of funeral Come, shoot
him, princely friend

But first invoke the God of Light, that in
thy land was born, [sheaf hath worn,

And is in archers' art the best that ever
To whom a hundred first-ew'd lambs vow

thou in holy fire,
When safe to sacred Zelia's towers thy
zealous steps retire "

With this the mad-gift-greedy man
Minerva did persuade,

Who instantly drew forth a bow, most
admirably made

Of th' antler of a jumping goat, bred in a
steep up-land,

Which archer-like (as long before he took
his hidden stand,

The evicke skipping from a rock) into the
breast he smote,

And headlong fell'd him from his cliff.
The forehead of the goat

Held out a wondrous goodly palm, that
sixteen branches brought,

Of all which, join'd, an useful bow, a
skilful bowyer wrought;

Which pick'd and polish'd, both the ends
he hid with horns of gold

And his bow, bent, he close laid down,
and bade his soldiers hold

Their shields before him, lest the Greeks,
discerning him, should rise

In tumults ere the Spartan king could be
his arrow's prise

Mean space, with all his care he choosed,
and from his quiver drew,

An arrow, feather'd best for fight, and yet
that never flew;

Strong headed, and most apt to pierce:
then took he up his bow,

And nook'd his shaft, the ground whence
all their future grief did grow.

When—praying to his God the Sun, that
was in Lycia bred,

And king of archers, promising that he the
blood would shed

Of full an hundred first-fall'n lambs, all
offer'd to his name,

When to Zelia's sacred walls from rescued
Troy he came,—

He took his arrow by the nock, and to his
bended breast* [pile did rest

The oxy sinew close he drew, even till the
Upon the bosom of the bow, and as that

savage prise [the wind did rise
His strength constrain'd into an orb, as if

The coming of it made a noise, the sinew-
forged string

Did give a mighty twang; and forth the
eager shaft did sing,

Affecting speediness of flight, amongst the
Achive throng

Nor were the blessed heavenly powers un-
mindful of thy wrong,

O Menelaus, but, in chief, Jove's seed, the
Pillager, [the arrow did confer,

Stood close before, and slack'd the force
With as much care and little hurt, as doth

a mother use,
And keep off from her babe, when sleep

doth through his powers diffuse
His golden humour, and th' assaults of

rude and busy flies
She still checks with her careful hand; for

so the shaft she plies
That on the buttons made of gold, which

made his girdle fast,
And where his curets double were, the fall

of it she placed
And thus much proof she put it to: the

buckle made of gold;
The belt is fasten'd, bravely wrought, his

curets' double fold,
And last, the charmed plate he wore,

which help'd him more than all;
And, 'gainst all darts and shafts bestow'd,

was to his life a wall.
So, through all these, the upper skin the

head did only face;
Yet forth the blood flow'd, which did much

his royal person grace,
And show'd upon his ivory skin, as doth a

purple dye
Laid by a dame of Calra or lovely Mæony

On ivory, wrought in ornaments to deck
the cheeks of horse;

Which in her marriage room must lie;
whose beauties have such force

* Virgil useth these verses.

That they are wish'd of many knights, but
are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw the
chariots of kings,
Which horse, so deck'd, the chanoteer
esteems a grace to him,
Like these, in grace, the blood upon thy
solid thighs did swim,
O Menelaus, down thy calves and ankles
to the ground, [honour'd wound
For nothing decks a soldier so, as doth an
Yet, fearing he had fared much wouse, the
hair stood up on end
On Agamemnon, when he saw so much
black blood descend
And stiffen'd with the like dismay was
Menelaus too,
But seeing th' arrow's stale without, and
that the head did go
No further than it might be seen, he call'd
his spirits again,
Which Agamemnon marking not, but
thunking he was slain,
He gript his brother by the hand, and
sigh'd as he would break,
Which sigh the whole host took from him,
who thus at last did speak
"O dearest brother, is't for this, that
thy death must be wrought,
Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou
the single combat fought
For all the army of the Greeks? For this
hath Ilium sworn,
And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet
all this hath not worn
The right we challenged, out of force, this
cannot render vain
Our stricken right hands, sacred wine,
nor all our offerings slain.
For though Olympus be not quick in
making good our ill,
He will be sure, as he is slow; and sharp-
lier prove his will
Their own hands shall be ministers of
those plagues they despise,
Which shall their wives and children reach,
and all their progenies
For both in mind and soul I know, that
there shall come a day
When Ilium, Priam, all his power, shall
quite be worn away,
When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake
his fiery shield at all,
For this one mischief This, I know, the
world cannot recall.
But be all this, all my grief still for thee
will be the same,
Dear brother. If thy life must here put
out his royal flame,

I shall to sandy Argos turn with infamy
my face,
And all the Greeks will call for home; old
Priam and his race
Will flame in glory, Helena, untouch'd,
be still their prey,
And thy bones in our enemies' earth our
curs'd fates shall lay,
Thy sepulchre be trodden down, the pride
of Troy desire
Insulting on it, 'Thus, O thus, let Aga-
memnon's ire
In all his acts be expiate, as now he
carries home
His idle army, empty ships, and leaves here
Good Menelaus' When this brave breaks
in their hated breath,
Then let the broad earth swallow me, and
take me quick to death"
"Nor shall this ever chance," said he,
"and therefore be of cheer,
Lest all the army, led by you, your passions
put in fear
The arrow fell in no such place as death
could enter at,
My girdle, curets doubled here, and my
most trusted plate,
Objected all 'twixt me and death, the shaft
scarce piercing one"
"Good brother," said the king, "I wish it
were no further gone,
For then our best in medicines skill'd shall
ope and search the wound,
Applying balms to ease thy pains, and soon
restore thee sound."
This said, divine Talithybrus he call'd, and
bade him haste
Machaon (Æsculapius' son, who most of
men was graced
With physic's sovereign remedies) to come
and lend his hand
To Menelaus, shot by one well-skill'd in
the command
Of bow and arrows, one of Troy, or of
the Lycian aid,
Who much hath glorified our foe, and us
as much dismay'd
He heard, and hasted instantly, and cast
his eyes about
The thickest squadrons of the Greeks, to
find Machaon out.
He found him standing guarded well with
well-arm'd men of Thrace;
With whom he quickly join'd, and said:
"Man of Apollo's race,
Haste, for the king of men commands, to
see a wound impress'd
In Menelaus, great in arms, by one in-
structed best

In th' art of archery, of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,
That them with much renown adorns, us with dishonour brands "
Machaon much was moved with this, who with the herald flew
From troop to troop amongst the host, and soon they came in view
Of hurt Atrides, circled round with all the Grecian kings,
Who all gave way, and straight he draws the shaft which forth he brings
Without the forks, the girdle then, plate, cures, off he plucks,
And views the wound, when first from it the clotted blood he sucks,
Then medicines, wondrously composed, the skilful leech applied,
Which loving Chiron taught his sire, he from his sire had tried
While these were thus employ'd to ease the Atrean martialist,
The Trojans arm'd, and charged the Greeks, the Greeks arm and resist
Then not asleep, nor mazed with fear, nor shifting off the blows,
You could behold the king of men, but in full speed he goes
To set a glorious fight on foot and he examples this
With toiling, like the worst, on foot, who therefore did dismiss
His brass-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with Ptoleumus' son, [Eurymedon,
Son of Piraides, their guide, the good "Yet," said the king, "attend with them, lest weariness should seize
My limbs, sucharg'd with ordering troops so thick and vast as these."
Eurymedon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;
The king a footman, and so scours the squadrons orderly
Those of his swiftly-mounted Greeks, that in their arms were fit,
Those he put on with cheerful words, and bad them not remit
The least spark of their forward spirits, because the Trojans durst
Take these abhor'd advantages, but let them do their worst,
For they might be assured that Jove would patronize no lies,
And that who, with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies,
With vultures should be torn themselves, that they should raze their town,
Their wives, and children at their breast, led vassals to their own.

But such as he beheld hang off from that increasing fight,
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite
"Base Argives, blush ye not to stand as made for butts to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited, like hinds that have no hearts,
Who, wearied with a long-run field, are instantly emboss'd,
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts is all their courage lost?
And so stand you strook with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke
Would ye the foe should nearer yet your dastard spleens provoke,
Even where on Neptune's foamy shore our navies lie in sight,
To see if Jove will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?"
Thus he, commanding, ranged the host, and passing many a band,
He came to the Cretensian troops, where all did aimed stand
About the martial Idomen, who bravely stood before
In vanguard of his troops, and match'd for strength a savage boar,
Meriones, his charioteer, the rearguard bringing on. [a sight alone,
Which seen to Atreus' son, to him it was And Idomen's confirmed mind with these kind words he seeks.
"O Idomen! I ever loved thyself past all the Greeks,
In war, or any work of peace, at table, everywhere,
For when the best of Greece besides mix ever, at our cheer,
My good old ardent wine with small, and our inferior mates
Drink even that mix'd wine measured too, thou drink'st, without those rates,
Our old wine neat, and evermore thy bowl stands full like mine,
To drink still, when and what thou wilt. Then rouse that heart of thine;
And, whatsoever heretofore thou hast assumed to be,
This day be greater." To the king in this sort answer'd he.
"Atrides, what I ever seem'd, the same at every part
This day shall shew me at the full, and I will fit thy heart.
But thou shouldst rather cheer the rest, and tell them they in right
Of all good war must offer blows, and should begin the fight,

(Since Troy first brake the holy truce) and
 not endure these braves,
 To take wrong first, and then be dared to
 the revenge it craves,
 Assuring them that Troy in fate must have
 the worse at last,
 Since first, and 'gainst a truce, they hurt,
 where they should have embraced "
 This comfort and advice did fit Atrides'
 heart indeed,
 Who still through new-raised swarms of
 men held his laborious speed,
 And came where both th' Ajaces stood,
 whom like the last he found
 Arm'd, casqued, and ready for the fight
 Behind them, hid the ground
 A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke
 And as a goat-herd spies,
 On some hill's top, out of the sea, a rainy
 vapour rise,
 Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which,
 though far off he rest
 Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a
 tempest in his breast,
 Whereat he, frighted, drives his herds
 apace into a den,
 So, darkening earth with darts and shields,
 shew'd these with all their men
 This sight with like joy fired the king,
 who thus let forth the flame
 In crying out to both the dukes "O you
 of equal name,
 I must not cheer, nay, I disclaim all my
 command of you,
 Yourselves command with such free minds,
 and make your soldiers show,
 As you nor I led, but themselves. O would
 our father Jove,
 Minerva, and the God of light, would all
 our bodies move
 With such brave spirits as breathe in you -
 then Priam's lofty town
 Should soon be taken by our hands, for
 ever overthrown "
 Then held he on to other troops, and
 Nestor next beheld
 (The subtle Pylion orator), range up and
 down the field,
 Embattelling his men at arms, and stirring
 all to blows, [chief he shows
 Points every legion out his chief, and every
 The forms and discipline of war, yet his
 commanders were
 All expert, and renowned men. Great
 Pelagon was there;
 Alastor; manly Chromius; and Hæmon
 worth a throne;
 And Bias, that could armies lead. With
 these he first put on

His horse troops with their chariots, his
 foot (of which he choosed
 Many, the best and ablest men, and which
 he ever used
 As rampire to his general power) he in the
 rear disposed [the midst enclosed,
 The slothful, and the least of spirit, he in
 That, such as wanted noble wills, base
 need might force to stand.
 His horse troops, that the vanguard had,
 he strictly did command
 To ride their horses temperately, to keep
 their ranks, and shun
 Confusion, lest their horsemanship and
 courage made them run
 (Too much presumed on) much too far;
 and, charging so alone,
 Engage themselves in th' enemy's strength,
 where many fight with one
 "Who his own chariot leaves to range,
 let him not freely go,
 But straight unhorse him with a lance, for
 'tis much better so
 And with this discipline," said he, "this
 form, these minds, this trust,
 Our ancestors have walls and towns laid
 level with the dust."
 Thus prompt, and long inured to arms,
 this old man did exhort,
 And this Atrides likewise took in wondrous
 cheerful sort,
 And said "O father, would to heaven,
 that as thy mind remains
 In wonted vigour, so thy knees could
 undergo our pains
 But age, that all men overcomes, hath
 made his prize on thee,
 Yet still I wish that some young man,
 grown old in mind, might be
 Put in proportion with thy years, and thy
 mind, young in age,
 Be fitly answer'd with his youth, that still
 where conflicts rage,
 And young men used to thrust for fame,
 thy brave exampling hand
 Might double our young Grecian spirits,
 and grace our whole command "
 The old knight answer'd: "I myself
 could wish, O Atreus' son,
 I were as young as when I slew brave
 Ereuthalion;
 But Gods at all times give not all their
 gifts to mortal men.
 If then I had the strength of youth, I
 miss'd the counsels then
 That years now give me; and now years
 want that main strength of youth;
 Yet still my mind retains her strength (as
 you now said the sooth)

And would be where that strength is used,
affording counsels sage

To stir youth's minds up, 'tis the grace
and office of our age,

Let younger sinews, men sprung up whole
ages after me

And such as have strength, use it, and, as
strong in honour be

The king, all this while comforted,
arrived next where he found

Well-rodè Menestheus (Peteus' son) stand
still, envision'd round

With his well-train'd Athenian troops, and
next to him he spied [bands beside

The wise Ulysses, deedless too, and all his
Of strong Cephalians, for as yet th' alarm
had not been heard

In all their quarters, Greece and Troy were
then so newly stirr'd,

And then first moved, as they conceived,
and they so look'd about

To see both hosts give proof of that they
yet had cause to doubt

Atrides seeing them stand so still, and
spend their eyes at gaze,

Began to chide "And why," said he,
"dissolved thus in amaze,

Thou son of Peteus, Jove-nursed king, and
thou in wicked sleight

A cunning soldier, stand ye off? Expect
ye that the fight

Should be by other men begun? 'Is fit
the foremost band

Should show you there, you first should
front who first lifts up his hand

First you can hear, when I invite the princes
to a feast, [eat and drink the best,

When first, most friendly, and at will, ye
Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troops
ye can behold,

Take place before ye." Ithacus at this his
brows did fold,

And said "How hath thy violent tongue
broke through thy set of teeth,

To say that we are slack in fight, and to the
field of death [we were busied then,

Look others should enforce our way, when
Even when thou speakest, against the foe
to cheer and lead our men?

But thy eyes shall be witnesses, if it content
thy will, [do so affect thee still,

And that (as thou pretend'st) these cares
The father of Telemachus (whom I esteem
so dear, [deeds done here)

And to whom, as a legacy, I'll leave my
Even with the foremost band of Troy hath
his encounter dared,

And therefore are thy speeches vain, and
had been better spared."

He, smiling, since he saw him moved,
recall'd his words, and said:

"Most generous Laertes' son, most wise of
all our aid,

I neither do accuse thy worth, more than
thyself may hold

Fit, (that inferiors think not much, being
slack, to be controll'd)

Nor take I on me thy command, for well
I know thy mind

Knows how sweet gentle counsels are; and
that thou stand'st inclined,

As I myself, for all our good. On then;
if now we spake

What hath displeased, another time we full
amends will make,

And Gods grant that thy virtue here may
prove so free and brave,

That my reproofs may still be vain, and thy
deservings grave

Thus parted they, and forth he went,
when he did leaning find,

Against his chariot, near his horse, him
with the mighty mind,

Great Diomedes, Tydeus' son, and Sthenelus,
the seed

Of Capaneus, whom the king seeing like-
wise out of deed,

Thus cried he out on Diomed: "O me!
in what a fear

The wise great warrior, Tydeus' son, stands
gazing everywhere

For others to begin the fight! It was not
Tydeus' use

To be so daunted, whom his spirit would
evermore produce

Before the foremost of his friends in these
affairs of fright,

As they report that have beheld him labour
in a fight.

For me, I never knew the man, nor in his
presence came

But excellent, above the rest, he was in
general fame.

And one renown'd exploit of his, I am
assured, is true;

He came to the Mycenaean court, without
arms, and did sue,

At godlike Polynices' hands, to have some
worthy aid

To their designs that 'gainst the walls of
sacred Thebes were laid

He was great Polynices' guest, and nobly
entertain'd, [requested gain'd

And of the kind Mycenaean state what he
In mere consent; but when they should
the same in act approve

(By some sinister prodigies, held out to
them by Jove),

They were discouraged · thence he went,
and safely had his pass
Back to Asopos' flood, renown'd for
bulrushes and grass.
Yet, once more, their ambassador, the
Grecian peers address
Lord Tydeus to Eteocles, to whom being
given access,
He found him feasting with a crew of
Cadmeans in his hall,
Amongst whom, though an enemy, and
only one to all,
To all yet he his challenge made at every
marital feat, [was so great
And easily foil'd all, since with him Minerva
The rank-rode Cadmeans, much incensed
with their so foul disgrace,
Lodged ambuscades for their foe, in some
well-chosen place
By which he was to make return Twice
five-and-twenty men,
And two of them great captains too, the
ambush did contain
The names of those two men of rule were
Mæon, Hæmon's son,
And Lycophontes, Keep-field call'd, the
heir of Autophon,
By all men honour'd like the Gods, yet
these and all their friends
Were sent to hell by Tydeus' hand, and
had untimely ends
He trusting to the aid of Gods, reveal'd
by augury,
Obeying which, one chief he saved, and did
his life apply
To be the heavy messenger of all the others'
deaths,
And that sad message, with his life, to
Mæon he bequeathes
So brave a knight was Tydeus of whom a
son is sprung,
Inferior far in martial deeds, though higher
in his tongue
All this Tydides silent heard, awed by
the reverend king,
Which stung hot Sthenelus with wrath,
who thus put forth his stung
"Atides! when thou know'st the truth,
speak what thy knowledge is,
And do not be so, for I know, and I will
brag in this,
That we are far more able men than both
our fathers were,
We took the seven-fold ported Thebes,
when yet we had not there
So great help as our fathers had, and
fought beneath a wall,
Sacred to Mars, by help of Jove, and
trusting to the fall

Of happy signs from other Gods, by whom
we took the town
Untouch'd, our fathers perishing there by
follies of their own,
And therefore never more compare our
father's worth with ours,
Tydides frown'd at this, and said "Sup-
press thine anger's powers,
Good friend, and hear why I refrain'd:
thou seest I am not moved
Against our General, since he did but
what his place behov'd?
Admonishing all Greeks to fight, for, if
Troy prove our prize,
The honour and the joy is his. If here
our ruin lies,
The shame and grief for that, as much, is
his in greatest kinds.
As he then his charge, weigh we ours,
which is our dauntless minds
Thus, from his chariot, amply aim'd, he
jump'd down to the ground
The armour of the angry king so horribly
did sound,
It might have made his bravest foe let fear
take down his blades
And as when with the west-wind flaws,
the sea thrusts up her waves,
One after other, thick and high, upon the
groaning shores,
First in herself loud, but opposed with
banks and rocks she roars,
And, all her back in bustles set, spits every
way her foam, [overcome
So, after Diomed, instantly the field was
With thick impressions of the Greeks, and
all the noise that grew
(Ordering and cheering up their men) from
only leaders flew
The rest went silently away, you could not
hear a voice,
Nor would have thought, in all their
breasts, they had one in their choice,
Their silence uttering their awe of them
that them controll'd,
Which made each man keep bright his arms,
march, fight still where he should
The Trojans (like a sort of ewes, penn'd in
a rich man's fold,
Close at his door, till all be milk'd; and
never baaing hold
Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did
all their wide host fill
With shouts and clamours, nor observed
one voice, one baaing still;
But show'd mix'd tongues from many a
land, of men call'd to their aid
Rude Mars had th' ordering of their spirits;
of Greeks, the learned Maid.

But Terror follow'd both the hosts, and
Flight, and furious Strife
The sister, and the mate, of Mars, that spoil
of human life,
And never is her rage at rest, at first she is
but small,
Yet after (but a little fed) she grows so
vast and tall,
That while her feet move here in earth,
her forehead is in heaven *
And this was she that made, even then,
both hosts so deadly given
Through every troop she stalk'd, and stirr'd
rough sighs up as she went,
But when in one field both the foes her
fury did content,
And both came under reach of darts, then
darts and shields opposed
To darts and shields, strength answer'd
strength, then swords and targets closed
With swords and targets, both with pikes,
and then did tumult rise
Up to her height, then conquerors boasts
mix'd with the conquer'd's cries,
Earth flow'd with blood And as from hills
rain-waters headlong fall,
That all ways eat huge ruts, which, met in
one bed, fill a vall
With such a confluence of streams, that on
the mountain grounds
Far off, in fought shepherds' ears, the
bustling noise rebounds
So grew their conflicts, and so shew'd their
scuffling to the ear,
With flight and clamour still commix'd,
and all effects of fear
And first renown'd Antilochus slew
(fighting, in the face
Of all Achæa's foremost bands, with an
undaunted grace)
Echeopolus Thalyssiades; he was an armed
man,
Whom on his hair-plumed helmet's crest
the dart first smote, then ran
Into his forehead, and there stuck; the
steel pile making way
Quite through his skull, a hasty night
shut up his latest day
His fall was like a fight-razed tower, like
which, lying there dispread,
King Elephenor (who was son to Chalco-
don, and led
The valiant Abants) covetous that he
might first possess
His arms, laid hands upon his feet, and
haled him from the press

* Virgil the saine of Fame.

Of darts and javelins hurl'd at him. The
action of the king
When, great-in-heart, Agenor saw, he made
his javelin sing
To th' other's labour, and along, as he
the trunk did wrest,
His side (at which he bore his shield) in
bowing of his breast
Lay naked, and received the lance, that
made him lose his hold
And life together, which, in hope of that
he lost, he sold.
But for his sake the fight grew fierce, the
Trojans and their foes
Like wolves on one another rush'd, and
man for man it goes
The next of name, that served his fate,
great Ajax Telamon
Preferr'd so sadly. He was heir to old
Anthemion,
And deck'd with all the flower of youth,
the fruit of which yet fled,
Before the honour'd nuptial torch could
light him to his bed
His name was Simoisius, for, some few
years before, [by the shore
His mother walking down the hill of Ida,
Of silver Simois, to see her parents' flocks,
with them
She, feeling suddenly the pains of child-
birth, by the stream
Of that bright river brought him forth;
and so (of Simois)
They call'd him Simoisius. Sweet was
that birth of his
To his kind parents, and his growth did
all their care employ,
And yet those rites of piety, that should
have been his joy
To pay their honour'd years again in as
affectionate sort,
He could not graciously perform, his sweet
life was so short,
Cut off with mighty Ajax' lance For, as
his spirit put on,
He strook him at his breast's right pap,
quite through his shoulder-bone,
And in the dust of earth he fell, that was
the fruitful soil
Of his friends' hopes, but where he sow'd,
he buried all his toil.
And as a poplar shot aloft, set by a river
side,
In moist edge of a mighty fen, his head in
curls implied,
But all his body plain and smooth, to
which a wheelwright puts
The sharp edge of his shining axe, and
his soft timber cuts

From his innative root, in hope to hew out
 of his bole [compass in the whole,
 The fell'f's, or out-parts of a wheel, that
 To serve some goodly chariot, (but, being
 big and sad, [the useful hope he had
 And to be haled home through the bogs)
 Sticks there, and there the goodly plant
 lies withering out his grace
 So lay, by Jove-bred Ajax' hand, Anthemion's forward race,
 Nor could through that vast fen of toils be
 drawn to serve the ends
 Intended by his body's powers, nor cheer
 his aged friends
 But now the gay-arm'd Antiphos (a son
 of Priam) threw
 His lance at Ajax through the press,
 which went by him, and flew
 On Leucus, wise Ulysses' friend; his
 groin it smote, as slain
 He would have drawn into his spoil the
 carcass of the slain,
 By which he fell, and that by him it
 vex'd Ulysses' heart,
 Who thrust into the face of fight, well-
 arm'd at every part,
 Came close, and look'd about to find an
 object worth his lance,
 Which when the Trojans saw him shake,
 and he so near advance,
 All shrunk, he threw, and forth it shined,
 nor fell but where it fell'd;
 His friend's grief gave it angry power, and
 deadly way it held
 Upon Democoon, who was sprung of
 Priam's wanton force,
 Came from Abydos, and was made the
 master of his horse.
 Through both his temples strook the dart,
 the wood of one side shew'd,
 The pile out of the other look'd, and so
 the earth he strew'd
 With much sound of his weighty arms
 Then back the foremost went;
 Even Hector yielded, then the Greeks
 gave worthy clamours vent,
 Effecting then their first dumb powers,
 some drew the dead, and spoil'd,
 Some follow'd, that, in open flight, Troy
 might confess it foil'd
 Apollo, angry at the sight, from top of
 Ilion cried.
 "Turn head, ye well-rode peers of Troy,
 feed not the Grecians' pride,

They are not charm'd against your points,
 of steel, nor iron, framed,
 Nor fights the fair-hair'd Thetis' son, but
 sits at fleet inflamed."

So spake the dreadful God from Troy.

The Greeks, Jove's noblest seed
 Encouraged to keep on the chase, and,
 where fit spirit did need,
 She gave it, murching in the midst. Then
 flew the fatal hour [burn'd power;
 Back on Diore, in return of Iliou's sun-
 Diore Amaryncides, whose right leg's
 ankle-bone [handful-charging stone
 And both the sinews, with a sharp and
 Pirus Imbrasides did break, that led the
 Thracian bands,
 And came from Enos, down he fell, and
 up he held his hands
 To his loved friends, his spirit wing'd to
 fly out of his breast, [address'd
 With which not satisfied, again Imbrasides
 His javelin at him, and so ripp'd his navel,
 that the wound, [on the ground
 As endlessly it shut his eyes, so, open'd,
 It pour'd his entrails As his foe went
 then sufficed away, [pile convey,
 Thoas Etolus threw a dart, that did his
 Above his nipple, through his lungs;
 when, quitting his stern part,
 He closed with him, and, from his breast
 first drawing out his dart,
 His sword flew in, and by the midst it
 wiped his belly out,
 So took his life, but left his arms, his
 friends so flock'd about,
 And thrust forth lances of such length
 before their slaughter'd king,
 Which, though their foe were big and
 strong, and often brake the ring
 Forged of their lances, yet (enforced) he
 left th' affected prise.
 The Thracian and Epeian dukes, laid close
 with closed eyes
 By either other, drown'd in dust; and
 round about the plain, [did hotly reign
 All hid with slaughter'd carcasses, yet still
 The martial planet, whose effects had
 any eye beheld,
 Free and unwounded (and were led by
 Pallas through the field,
 To keep off javelins, and suggest, the least
 fault could be found)
 He could not reprehend the fight, so many
 strew'd the ground.

And slew a leader, one more huge than any man he led,
 Great Odus, duke of Halizons, quite from his chariot's head
 He strook him with a lance to earth, as first he flight address'd,
 It took his forward-turned back, and look'd out of his breast,
 His huge trunk sounded, and his arms did echo the resound
 Idomeneus to the death did noble Phæstus wound,
 The son of Meon-Borus, that from cloddy Terna came,
 Who, taking chariot, took his wound, and tumbled with the same
 From his attempted seat the lance through his right shoulder strook,
 And horrid darkness strook through him, the spoil his soldiers took.
 Atreides-Menelaus slew, as he before him fled,
 Scamandrius, son of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred,
 A skilful huntsman, for his skill Diana's self did teach, [to reach
 And made him able with his dart infallibly
 All sorts of subtlest savages, which many a woody hill
 Bred for him, and he much preserved, and all to shew his skill.
 Yet not the dart-delighting Queen taught him to shun this dart,
 Nor all his hitting so far off, the mastery of his art;
 His back received it, and he fell upon his breast withal;
 His body's run, and his arms, so sounded in his fall,
 That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life
 Meriones slew Phereclus, whom she that ne'er was wife,
 Yet Goddess of good housewives, held in excellent respect
 For knowing all the wondrous things that grace an architect;
 And having power to give it all, the cunning use of hand.
 Harmonides, his sire, built ships, and made him understand,
 With all the practice it required, the frame of all that skill
 He built all Alexander's ships, that author'd all the ill
 Of all the Trojans and his own, because he did not know
 The oracles advising Troy (for fear of overthrow)

To meddle with no sea affair, but live by tilling land
 This man Meriones surprised, and drave his deadly hand
 Through his right hip; the lance's head ran through the region
 About the bladder underneath th' in-muscles and the bone,
 He, sighing, bow'd his knees to death, and sacrificed to earth
 Phylides stay'd Pedæus' flight—Antenor's bastard birth—
 Whom virtuous Theano his wife, to please her husband, kept
 As tenderly as those she loved. Phylides near him slept,
 And in the fountain of the nerves did drench his fervent lance,
 At his head's back-part, and so far the sharp head did advance,
 It cleft the organ of his speech, and th' iron, cold as death,
 He took betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the air his breath.
 Eurypylus, the much renown'd and great Evemon's son, [Dolopion,
 Divine Hypsenor slew, begot by stout And consecrate Scamander's priest, he had a God's regard
 Amongst the people, his hard fight the Grecian follow'd hard,
 Rush'd in so close, that with his sword he on his shoulder laid
 A blow that his arm's brawn cut off; nor there his vigour stay'd,
 But drave down, and from off his wrist it hew'd his holy hand,
 That gush'd out blood, and down it dropp'd upon the blushing sand,
 Death, with his purple finger, shut, and violent fate, his eyes
 Thus fought these, but distinguish'd well. Tydides so implies
 His fury that you could not know whose side had interest
 In his free labours, Greece or Troy; but as a flood, increased
 By violent and sudden showers, let down from hills, like hills
 Melted in fury, swells and foams, and so he overfills
 His natural channel; that besides both hedge and bridge resigns
 To his rough confluence, far spread, and lusty flourishing vines
 Drown'd in his outrage, Tydeus' son, so overran the field,
 Strew'd such as flourish'd in his way, and made whole squadrons yield.

When Pandarus, Lycaon's son, beheld
 his running hand,
 With such resistless insolence, make lanes
 through every band,
 He bent his gold-upp'd bow of horn, and
 shot him rushing in,
 At his right shoulder, where his arms were
 hollow, forth did spin
 The blood, and down his curets ran, then
 Pandarus cried out
 "Rank-riding Trojans, now rush in. Now,
 now, I make no doubt
 Our bravest foe is mark'd for death, he
 cannot long sustain
 My violent shaft, if Jove's fair Son did
 worthily constrain
 My foot from Lycia." Thus he braved,
 and yet his violent shaft [life was saft,
 Strook short with all his violence, Tydides
 Who yet withdrew himself behind his
 chariot and steeds,
 And call'd to Sthenelus "Come friend,
 my wounded shoulder needs
 Thy hand to ease it of this shaft " He
 hasted from his seat
 Before the coach, and drew the shaft; the
 purple wound did sweat,
 And drown his shirt of mail in blood, and
 as it bled he pray'd
 "Hear me, of Jove Agiochus thou most
 unconquer'd maid,
 If ever in the cruel field thou hast assistful
 stood, [do me good.
 Or to my father, or myself, now love, and
 Give him into my lance's reach, that thus
 hath given a wound
 To him thou guard'st, preventing me, and
 brags that never more
 I shall behold the cheerful sun. Thus did
 the king implore.
 The Goddess heard, came near, and took
 the weariness of fight
 From all his nerves and lineaments, and
 made them fresh and light,
 And said "Be bold, O Diomed, in every
 combat shine,
 The great shield-shaker Tydeus' strength
 (that knight that sire of thine)
 By my infusion breathes in thee, and from
 thy knowing mind
 I have removed those erring mists that
 made it lately blind,
 That thou may'st difference Gods from
 men, and therefore use thy skill [a will
 Against the tempting Deities, if any have
 To try if thou presumest of that, as thine,
 that flows from them,
 And so assumest above thy right. Where
 thou discern'st a beam

Of any other heavenly power than she that
 rules in love,
 That calls thee to the change of blows,
 resist not, but remove
 But if that Goddess be so bold (since she
 first sturr'd this war)
 Assault and mark her from the rest with
 some infamous scar "
 The blue-eyed Goddess vanished, and he
 was seen again
 Amongst the foremost, who before, though
 he were prompt and fain
 To fight against the Trojans' powers, now,
 on his spirits were call'd
 With thrice the vigour, lion-like, that hath
 been lately gall'd
 By some bold shepherd in a field, where
 his curl'd flocks were laid,
 Who took him as he leap'd the fold, not
 slam yet, but appaid,
 With greater spirit, comes again, and then
 the shepherd hides
 (The rather for the desolate place), and in
 his cote abides,
 His flocks left guardless, which, amazed,
 shake and shrink up in heaps,
 He, ruthless, freely takes his prey, and out
 again he leaps
 So sprightly, fierce, victorious, the great
 heroë flew
 Upon the Trojans, and, at once, he two
 commanders slew,
 Hyppenor and Astynous, in one his lance
 he fix'd
 Full at the nipple of his breast, the other
 smote betwixt
 The neck and shoulder with his sword
 which was so well laid on
 It swept his arm and shoulder off. Thes
 left, he rush'd upon
 Abas and Polyëdus, of old Eurydamas
 The hapless sons; who could by dream
 tell what would come to pass:
 Yet, when his sons set forth to Troy, the
 old man could not read
 By their dreams what would chance to them;
 for both were stricken dead
 By great Tydides. After these, he takes
 into his rage
 Xanthus and Thoon, Phænops' sons, born
 to him in his age,
 The good old man even pined with years,
 and had not one son more
 To heir his goods, yet Diomed took both,
 and left him store
 Of tears and sorrows in their steads, since
 he could never see
 His sons leave those hot wars alive; so this
 the end must be

Of all his labours, what he heap'd, to
make his issue great,
Authority heir'd, and with her seed fill'd
his forgotten seat
Then snatch'd he up two Priamists, that
in one chariot stood.
Echemon, and fair Chromus As feeding
in a wood [leaps upon,
Oxen or steers are, one of which a lion
Tears down, and wrings in two his neck,
so, sternly, Tydeus' son
Threw from their chariot both these hopes
of old Dardanides,
Then took their arms, and sent their horse
to those that ride the seas
Æneas, seeing the troops thus toss'd,
brake through the heat of fight,
And all the whizzing of the darts, to find
the Lycian knight,
Lycaon's son; whom having found, he
thus bespake the peer
"O Pandarus, where's now thy bow?
thy deathful arrows where?
In which no one in all our host but gives
the palm to thee,
Nor in the sun-loved Lycian greens, that
breed our archery,
Lives any that exceeds thyself Come, lift
thy hands to Jove, [man he prove,
And send an arrow at this man—if but a
That wins such god-like victories, and now
affects our host
With so much sorrow, since so much of
our best blood is lost
By his high valour; I have fear some God
in him doth threat, [of God is great
Incensed for want of sacrifice, the wrath
Lycaon's famous son replied "Great
counsellor of Troy, [Tydeus' joy,
This man, so excellent in arms, I think is
I know him by his fiery shield, by his
bright three-plumed casque,
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or
some God doth mask
In his appearance; or he be whom I
named, Tydeus son
But without God, the things he does for
certain are not done.
Some great Immortal, that conveys his
shoulders in a cloud,
Goes by, and puts by every dart at his
bold breast bestow'd, [let fly
Or lets it take with little hurt, for I myself
A shaft that shot him through his arms,
but had as good gone by,
Yet which I gloriously affirm'd had driven
him down to hell.
Some God is angry, and with me; for far
hence, where I dwell,

My horse and chariots idle stand, with
which some other way
I might repair this shameful miss: eleven
fair chariots stay
In old Lycaon's court, new made, new
trimm'd to have been gone,
Curtain'd, and arrass'd under foot; two
horse to every one,
That eat white barley and black oats, and
do no good at all
And these Lycaon (that well knew how
these affairs would fall)
Charged, when I set down this design, I
should command with here,
And gave me many lessons more, all which
much better were
Than any I took forth myself The reason
I laid down
Was but the sparing of my horse, since,
in a sieged town,
I thought our horse-meat would be scant;
when they were used to have
Their mangers full, so I left them, and
like a lackey slave
Am come to Ilium, confident in nothing
but my bow,
That nothing profits me. Two shafts I
vainly did bestow
At two great princes, but of both my
arrows neither slew,
Nor this, nor Atreus' younger son, a little
blood I drew,
That served but to incense them more
In an unhappy star
I therefore from my armoury have drawn
those tools of war
That day, when, for great Hector's sake,
to amiable Troy [I ever joy,
I came to lead the Trojan bands. But if
In safe return, my country's sight, my
wife's, my lofty towers,
Let any stranger take this head, if to the
fiery powers
This bow, these shafts, in pieces burst, by
these hands be not thrown;
Idle companions that they are to me and
my renown."
Æneas said: "Use no such words; for,
any other way
Than this, they shall not now be used.
We first will both assay
This man with horse and chariot. Come
then, ascend to me,
That thou mayst try our Trojan horse,
how skill'd in field they be;
And in pursuing those that fly, or flying,
being pursued,
How excellent they are of foot; and these,
if Jove conclude

The scape of Tydeus again, and grace
him with our flight,
Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come,
I'll be first shall fight.

Take thou these fair reins and this scourge,
or, if thou wilt, fight thou,
And leave the horses' care to me." He
answer'd "I will now

Descend to fight, keep thou the reins,
and guide thyself thy horse,
Who with their wonted manager will
better wield the force

Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven
to fly,

Than with a stranger, under whom they
will be much more shy,

And (fearing my voice, wishing thine,)
grow resty, nor go on

To bear us off, but leave engaged for
mighty Tydeus' son

Themselves and us. Then be thy part thy
one-hooved horses' guide,

I'll make the fight, and with a dart receive
his utmost pride."

With this the gorgeous chariot both,
thus prepared, ascend,

And make full way at Diomed, which
noted by his friend,

"Mine own most-loved mind," said he,
"two mighty men of war

I see come with a purposed charge; one's
he that hits so far

"With bow and shaft, Lycaon's son; the
other fames the brood

Of great Anchises, and the Queen that
rules in amorous blood,

(Æneas, excellent in arms) come up, and
use your steeds,

And look not war so in the face, lest that
desire that feeds

Thy great mind be the bane of it." This
did with anger sting

The blood of Diomed, to see his friend,
that chid the king

Before the fight, and then prefer'd his
ablesse and his mind [far behind

To all his ancestors in fight, now come so
Whom thus he answer'd "Urge no

fight, you cannot please me so,
Nor is it honest in my mind to fear a

coming foe,
Or make a flight good, though with fight:

my powers are yet entire,
And scorn the help-tire of a horse. I will

not blow the fire
Of their hot valours with my flight; but

cast upon the blaze
This body borne upon my knees. I enter-
tain amaze?

Minerva will not see that shame. And
since they have begun,

They shall not both elect their ends, and
he that scapes shall run,

Or stay and take the other's fate. And
this I leave for thee, [to me,

If amply-wise Athenia give both their lives
Rein our horse to their chariot hard, and

have a special heed
To seize upon Æneas' steeds; that we

may change their breed,
And make a Grecian race of them that

have been long of Troy
For these are bred of those brave beasts

which, for the lovely boy
That waits now on the cup of Jove, Jove,

that far-seeing God,
Gave Tros the king in recompense, the

best that ever trod
The sounding centre, underneath the

morning and the sun
Anchises stole the breed of them; for,

where their sires did run,
He closely put his mares to them, and

never made it known
To him that herd'd them, who was then

the king Laomedon.
Six horses had he of that race, of which

himself kept four,
And gave the other two his son; and these

are they that scour
The field so bravely towards us, expert in

charge and fight.
If these we have the power to take, our

prize is exquisite,
And our renown will far exceed." While

these were talking thus,
The fired horse brought th' assailants near,

and thus spake Pandarus:
"Most suffering-minded Tydeus' son,

that hast of war the art,
My shaft, that strook thee, slew thee not,

I now will prove a dart."

This said, he shook, and then he threw, a
lance, aloft and large,

That in Tydides' curets stuck, quite driv-
ing through his targe;

Then bray'd he out so wild a voice that all
the field might hear:

"Now have I reach'd thy root of life, and
by thy death shall bear

Our praise's chief prize from the field."
Tydides undismay'd

Replied: "Thou err'st, I am not touch'd;
but more charge will be laid

To both your lives before you part; at
least the life of one

Shall satiate the throat of Mars." This
said, his lance was gone;

Minerva led it to his face, which at his eye
 ran in,
 And, as he stoop'd, strook through his
 jaws, his tongue's root, and his chin
 Down from the chariot he fell, his gay
 arms shined and rung,
 The swift horse trembled, and his soul for
 ever charm'd his tongue
 Æneas with his shield and lance, leapt
 swiftly to his friend,
 Afraid the Greeks would force his trunk,
 and that he did defend,
 Bold as a lion of his strength; he hid him
 with his shield,
 Shook round his lance, and horribly did
 threaten all the field
 With death, if any durst make in. Ty-
 dides raised a stone
 With his one hand, of wondrous weight,
 and pour'd it mainly on
 The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joint
 doth move
 The thigh ('tis call'd the huckle-bone)
 which all in shreds it drove,
 Brake both the nerves, and with the edge
 cut all the flesh away.
 It stagger'd him upon his knees, and made
 the hero stay
 His strook-blind temples on his hand, his
 elbow on the earth,
 And there this prince of men had died, if
 she that gave him birth
 (Kiss'd by Anchises on the green, where
 his fair oxen fed),
 Jove's loving daughter, instantly had not
 about him spread
 Her soft embraces, and convey'd within
 her heavenly veil
 (Used as a rampire 'gainst all darts that
 did so hot assail)
 Her dear-loved issue from the field. Then
 Sthenelus in haste,
 Remembering what his friend advis'd,
 from forth the press made fast
 His own horse to their chariot, and pre-
 sently laid hand [command
 Upon the lovely-coated horse Æneas did
 Which bringing to the wondering Greeks,
 he did their guard commend
 To his belov'd Deipylus, who was his in-
 ward friend,
 And, of his equals, one to whom he had
 most honour shown,
 That he might see them safe at fleet; then
 stept he to his own,
 With which he cheerfully made in to
 Tydeus' mighty race
 He, mad with his great enemy's rape, was
 hot in desperate chase

Of her that made it, with his lance, arm'd
 less with steel than spite,
 Well knowing her no Deity that had to do
 in fight,
 Minerva his great patroness, nor, she that
 razeth towns,
 Bellona, but a Goddess weak, and foe to
 men's renowns,
 Her, through a world of fight pursued, at
 last he overtook,
 And, thrusting up his ruthless lance, her
 heavenly veil he strook
 (That even the Graces wrought themselves,
 at her divine command)
 Quite through, and hurt the tender back
 of her delicious hand.
 The rude point piercing through her palm,
 forth flow'd th' immortal blood,
 Blood, such as flows in blessed Gods, that
 eat no human food,
 Nor drink of our inflaming wine, and
 therefore bloodless are,
 And call'd Immortals, out she cried, and
 could no longer bear
 Her loved son, whom she cast from her,
 and in a sable cloud,
 Phœbus, receiving, hid him close from all
 the Grecian crowd,
 Lest some of them should find his death.
 Away flew Venus then,
 And after her cried Diomed: "Away,
 thou spoil of men,
 Though sprung from all-preserving Jove,
 these hot encounters leave,
 Is't not enough that silly dames thy
 sorceries should deceive,
 Unless thou thrust into the war, and rob a
 soldier's right? [thou fear the fight,
 I think a few of these assaults will make
 Wherever thou shalt hear it named."
 She, sighing, went her way
 Extremely grieved, and with her griefs her
 beauties did decay,
 And back her ivory body grew. Then
 from a dewy mist
 Brake swift-foot Ius to her aid, from all
 the darts that hiss'd
 At her quick rapture; and to Mars they
 took their plaintive course,
 And found him on the fight's left hand, by
 him his speedy horse,
 And huge lance, lying in a fog. The
 Queen of all things tair
 Her loved brother, on her knees, besought,
 with instant prayer,
 His golden-riband-bound-maned horse to
 lend her up to heaven,
 For she was much grieved with a wound
 a mortal man had given,

Tydidēs, that 'gainst Jove himself durst
now advance his arm.

He granted, and his chariot (perplex'd
with her late harm)

She mounted, and on her waggoness was
she that paints the air.

The horse she rein'd, and with a scourge
importuned their repair,

That of themselves out-flew the wind, and
quickly they ascend

Olympus, high seat of the Gods. Th' horse
knew their journey's end,

Stood still, and from their chariot the
windy-footed dame

Dissolved, and gave them heavenly food,
and to Dione came

Her wounded daughter, bent her knees
she kindly bade her stand,

With sweet embraces help'd her up, stroked
her with her soft hand,

Call'd kindly by her name, and ask'd
"What God hath been so rude,

Sweet daughter to chastise thee thus, as if
thou wert pursued

Even to the act of some light sin, and
deprehended so?

For otherwise, each close escape is in the
great let go "

She answer'd "Haughty Tydeus' son
hath been so insolent,

Since, he whom most my heart esteems
of all my loved descent,

rescued from his bloody hand. Now
battle is not given

To any Trojans by the Greeks, but by the
Greeks to heaven "

She answer'd "Daughter, think not
much, though much it grieve thee, use

The patience, whereof many Gods examples
may produce,

In many bitter ills received, as well that
men sustain

By their inflictions, as by men repaid to
them again.

Man suffer'd much more than thyself by
Ephialtes' power,

And Otus', Aloeus' sons; who in a brazen
And in inextinguishable chains, cast that war-
greedy God,

Where twice-six months and one he lived,
and there the period

Of his sad life perhaps had closed, if his
kind stepdame's eye,

Fair Eriocaea, had not seen; who told it
Mercury,

And he by stealth enfranchised him; though
he could scarce enjoy

The benefit of franchise, the chains
did so destroy

His vital forces with their weight. So Juno
suffer'd more

When, with a three-fork'd arrow's head,
Amphitryo's son did gore

Her right breast, past all hope of cure.
Pluto sustain'd no less [bitterness

By that self man, and by a shaft of equal
Shot through his shoulder at hell gates,

and there, amongst the dead,
Were he not deathless, he had died; but

up to heaven he fled,
Extremely tortured, for recurrence, which in-
stantly he won

At Pæon's hand, with sovereign balm;
and this did Jove's great son.

Unblest, great-high-deed-daring man,
that cared not doing ill,

That with his bow durst wound the Gods,
but, by Minerva's will,

Thy wound the foolish Diomed was so
profane to give,

Not knowing he that fights with Heaven
hath never long to live;

And for this deed, he never shall have child
about his knee

To call him father, coming home. Besides,
hear this from me,

Strength-trusting man, though thou be
strong, and art in strength a tower,

Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and
that a woman's power

Contains not that superior strength, and
lest that woman be

Adrastus' daughter, and thy wife, the wise
Ægiale,

When, from this hour not far, she wakes,
even sighing with desire

To kindle our revenge on thee, with her
enamouring fire,

In choosing her some fresh young friend,
and so drown all thy fame,

Won here in war, in her court-peace, and in
an opener shame "

This said, with both her hands she
cleansed the tender back and palm

Of all the sacred blood they lost, and never
using balm,

The pain ceased, and the wound was cured
of this kind Queen of love

Juno and Pallas, seeing thus, assay'd to
anger Jove,

And quit his late-made mirth with them,
about the loving Dame,

With some sharp jest, in like sort built,
upon her present shame.

Grey-eyed Athena began, and ask'd the
Thunderer,

If, nothing moving him to wrath, she boldly
might prefer,

What she conceived, to his conceit ; and,
 staying no reply,
 She bade him view the Cyprian fruit he
 loved so tenderly,
 Whom she though hurt, and by this
 means, intending to suborn
 Some other lady of the Greeks (whom
 lovely veils adorn)
 To gratify some other friend of her much-
 loved Troy, [the Veneran joy,
 As she embraced and stirr'd her blood to
 The golden clasp, those Grecian dames
 upon their girdles wear,
 Took hold of her delicious hand, and hurt
 it, she had fear
 The Thunderer smiled, and call'd to
 him love's golden Arbitress,
 And told her those rough works of war
 were not for her access,
 She should be making marriages, embrac-
 ings, kisses, charms,
 Stern Mars and Pallas had the charge of
 those affairs in arms
 While these thus talk'd, Tydides' rage
 still thirsted to achieve
 His prize upon Anchises' son, though well
 he did perceive
 The Sun himself protected him, but his
 desires (inflamed
 With that great Trojan prince's blood, and
 arms so highly famed)
 Not that great God did reverence. Thrice
 rush'd he rudely on,
 And thrice, betwixt his darts and death,
 the Sun's bright target shone ;
 But when upon the fourth assault, much
 like a spint, he flew,
 The far-off-working Deity exceeding wrath-
 ful grew,
 And ask'd him : "What ! Not yield to
 Gods ? thy equals learn to know
 The race of Gods is far above men creeping
 here below."
 This drove him to some small retreat ;
 he would not tempt more near
 The wrath of him that strook so far, whose
 power had now set clear
 Æneas from the stormy field within the
 holy place
 Of Pergamus, where, to the hope of his so
 sovereign grace,
 A goodly temple was advanced ; in whose
 large inmost part
 He left him, and to his supply inclined his
 mother's heart,
 Latona, and the dart-pleased Queen, who
 cured, and made him strong
 The silver-bow'd fair God then threw in
 the tumultuous throng

An image, that in stature, look, and arms,
 he did create
 Like Venus' son, for which the Greeks
 and Trojans made debate,
 Laid loud strokes on their ox-hide-shields,
 and buckles easily borne,
 Which error Phœbus pleased to urge on
 Mars himself in scorn
 "Mars, Mars," said he, "thou plague of
 men, smear'd with the dust and blood
 Of humans and their ruin'd walls, yet
 thinks thy Godhead good
 To fright this fury from the field, who next
 will fight with Jove ?
 First in a bold approach he hurt, the moist
 palm of thy love,
 And next, as if he did affect to have a
 Deity's power,
 He held out his assault on me." This
 said, the lofty tower
 Of Pergamus he made his seat ; and Mars
 did now excite [led to fight
 The Trojan forces, in the form of him that
 The Thracian troops, swift Acamas. "O
 Priam's sons," said he,
 "How long the slaughter of your men can
 ye sustain to see ?
 Even till they brave ye at your gates ?
 ye suffer beaten down [we renown
 Æneas, great Anchises' son, whose prowess
 As much as Hector's, fetch him off from
 this contentious prease"
 With this, the strength and spirits of all
 his courage did increase ;
 And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this
 particular taunt [unthankful vaunt,
 Of noble Hector : "Hector, where is thy
 And that huge strength on which it built,
 that thou, and thy allies,
 With all thy brothers (without aid of us or
 our supplies,
 And troubling not a citizen) the city safe
 would hold ?
 In all which friends' and brothers' helps I
 see not, nor am told
 Of any one of their exploits (but all held
 in dismay [lion bay,
 Of Diomed, like a sort of dogs, that at a
 And entertain no spirit to pinch) we, your
 assistants here,
 Fight for the town as you help'd us ; and
 I, an aiding peer,
 No citizen, even out of care, that doth be-
 come a man [aid I can ;
 For men and children's liberties, add all the
 Not out of my particular cause, far hence
 my profit grows,
 For far hence Asian Lycia lies, where
 gulfy Xanthus flows,

And where my loved wife, infant son, and
treasure nothing scant,
I left behind me, which I see those men
would have that want,
And therefore they that have would keep
yet I, as I would lose
Their sure fruition, cheer my troops, and
with their lives propose
Mine own life, both to general fight, and
to particular cope [entertain no hope
With this great soldier, though, I say, I
To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor
fear to lose like Troy
Yet thou, even Hector, deedless stand'st,
and carest not to employ
Thy town-born friends, to bid them stand,
to fight and save their wives,
Lest as a fowler casts his nets upon the
silly lives
Of birds of all sorts, so the foe your walls
and houses hales,
One with another, on all heads; or such
as 'scape their falls,
Be made the prey and prize of them (as
willing overthrown)
That help not for you with their force;
and so this brave-built town
Will prove a chaos. That deserves in thee
so hot a care,
As should consume thy days and nights, to
hearten and prepare
Th' assistant princes, pray their minds to
bear their far-brought toils,
To give them worth with worthy fight, in
victories and foils
Still to be equal; and thyself, exampling
them in all,
Need no reproofs nor spurs All this in
thy free choice should fall."
This stung great Hector's heart; and
yet, as every generous mind
Should silent bear a just reproof, and shew
what good they find
In worthy counsels, by their ends put into
present deeds,
Not stomach, nor be vainly shamed, so
Hector's spirit proceeds:
And from his chariot, wholly arm'd, he
jump'd upon the sand,
On foot so toiling through the host, a dart
in either hand,
And all hands turn'd against the Greeks.
The Greeks despised their worst,
And, thickening their instructed powers,
expected all they durst.
Then with the feet of horse and foot, the
dust in clouds did rise.
And as, in sacred floors of barns, upon
corn-winnowers flies

The chaff, driven with an opposite wind,
when yellow Ceres diths,
Which all the dithers' feet, logs, arms, their
heads and shoulders whites,
So look'd the Grecians grey with dust, that
strook the solid heaven,
Raised from returning chariots, and troops
together driven
Each side stood to their labours firm
fierce Mars flew through the air,
And gather'd darkness from the fight, and,
with his best affair,
Obey'd the pleasure of the Sun, that wears
the golden sword,
Who bade him raise the spirits of Troy,
when Pallas ceased t' afford
Her helping office to the Greeks, and then
his own hands wrought,
Which, from his fane's rich chancel, cured,
the true Æneas brought,
And placed him by his peers in field, who
did with joy admire
To see him both alive and safe, and all his
powers entire.
Yet stood not sifting how it chanced;
another sort of task,
Than stirring th' idle sieve of news, did all
their forces ask,
Inflamed by Phœbus, harmful Mars, and
Eris eagerer far
The Greeks had none to hearten them;
their hearts rose with the war,
But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th'
Ajaces used
Stirring examples and good words; their
own fames had infused
Spirit enough into their bloods, to make
them neither fear
The Trojans' force, nor Fate itself, but still
expecting were,
When most was done, what would be more,
their ground they still made good,
And in their silence, and set powers, like
fair still clouds, they stood,
With which Jove crowns the tops of hills,
in any quiet day, [to drive away
When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use
Air's dusky vapours, being loose, in many
a whistling gale)
Are pleasingly bound up, and calm, and
not a breath exhale,
So firmly stood the Greeks, nor fled for all
the Ilions' aid.
Atides yet coasts through the troops,
confirming men so staid
"O friends," said he, "hold up your
minds; strength is but strength of will;
Reverence each other's good in fight, and
shame at things done ill.

Where soldiers shew an honest shame, and
 love of honour lives,
 That ranks men with the first in fight,
 death fewer livories gives
 Than life, or than where Fame's neglect
 makes cowards fight at length
 Might neither doth the body grace, nor
 shows the mind hath strength "
 He said, and swiftly through the troops a
 mortal lance did send,
 That reft a standard-bearer's life, renown'd
 Æneas' friend,
 Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Trojans
 loved
 As he were one of Priam's sons, his mind
 was so approved
 In always fighting with the first. The
 lance his target took,
 Which could not interrupt the blow, that
 through it clearly strook,
 And in his belly's rim was sheathed,
 beneath his girdle-stead
 He sounded falling, and his arms with
 him resounded, dead
 Then fell two princes of the Greeks by
 great Æneas' ire,
 Diocleus' sons (Orsilochus and Crethon),
 whose kind sire
 In bravely-built Phæra dwelt, rich, and
 of sacred blood
 He was descended lineally from great
 Alphæus' flood,
 That broadly flows through Pylos' fields,
 Alphæus did beget [was set,
 Orsilochus, who in the rule of many men
 And that Orsilochus begat the rich
 Diocleus;
 Diocleus sire to Crethon was, and this
 Orsilochus
 Both these, arrived at man's estate, with
 both th' Atreides went,
 To honour them in th' Iliad wars; and
 both were one day sent,
 To death as well as Troy; for death hid
 both in one black hour
 As two young lions (with their dam, sus-
 tain'd but to devour)
 Bred on the tops of some steep hill, and
 in the gloomy deep
 Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and
 prey on sheep,
 Steers, oxen, and destroy men's stalls, so
 long that they came short,
 And by the owner's steel are slain; in such
 unhappy sort
 Fell these beneath Æneas' power. When
 Menelaus view'd,
 Like two tall fir-trees, these two fall, their
 timeless falls he rued,

And to the first fight, where they lay, a
 vengeful force he took;
 His arms beat back the sun in flames, a
 dreadful lance he shook,
 Mars put the fury in his mind, that by
 Æneas' hands,
 Who was to make the slaughter good, he
 might have strew'd the sands
 Antilochus, old Nestor's son, observing he
 was bent
 To urge a combat of such odds, and
 knowing the event
 Being ill on his part, all their pains (alone
 sustain'd for him)
 Err'd from their end, made after hard,
 and took them in the trim
 Of an encounter. Both their hands and
 darts advanced, and shook,
 And both pitch'd in full stand of charge;
 when suddenly the look
 Of Anchisiades took note of Nestor's valiant
 son,
 In full charge too; which, two to one,
 made Venus' issue shun
 The hot adventure, though he were a
 soldier well-approved.
 Then drew they off their slaughter'd
 friends, who given to their beloved,
 They turn'd where fight shew'd deadliest
 hate, and there mix'd with the dead
 Pylæmen, that the targeteers of Paphla-
 gonia led,
 A man like Mars, and with him fell good,
 Mydon that did guide
 His chariot, Atymnus' son. The prince
 Pylæmen died
 By Menelaus; Nestor's joy slew Mydon;
 one before [did gore
 The other in the chariot. Atreides' lance
 Pylæmen's shoulder, in the blade. Anti-
 lochus did force
 A mighty stone up from the earth, and, as
 he turn'd his horse,
 Strook Mydon's elbow in the midst; the
 refts of ivory
 Fell from his hands into the dust; Anti-
 lochus let fly
 His sword withal, and, rust'ng in, a blow
 so deadly laid
 Upon his temples, that he groan'd, tumbled
 to earth, and stay'd
 A mighty while preposterously (because
 the dust was deep)
 Upon his neck and shoulders there, even
 till his foe took keep
 Of his prized horse, and made them stir;
 and then he prostrate fell
 His horse Antilochus took home. When
 Hector had heard tell,

Amongst the uproar, of their deaths, he laid
 out all his voice,
 And ran upon the Greeks Behind came
 many men of choice,
 Before him march'd great Mars himself,
 march'd with his female mate,
 The dread Bellona She brought on, to
 fight for mutual fate,
 A tumult that was wild and mad He
 shook a horrid lance,
 And now led Hector, and anon behind
 would make the chance
 This sight, when great Tydides saw, his
 hair stood up on end,
 And him, whom all the skill and power
 of arms did late attend,
 Now like a man in counsel poor, that,
 travelling, goes amiss,
 And having pass'd a boundless plain, not
 knowing where he is,
 Comes on the sudden where he sees a
 river rough, and raves
 With his own billows ravished into the
 king of waves,
 Murmurs with foam, and frights him back,
 so he, amazed, retired,
 And thus would make good his amaze
 "O friends, we all admired
 Great Hector, as one of himself, well-
 darting, bold in war,
 When some God guards him still from
 death, and makes him dare so far
 Now Mars himself, form'd like a man, is
 present in his rage,
 And therefore, whatsoever cause impor-
 tunes you to wage
 War with these Trojans, never strive, but
 gently take your rod,
 Lest in your bosoms, for a man, ye ever
 find a God "
 As Greece retired, the power of Troy
 did much more forward prease,
 And Hector two brave men of war sent to
 the fields of peace;
 Menesthes, and Anchialus, one chariot
 bare them both. [heart, and wrath,
 Their falls made Ajax Telamon ruthless of
 Who lighten'd out a lance that smote
 Amphius Selages,
 That dwelt in Pæsus, rich in lands, and
 did huge goods possess,
 But Fate, to Priam and his sons, conducted
 his supply.
 The javelin on his girdle strook, and pierced
 mortally
 His belly's lower part; he fell: his arms
 had looks so trim,
 That Ajax needs would prove their spoil,
 the Trojans pour'd on him

Whole storms of lances, large, and sharp,
 of which a number stuck
 In his rough shield, yet from the slain he
 did his javelin pluck,
 But could not from his shoulders force the
 arms he did affect,
 The Trojans with such drifts of darts the
 body did protect,
 And wisely Telamonius fear'd their valorous
 defence, [with such expense
 So many, and so strong of hand, stood in
 Of deadly prowess, who repell'd, though
 big, strong, bold, he were,
 The famous Ajax, and their friend did from
 his rapture bear
 Thus this place fill'd with strength of
 fight, in th' army's other prease,
 Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the son of
 Hercules,
 A cruel destiny inspired, with strong desire
 to prove [son of cloudy Jove;
 Encounter with Sarpedon's strength, the
 Who, coming on to that stern end, had
 chosen him his foe
 Thus Jove's great nephew, and his son,
 'gainst one another go
 Tlepolemus, to make his end more worth
 the will of fate, [the mortal state
 Began as if he had her power, and shew'd
 Of too much confidence in man, with this
 superfluous brave [humour drave
 "Sarpedon, what necessity or needless
 Thy form to these wars? which in heart I
 know thou dost abhor, [counsellor?
 A man not seen in deeds of arms, a Lycian
 They lie that call thee son to Jove, since
 Jove bred none so late,
 The men of elder times were they, that his
 high power begat,
 Such men as had Herculean force. My
 father Hercules
 Was Jove's true issue; he was bold; his
 deeds did well express
 They sprung out of a lion's heart. He
 whilom came to Troy
 (For horse that Jupiter gave Tros, for
 Ganymed, his boy),
 With six ships only and few men, and
 tore the city down,
 Left all her broadways desolate, and made
 the horse his own
 For thee, thy mind is ill disposed, thy
 body's powers are poor,
 And therefore are thy troops so weak, the
 soldier evermore
 Follows the temper of his chief; and thou
 pull'st down a side.
 But say thou art the son of Jove, and hast
 thy means supplied

With forces fitting his descent, the powers
that I compel

Shall throw thee hence, and make thy head
run ope the gates of hell "

Jove's Lycian issue answer'd him . " Tle-
polemus, 'tis true [threw ,

Thy father holy Ilon in that sort over-
Th' injustice of the king was cause, that,
where thy father had

Used good deservings to his state, he
quitted him with bad.

Hesione, the joy and grace of king Lao-
medon,

Thy father rescued from a whale, and
gave to Telamon

In honour'd nuptials (Telamon, from whom
your strongest Greek

Boasts to have issued) and this grace might
well expect the like ,

Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept,
against his oath, his horse,

And therefore both thy father's strength,
and justice, might enforce

The wreak he took on Troy , but this and
thy cause differ far

Sons seldom heir their fathers' worths
thou canst not make his war

What thou assumest from him, is mine to be
on thee imposed "

With this, he threw an ashen dart , and
then Tlepolemus loosed

Another from his glorious hand. Both at
one instant flew,

Both strook, both wounded. From his
neck Sarpedon's javelin drew

The life-blood of Tlepolemus , full in the
midst it fell ;

And what he threaten'd, th' other gave,
that darkness, and that hell

Sarpedon's left thigh took the lance , it
pierced the solid bone,

And with his raging head ran through, but
Jove preserved his son

The dart yet vex'd him bitterly, which
should have been pull'd out,

But none consider'd then so much, so
thick came on the rout,

And fill'd each hand so full of cause to ply
his own defence ,

'Twas held enough, both fall'n, that both
were nobly carried thence

Ulysses knew th' events of both, and
took it much to heart

That his friend's enemy should 'scape , and
in a twofold part

His thoughts contended, if he should
pursue Sarpedon's life,

Or take his friend's wreak on his men. Fate
did conclude this strife,

By whom 'twas otherwise decreed than
that Ulysses' steel

Should end Sarpedon In this doubt
Mineiva took the wheel

From fickle Chance, and made his mind
resolve to right his friend

With that blood he could surest draw.
Then did Revenge extend

Her full power on the multitude , then did
he never miss ,

Alastor, Halius, Chromrus, Noemon,
Alcander, and a number more, he slew,
and more had slain,

If Hector had not understood ; whose
power made in amain,

And strook fear through the Grecian troops,
but to Sarpedon gave

Hope of full rescue, who thus cried . " O
Hector ! help and save

My body from the spoil of Greece, that to
your loved town

My friends may see me borne ; and then let
earth possess her own

In this soil, for whose sake I left my
country's ; for no day

Shall ever shew me that again, nor to my
wife display,

And young hope of my name, the joy of my
much thirsted sight ,

All which I left for Troy, for them let Troy
then do this right "

To all this Hector gives no word , but
greedily he strives

With all speed to repel the Greeks, and
shed in floods their lives,

And left Sarpedon , but what face soever
he put on

Of following the common cause, he left
this prince alone

For his particular grudge, because, so late,
he was so plain

In his reproof before the host, and that did
he retain ;

However, for example sake, he would not
shew it then,

And for his shame too, since 'twas just.
But good Sarpedon's men

Ventured themselves, and torced him off,
and set him underneath

The goodly beech of Jupiter, where now
they did unshearth

The ashen lance ; strong Pelagon, his
friend, most loved, most true,

Enforced it from his maimed thigh ; with
which his spirit flew,

And darkness over-flew his eyes ; yet with
a gentle gale,

That round about the dying prince cool
Boreas did exhale,

He was revived, recomforted, that else had
grieved and died

All this time flight drave to the fleet the
Argives, who applied

No weapon 'gainst the proud pursuit, nor
ever turn'd a head,

They knew so well that Mars purged, and
dreadful Hector led.

Then who was first, who last, whose lives
the iron Mars did seize,

And Priam's Hector? Helenus, surnamed
Enopides,

Good Teuthras, and Orestes, skill'd in
managing of horse,

Bold Enomaus; and a man renown'd for
martial force,

Trechus, the great Etolian chief, Oresbius,
that did wear [and dwelt near

The gaudy mitre, studied wealth extremely,
Th' Atlantic lake Cephisides, in Hyla, by
whose seat

The good men of Boeotia dwelt. This
slaughter grew so great,

It flew to heaven; Saturnia discern'd it,
and cried out

To Pallas. "O unworthy sight! to see
a field so fought,

And break our words to Sparta's king, that
Ilion should be raced,

And he return revenged, when thus we
see his Greeks disgraced,

And bear the harmful rage of Mars!
Come, let us use our care,

That we dishonour not our powers "
Minerva was as yare

As she at the despite of Troy. Her golden-
bridled steeds

Then Saturn's daughter brought abroad,
and Hebe, she proceeds

T' address her chariot; instantly she gives
it either wheel,

Beam'd with eight spokes of sounding
brass; the axle-tree was steel;

The fellis incorruptible gold, their upper
bands of brass,

Their matter most unvalued, their work of
wondrous grace;

The naves, in which the spokes were
driven, were all with silver bound;

The chariot's seat two hoops of gold and
silver strengthen'd round,

Edged with a gold and silver fringe, the
beam, that look'd before,

Was mass'd silver, on whose top, gears all
of gold it wore,

And golden poitrils. Juno mounts, and her
hot horses rein'd,

That thirsted for contention, and still of
peace complain'd.

Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that
curiously she wove,

With glorious colours, as she sate on th'
azure floor of Jove,

And wore the arms that he puts on, bent
to the tearful field

About her broad-spread shoulders hung his
huge and horrid shield,

Fringed round with ever-fighting snakes;
through it was drawn to life

The miseries and deaths of fight, in it
frown'd bloody strife,

In it shined sacred Fortitude, in it fell
Pursuit flew,

In it the monster Gorgon's head, in which
held out to view

Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her
big head she placed

His four-plumed glittering casque of gold,
so admirably vast

It would a hundred garrisons of soldiers
comprehend

Then to her shining chariot her vigorous
feet ascend,

And in her violent hand she takes his
grave, huge, solid lance,

With which the conquests of her wrath she
useth to advance,

And overturn whole fields of men, to show
she was the seed

Of him that thunders. Then heaven's
Queen, to urge her horses' speed,

Takes up the scourge, and forth they fly:
the ample gates of heaven

Rung, and flew open of themselves; the
charge whereof is given,

With all Olympus, and the sky, to the dis-
tinguish'd Hours,*

That clear, or hide it all in clouds, or pour
it down in showers.

This way their scourge-obeying horse made
haste, and soon they won

The top of all the topful heavens, where
aged Saturn's son

Sat sever'd from the other Gods; then
stay'd the white-arm'd Queen

Her steeds, and ask'd of Jove, if Mars did
not incense his spleen

With his foul deeds, in running so many
and so great

In the command and grace of Greece, and
in so rude a heat?

At which, she said, Apollo laugh'd, and
Venus, who still sue

To that mad God, for violence that never
justice knew;

* The three Hours guardians of Heaven's gates.

For whose impiety, she ask'd, if, with his
wished love,
Herself might free the field of him? He
bade her rather move
Athena to the charge she sought, who
used of old to be
The bane of Mars, and had as well the
gift of spoil as he
This grace she slack'd not, but her horse
scourged, that in nature flew
Betwixt the cope of stars and earth, and
how far at a view
A man into the purple sea may from a hill
descry,
So far a high-neighing horse of heaven at
every jump would fly *
Arrived at Troy, where, broke in curls,
the two floods mix their force,
Scamander and bright Simois, Saturnia
stay'd her horse,
Took them from chariot, and a cloud of
mighty depth diffused
About them, and the verdant banks of
Simois produced
In nature what they eat in heaven † Then
both the Goddesses
March'd, like a pair of timorous doves, in
hasting their access
To th' Argive succour. Being arrived,
where both the most and best
Were heap'd together (shewing all, like
lions at a feast
Of new-slain carcasses, or boars, beyond
encounter strong)
There found they Diomed, and there,
'midst all th' admiring throng,
Saturnia put on Stentor's shape, that had
a brazen voice, [she made a noise,
And spake as loud as fifty men, like whom
And chid the Argives. "O ye Greeks, in
name and outward rite [what despite,
But princes only, not in act, what scandal,

* How far a heavenly horse took at one reach or stroke in galloping or running, wherein Homer's mind is far from being expressed in his interpreters, all taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth, when instantly they came down to earth *τόσον ἐνὶ πλάκῳ, &c. tantum uno saltu conficiunt, vel, tantum sub-sultum progrediuntur, deorum altisoni equi, &c., who being understood, and the horse's swiftness highly expressed. The sense, otherwise, is senseless and contradictory.*

† *Ἀυβοοσίῃ* is the original word, which Scaliger taxeth very learnedly, asking how the horse came by it on those banks, when the text tells him Simois produced it, being willing to express by hyperbole the delicacy of that soil. If not, I hope the Deities could ever command it.

Use ye to honour? All the time the great
Æacides
Was conversant in arms, your foes durst
not a foot address
Without their ports, so much they fear'd
his lance that all controll'd,
And not they out-ray to your fleet."
This did with shame make bold
The general spirit and power of Greece;
when, with particular note
Of their disgrace, Athena made Tydeus'
issue hot
She found him at his chariot, refreshing of
his wound
Inflicted by slain Pandarus, his sweat did
so abound,
It much annoy'd him, underneath the
broad belt of his shield,
With which, and tired with his toil, his
soul could hardly yield
His body motion With his hand he
lifted up the belt,
And wiped away that clotted blood the
fervent wound did melt
Minerva lean'd against his horse, and near
their withers laid
Her sacred hand, then spake to him:
"Believe me, Diomed,
Tydeus exampl'd not himself in thee his
son, not great, [much heat,
But yet he was a soldier, a man of so
That in his embassy for Thebes, when I
forbad his mind
To be too venturous, and when feasts his
heart might have declined,
With which they welcomed him, he made
a challenge to the best,
And foil'd the best, I gave him aid,
because the rust of rest,
That would have seized another mind, he
suffer'd not, but used
The trial I made like a man, and their soft
feasts refused
Yet, when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I
guard thee, charge, exhort
That, I abetting thee, thou shouldst be to
the Greeks a fort,
And a dismay to Ilium, yet thou obey'st in
nought,
Afraid, or slothful, or else both, hence-
forth renounce all thought
That ever thou wert Tydeus' son. He
answer'd her "I know
Thou art Jove's daughter, and, for that,
in all just duty owe
Thy speeches reverence, yet affirm in-
genuously that fear
Doth neither hold me spiritless, nor sloth.
I only bear

Thy charge in zealous memory, that I
should never war

With any blessed Deity, unless (exceeding
far

The limits of her rule) the Queen, that
gov^{ts} chamber sport,

Should press to field, and her thy will
enjoin'd my lance to hurt.

But, he whose power hath right in arms,
I knew in person here,

Besides the Cyprian Deity; and therefore
did forbear.

And here have gather'd in retreat these
other Greeks you see,

With note and reverence of your charge "
"My dearest mind," said she,

"What then was fit is changed. 'Tis
true, Mars hath just rule in war,

But just war; otherwise he raves, not
fights. He's alter'd far

He vow'd to Juno, and myself, that his
aid should be used

Against the Trojans, whom it guards;
and therein he abused

His rule in arms, infringed his word, and
made his war unjust.

He is inconstant, impious, mad. Resolve
then, firmly trust

My aid of thee against his worst, or any
Deity,

Add scourge to thy free horse, charge
home, he fights perfidiously "

This said; as that brave king, her
knight, with his horse-guiding friend,

Were set before the chariot, for sign he
should descend,

That she might serve for waggoness, she
pluck'd the wagoner back,

And up into his seat she mounts; the
beechen tree did crack

Beneath the burthen, and good cause, it
bore so huge a thing,

A Goddess so replete with power, and
such a puissant king

She snatch'd the scourge up and the
reins, and shut her heavenly look

In Hell's vast helm from Mars his eyes,
and full carter she took

At him, who then had newly slain the
mighty Perphas, [strongest was

Renown'd son to Ochesius, and far the
Of all th' Ætolians; to whose spoil the

bloody God was run

But when this man-plague saw th' ap-
proach of god-like 'Iydeus' son,

let his mighty Perphas lie, and in full
charge he ran

At Diomed; and he at him. Both near,
the God began,

And, thirsty of his blood, he throws a
brazen lance that bears

Full on the breast of Diomed, above the
reins and gears,

But Pallas took it on her hand, and strook
the eager lance

Beneath the chariot. Then the knight of
Pallas doth advance,

And cast a javelin off at Mars, Minerva
sent it on,

That, where his arming girdle girt, his
belly grazed upon,

Just at the rim, and ranch'd the flesh, the
lance again he got,

But left the wound, that stung him so, he
laid out such a throat

As if nine or ten thousand men had bray'd
out all their breaths

In one confusion, having felt as many
sudden deaths

The roar made both the hosts amazed
Up flew the God to heaven,

And with him was through all the air as
black a tincture driven

To Diomed's eyes, as when the earth half-
choked with smoking heat

Of gloomy clouds, that stuff men, and
pitchy tempests threat,

Usher'd with horrid gusts of wind, with
such black vapours plumed,

Mars flew t' Olympus, and broad heaven,
and there his place resumed

Sadly he went and sat by Jove, shew'd his
immortal blood,

That from a mortal-man-made wound
pour'd such an impious flood,

And weeping pour'd out these complaints:
"O Father, storm'st thou not

To see us take these wrongs from men?
extreme griefs we have got

Even by our own deep councils, held for
gratifying them,

And thou, our council's president, con-
cludest in this extreme

Of fighting ever, being ruled by one that
thou hast bred; [full of head

One never well, but doing ill, a girl so
That, though all other Gods obey, her

mad moods must command,

By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any
touch of hand,

Correcting her, thy reason is, she is a
spark of thee,

And therefore she may kindle rage in men
'gainst Gods, and she

May make men hurt Gods, and those
Gods that are besides thy seed

First in the palm's hut Cyprides; then
runs the impious deed

<p>On my hurt person, and, could life give way to death in me, Or had my feet not fetch'd me off, heaps of mortality Had kept me consort." Jupiter, with a contracted brow, Thus answer'd Mars "Thou many minds, inconstant changeling thou, Sit not complaining thus by me, whom most of all the Gods, Inhabiting the starry hill, I hate; no periods Being set to thy contentions, brawls, fights, and pitching fields, Just of thy mother Juno's moods, stiff- neck'd, and never yields, Though I correct her still, and chide, nor can forbear offence, Though to her son, this wound I know tastes of her insolence; But I will prove more natural, thou shalt be cured, because Thou comest of me, but hadst thou been so cross to sacred laws,</p>	<p>Being borne to any other God, thou hadst been thrown from heaven Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the giants driven." This said, he gave his wound in charge to Pæon, who applied Such sovereign medicines, that as soon the pain was qualified, And he recured, as nourishing milk, when runnet is put in, Runs all in heaps of tough thick curd, though in his nature thin, Even so soon his wound's parted sides ran close in his recure; For he, all deathless, could not long the parts of death endure Then Hebe bathed, and put on him fresh garments, and he sate Exulting by his sire again, in top of all his state. So, having, from the spoils of men, made his desired remove, Juno and Pallas reascend the starry court of Jove.</p>
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THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT

THE Gods now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greeks prevail, the slaughter'd Trojans
yield

Hector, by Helenus' advice, retires
In haste to Troy, and Hecuba desires
To pray Minerva to remove from fight
The son of Tydeus, her affected knight,
And vow to her, for favour of such price,
Twelve oxen should be slain in sacrifice;
In mean space Glaucus and Tydides meet;
And either other with remembrance greet
Of old love 'twixt their fathers, which inclines
Their hearts to friendship, who change arms
for signs

Of a continued love for either's life
Hector, in his return, meets with his wife,
And, taking in his armed arms his son,
He prophesies the fall of Ilium

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Zeta, Hector prophesies,
Prays for his son, wills sacrifice

THE stern fight freed of all the Gods, con-
quest with doubtful wings

Flew on their lances, every way the rest-
less field she flings

Betwixt the floods of Simois and Xanthus,
that confined

All their affairs at Ilium, and round about
them shined

The first that weigh'd down all the field,
of one particular side,

Was Ajax, son of Telamon, who, like a
bulwark, pled

The Greeks' protection, and of Troy the
motto orders brake,

Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd
them how to make

Way to their conquest He did wound
the strongest man of Thrace,

The tallest and the biggest set, Eussorian
Acamas;

His lance fell on his casque's plumed top,
in stooping; the fell head

Drove through his forehead to his jaws;
his eyes right shadowed

Tydidus slew Teuthranides Axylus, that
did dwell

In fair Anisba's well-built towers. He had
of wealth a well,

VOL. III.

And yet was kind and bountiful, he would
a traveller pray

To be his guest, his friendly house stood in
the broad highway,

In which he all sorts nobly used; yet none
of them would stand

'Twixt him and death; but both himself,
and he that had commend

Of his fair horse, Calesius, fell lifeless on
the ground

Euryalus, Opheltius and Dresus, dead did
wound,

Nor ended there his fiery course, which
he again begins, [twins,

And ran to it successfully, upon a pair of
Æsepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good

Bucolion
(That first call'd father, though base born,
renown'd Laomedon)

On Naus Abarbarea got, a nymph that, as
she fed

Her curled flocks, Bucolion woo'd, and
mix'd in love and bed.

Both these were spoil'd of arms and life,
by Mecistades

Then Polypoetes, for stern death, Astyalus
did seize,

Ulysses slew Percosius, Teucer Aretaon,
Antilochus (old Nestor's joy) Ablerus; the

great son
Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus, whose

abode [river flow'd;
He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius'

The great heroe Leitus stay'd Phylacus in
flight [rest of light.

From further life, Eurypylos, Melanthus
The brother to the king of men, Adrestus

took alive,
Whose horse, affrighted with the flight,

their driver now did drive
Amongst the low-grown tamarisk trees;

and at an arm of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake; the

horse brake loose, and ran
The same way other flyers fled, contending

all to town;
Himself close at the chariot wheel, upon

his face was thrown,
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust.

Atides inwards drave;
And, holding at his breast his lance,

Adrestus sought to save

His head by losing of his feet, and trusting
to his knees, [hugs, and offers fees
On which the same parts of the king he
Of worthy value for his life, and thus
pleads their receipt [a worthy weight
"Take me alive, O Atreus' son, and take
Of brass, elaborate iron, and gold * a
heap of precious things
Are in my father's riches hid, which, when
your servant brings
News of my safety to his ears, he largely
will divide
With your rare bounties" Atreus' son
thought this the better side,
And meant to take it, being about to send
him safe to fleet,
Which when, far off, his brother saw, he
wing'd his royal feet,
And came in threatening, crying out
"O soft heart! what's the cause
Thou sparest these men thus? have not
they observed these gentle laws
Of mild humanity to thee, with mighty
argument
Why thou shouldst deal thus, in thy house,
and with all precedent
Of honour'd guest-rites entertain'd? not
one of them shall fly
A bitter end for it from heaven, and much
less, dotingly,
'Scape our revengeful fingers, all, even th'
infant in the womb, [no other tomb
Shall taste of what they merited, and have
Than razed Ilium, nor their race have
more fruit than the dust"
This just cause turn'd his brother's mind,
who violently thrust
The prisoner from him, in whose guts the
king of men impress'd
His ashen lance, which (pitching down his
foot upon the breast
Of him that upwards fell) he drew; then
Nestor spake to all
"O friends, and household men of Mars,
let not your pursuit fall,
With those ye fell, for present spoil; nor,
like the king of men,
Let any scape unfell'd, but on, despatch
them all, and then
Ye shall have time enough to spoil." This
made so strong their chase,
That all the Trojans had been housed, and
never turn'd a face,
Had not the Priamist Helenus, an augur
most of name, [Anchises' fame!
Will'd Hector and Æneas thus. "Hector!

Since on your shoulders, with good cause,
the weighty burthen lies
Of Troy and Lycia (being both of noblest
faculties
For counsel, strength of hand, and apt to
take chance at her best
In every turn she makes) stand fast, and
suffer not the rest,
By any way search'd out for 'scape, to
come within the ports,
Lest, fled into their wives' kind arms, they
there be made the sports
Of the pursuing enemy exert, and force
your bands
To turn their faces, and, while we employ
our ventured hands,
Though in a hard condition, to make the
other stay,
Hector, go thou to Ilium, and our queen-
mother pray
To take the richest robe she hath, the
same that's chiefly dear
To her court fancy, with which gem,
assembling more to her
Of Troy's chief matrons, let all go, for fear
of all our fates,
To Pallas' temple, take the key, unlock
the leavy gates,
Enter, and reach the highest tower, where
her Palladium stands,
And on it put the precious veil with pure
and reverend hands,
And vow to her—besides the gift, a sacrific-
ing stroke [felt the yoke
Of twelve fat heifers of a year, that never
(Most answering to her maiden state), if she
will pity us,
Our town, our wives, our youngest joys,
and him, that plagues them thus,
Take from the conflict, Diomed, that fury
in a fight,
That true son of great Tydeus, that cunning
lord of flight,
Whom I esteem the strongest Greek; for
we have never fled
Achilles, that is prince of men, and whom
a Goddess bred,
Like him, his fury flies so high, and all
men's wraths commands"
Hector intends his brother's will, but
first through all his hands
He made quick way, encouraging, and all,
to fear afraid,
All turn'd their heads, and made Greece
turn. Slaughter stood still dismay'd
On their parts, for they thought some God,
fall'n from the vault of stars,
Was rush'd into the Ilium's aid, they made
such dreadful wars.

Thus Hector, toiling in the waves, and
thrusting back the flood,
Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave. "So,
so, now runs your blood
In his right current; forwards now, Trojans,
and far-call'd friends!
Awhile hold out, till, for success to this
your brave attempts,
I haste to Ilion, and procure our counsellors
and wives

To pray, and offer hecatombs, for their
states in his lives."

Then fair-helm'd Hector turn'd to Troy,
and, as he trode the field,
The black bull's hide, that at his back he
wore about his shield,
In the extreme circumference, was with
his gait so rock'd,

That, being large, it both at once his neck
and ankles knock'd
And now betwixt the hosts were met,
Hippolochus' brave son,
Glaucus, who in his very look hope of
some wonder won,
And little Tydeus' mighty heir, who see-
ing such a man

Offer the field, for usual blows, with won-
drous words began
"What art thou, strong'st of mortal
men, that putt'st so far before,
Whom these fights never shew'd mine
eyes? they have been evermore
Sons of unhappy parents born, that came
within the length
Of this Minerva-guided lance, and durst
close with the strength
That she inspires in me If heaven be thy
divine abode, [with any God
And thou a Deity thus inform'd, no more
Will I change lances The strong son of
Dryas did not live
Long after such a conflict dared, who god-
lessly did drive
Nysseus' nurses through the hill made
sacred to his name,
And called Nysseus; with a goad he
punch'd each furious dame,
And made them every one cast down their
green and leavy spears
Thus th' homicide Lycurgus did, and those
ungodly fears,
He put the froes in, seized their God.
Even Bacchus he did drive
From his Nysseus; who was fain, with
huge exclams, to dive
Into the ocean. Thetis there in her bright
bosom took
The flying Deity; who so fear'd Lycurgus'
threats, he shook.

For which the freely-living Gods so highly
were incensed,

That Saturn's great son strook him blind,
and with his life dispensed

But small time after, all because th' im-
mortals loved him not,

Nor loved him since he strived with them;
and his end hath begot

Fear in my powers to fight with heaven
But, if the fruits of earth

Nourish thy body, and thy life be of our
human birth,

Come near, that thou may'st soon arrive
on that life-bounding shore,

To which I see thee hose such sail."
"Why dost thou so explore,"

Said Glaucus, "of what race I am, when
like the race of leaves

The race of man is, that deserves no
question, nor receives

My being any other breath: The wind
in autumn strows

The earth with old leaves; then the spring
the woods with new endows,

And so death scatters men on earth, so
life puts out again

Man's leavy issue But my race, if, like
the course of men,

Thou seek'st in more particular terms, 'tis
this, to many known

In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there
stands a walled town,

Ephyre, where the mansion-house of Sisy-
phus did stand, [land.

Of Sisyphus-Æolides, most wise of all the
Glaucus was son to him, and he begat

Bellerophon,
Whose body heaven endued with strength,
and put a beauty on,

Exceeding lovely. Prætus yet his cause
of love did hate,

And banish'd him the town; he might;
he ruled the Argive state.

The virtue of the one Jove placed beneath
the other's power

His exile grew, since he denied to be the
paramour

Of fair Antea, Prætus' wife, who felt a
raging fire

Of secret love to him, but he, whom
wisdom did inspire

As well as prudence (one of them advising
him to shun

The danger of a princess' love, the other
not to run

Within the danger of the Gods, the act
being simply ill),

Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdued
the earthly still.

She, ruled by neither of his wits, preferr'd
 her lust to both,
 And, false to Prætus, would seem true,
 with this abhorr'd untroth
 "Prætus, or die thyself," said she, "or let
 Bellerophon die.
 He urg'd dishonour to thy bed, which
 since I did deny,
 He thought his violence should grant, and
 sought thy shame by force."
 The king, incensed with her report, re-
 solved upon her course,
 But doubted how it should be run, he
 shunn'd his death direct,
 (Holding a way so near not safe) and
 plotted the effect
 By sending him with letters seal'd (that,
 open'd, touch his life) [his wife
 To Rheus king of Lycia, and father to
 He went, and happily he went; the Gods
 walk'd all his way,
 And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus
 doth display
 The silver ensigns of his waves, the king of
 that broad land
 Received him with a wondrous free and
 honourable hand
 Nine days he feasted him, and kill'd an ox
 in every day,
 In thankful sacrifice to heaven, for his fair
 guest; whose stay,
 With rosy fingers, brought the world, the
 tenth well-welcomed morn,
 And then the king did move to see the
 letters he had borne
 From his loved son-in-law, which seen, he
 wrought thus their contents.
 Chimæra, the invincible, he sent him to
 convince,

* *Bellerophonis litora* Ad Eras This
 long speech many critics tax as untimely, being,
 as they take it, in the heat of fight. Hier
 Vida, a late observer, being eagerst against
 Homer Whose ignorance in this I cannot but
 note, and prove to you, for, besides the
 authority and office of a poet, to vary and
 quicken his poem with these episodes, some-
 times beyond the leisure of their actions, the
 critic notes not how far his forerunner prevents
 his worst as far; and sets down his speech at
 the sudden and strange turning of the Trojan
 field, set on a little before by Hector; and that
 so fiercely, it made an admiring stand among
 the Grecians, and therein gave fit time for these
 great captains to utter their admirations, the
 whole field in that part being to stand like their
 commanders. And then how full of decorum
 this gallant show and speech was to sound
 understandings, I leave only to such, and let
 our critics go cavil.

Sprung from no man, but mere divine; a
 lion's shape before,
 Behind a dragon's, in the midst a goat's
 shagg'd form, she bore,
 And flames of deadly fervency fle from
 her breath and eyes,
 Yet her he slew, his confidence in sacred
 prodigies
 Render'd him victor. Then he gave his
 second conquest way
 Against the famous Solymi, when (he
 himself would say,
 Reporting it) he enter'd on a passing
 vigorous fight.
 His thud huge labour he approved against
 a woman's spite,
 That fill'd a field of Amazons, he overcame
 them all.
 Then set they on him sly Deceit, when
 Force had such a fall,
 An ambush of the strongest men, that
 spacious Lycia bred,
 Was lodged for him, whom he lodged
 sure they never rais'd a head.
 His deeds thus showing him derived from
 some celestial race,
 The king detain'd, and made amends,
 with doing him the grace
 Of his fair daughter's princely gift, and
 with her, for a dower,
 Gave half his kingdom, and to this, the
 Lycians on did pour
 More than was given to any king, a goodly
 planted field,
 In some parts thick of groves and woods,
 the rest rich crops did yield.
 This field the Lycians futrely (of future
 wanderings there
 And other errors of their prince, in the
 unhappy rear
 Of his sad life) the Errant call'd. The
 princess brought him forth
 Three children (whose ends grieved him
 more, the more they were of worth)
 Isander, and Hippolochus, and fair Lao-
 domy,
 With whom, even Jupiter himself left
 heaven itself, to lie,
 And had by her the man at arms, Sarpedon,
 call'd divine.
 The Gods then left him, lest a man should
 in their glories shine,
 And set against him, for his son, Isandrus,
 in a strife [light and life;
 Against the valiant Solymi, Mars reft of
 Laodamia, being envied of all the
 Goddesses,
 The golden-bridle-handling Queen, the
 maiden Patroness,

Slew with an arrow; and for this he
wander'd evermore
Alone through his Aleian field, and fed
upon the core
Of his sad bosom, flying all the loathed
consorts of men
Yet had he one survived to him, of those
three children,
Hippolochus, the root of me, who sent
me here, with charge
That I should always bear me well, and
my deserts enlarge
Beyond the vulgar, lest I shamed my race,
that far excell'd
All that Ephyræ's famous towers, or ample
Lycia held.
This is my stock, and this am I." This
cheer'd Tydides' heart,
Who pitch'd his spear down, lean'd,
and talk'd in this affectionate part
" Certes, in thy great ancestor, and in
mine own, thou art
A guest of mine, right ancient. king
Oeneus twenty days
Detain'd, with feasts Bellerophon, whom
all the world did praise
Betwixt whom mutual gifts were given
my grandsire gave to thine
A girdle of Phœnician work, impurpled
wondrous fine.
Thine gave a two-neck'd jug of gold,
which, though I use not here,
Yet still it is my gem at home. But, if our
fathers were
Familiar, or each other knew, I know not,
since my sire
Left me a child, at siege of Thebes, where
he left his life's fire.
But let us prove our grandsires' sons, and
be each other's guests
To Lycia when I come, do thou receive thy
friend with feasts;
Peloponnesus, with the like, shall thy
wish'd presence greet.
Mean space, shun we each other here,
though in the press we meet.
There are enow of Troy beside, and men
enow renown'd,
To right my powers, whom ever heaven
shall let my lance confound.
So are there of the Greeks for thee; kill
who thou canst. And now,
For sign of amity 'twixt us, and that all
these may know
We glory in th' hospitious rites our grand-
sires did commend,
Change we our arms before them all,"
From horse then both descend,

Join hands, give faith, and take, and then
did Jupiter* elate
The mind of Glaucus, who, to show his
reverence to the state
Of virtue in his grandsire's heart, and gra-
tulate beside
The offer of so great a friend, exchanged,
in that good pride,
Curets of gold for those of brass, that did
on Diomed shine,
One of a hundred oxen's price, the other
but of nine.
By this, had Hector reach'd the ports of
Scæa, and the towers
About him flock'd the wives of Troy, the
children, paramours,
Inquiring how their husbands did, their
fathers, brothers, loves
He stood not then to answer them, but
said " It now behoves
Ye should go all t' implore the aid of
heaven, in a distress
Of great effect, and imminent." Then
hasted he access
To Priam's goodly builded court, which
round about was run
With walking porches, galleries, to keep
off rain and sun.
Within, of one side, on a row, of sundry-
colour'd stones,
Fifty fair lodgings were built out, for
Priam's fifty sons,
And for as fair sort of their wives, and, in
the opposite view,
Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height,
were likewise built arew,
Where, with their fair and virtuous wives,
twelve princes, sons in law
To honourable Priam, lay. And here met
Hecuba,
The loving mother, her great son, and
with her needs must be
The fairest of her female race, the bright
Laodice.
The queen gript hard her Hector's hand,
and said " O worthiest son,
Why leavest thou field? is't not because
the cursed nation

* *Θένεος ἐξέλετο Ζεὺς, Μένιεν ἀδελφὴν Ἰούβ,*
the text hath it, which only I alter of all
Homer's original, since Plutarch against the
Stoics excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus.
Spondanus likewise encouraging my alterations,
which I use for the loved and simple nobility of
the free exchange in Glaucus, contrary to
others that, for the supposed folly in Glaucus,
turned his change into a proverb, χρυσέα
χαλχείων, golden for brazen

Afflict our countrymen and friends? they
 are their moans that move
 Thy mind to come and lift thy hands, in
 his high tower, to Jove
 But stay a little, that myself may fetch our
 sweetest wine
 To offer first to Jupiter, then that these
 joints of thine
 May be refresh'd; for, woe is me, how
 thou art toil'd and spent!
 Thou for our city's general state, thou for
 our friends far sent,
 Must now the press of fight endure, now
 solitude, to call [us all
 Upon the name of Jupiter; thou only for
 But wine will something comfort thee, for
 to a man dismay'd
 With careful spirits, or too much with
 labour overlaid,
 Wine brings much rescue, strengthening
 much the body and the mind.
 The great helm-mover thus received the
 authoress of his kind
 "My royal mother, bring no wine; lest
 rather it impair
 Than help my strength, and make my
 mind forgetful of th' affair
 Committed to it, and (to pour it out in
 sacrifice)
 I fear with unwash'd hands to serve the
 pure-lived Deities.
 Nor is it lawful, thus imbrued with blood
 and dust, to prove
 The will of heaven, or offer vows to cloud-
 compelling Jove.
 I only come to use your pains (assembling
 other dames,
 Matrons, and women honour'd most, with
 high and virtuous names)
 With wine and odours, and a robe most
 ample, most of price,
 And which is dearest in your love, to offer
 sacrifice
 In Pallas' temple; and to put the precious
 robe ye bear
 On her Palladium; vowing all, twelve
 oxen of a year,
 Whose necks were never wrung with yoke,
 shall pay her grace their lives,
 If she will pity our sieged town; pity our-
 selves, our wives;
 Pity our children; and remove, from
 sacred Ihon,
 The dreadful soldier Diomed. And, when
 yourselves are gone
 About this work, myself will go, to call
 into the field,
 If he will hear me, Helen's love; whom
 would the earth would yield,

And headlong take into her gulf, even
 quick before mine eyes,
 For then my heart, I hope, would cast her
 load of miseries,
 Borne for the plague he hath been born,
 and bred to the deface,
 By great Olympius, of Troy, our sire, and
 all our race"
 This said, grave Hecuba went home,
 and sent her maids about,
 To bid the matrons she herself de-
 scended, and search'd out,
 Within a place that breathed perfumes,
 the richest robe she had,
 Which lay with many rich ones more,
 most curiously made
 By women of Sidonia; which Paris brought
 from thence,
 Sailing the broad sea, when he made that
 voyage of offence,
 In which he brought home Helena. That
 robe, transferr'd so far
 (That was the undermost), she took; it
 glitter'd like a star;
 And with it went she to the fane, with
 many ladies more;
 Amongst whom fair-cheek'd Theano un-
 lock'd the folded door;
 Chaste Theano, Antenor's wife, and of
 Cisseus' race, [king of Thrace.
 Sister to Hecuba, both born to that great
 Her th' Ilions made Minerva's priest, and
 her they follow'd all
 Up to the temple's highest tower, where
 on their knees they fall,
 Lift up their hands, and fill the fane with
 ladies' piteous cries
 Then lovely Theano took the veil, and
 with it she implies
 The great Palladium, praying thus.
 "Goddess of most renown
 In all the heaven of Goddesses, great
 guardian of our town,
 Reverend Minerva, break the lance of
 Diomed, cease his grace,
 Give him to fall in shameful flight, head-
 long, and on his face,
 Before our ports of Ihon, that instantly
 we may,
 Twelve unyoked oxen of a year, in this
 thy temple slay,
 To thy sole honour; take their bloods,
 and banish our offence;
 Accept Troy's zeal, her wives, and save
 our infants' innocence"
 She pray'd, but Pallas would not grant.
 Mean space was Hector come
 Where Alexander's lodgings were; that
 many a goodly room

Had built in them by architects, of Troy's
most curious sort,
And were no lodgings, but a house ; nor
no house, but a court,
Or ~~had~~ all these contain'd in them , and
all within a tower,
Next Hector's lodgings and the king's
The loved of heav'n's chief Power,
Hector, here entr'd In his hand a
goodly lance he bore,
Ten cubits long , the brazen head went
shining ~~in~~ before,
Help'd with a burnish'd ring of gold. He
found his brother then
Amongst the women , yet prepared to go
amongst the men,
For in their chamber he was set, trimming
his arms, his shield,
His cures, and was trying how his crooked
bow would yield
To his straight arms Amongst her maids
was set the Argive Queen,
Commanding them in choicest works.
When Hector's eye had seen
His brother thus accompanied, and that
he could not bear
The very touching of his arms but where
the women were,
And when the time so needed men, right
cunningly he chid.
That he might do it bitterly, his cowardice
he hid,
That simply made him so retired, beneath
an anger, feign'd
In him by Hector, for the hate the citizens
sustain'd
Against him, for the foil he took in their
cause , and again,
For all their general foils in his. So
Hector seems to plain
Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and
not his cowardice ,
As that were it that shelter'd him in his
effeminacies,
And kept him, in that dangerous time
from their fit aid in fight ,
For which he chid thus " Wretched
man I sometimeless is thy spite
That 'hs not honest, and their hate is just,
'gainst which it bends
War burns about the town for thee ; for
thee our slaughter'd friends

Hector dissembles the cowardice he finds
in Paris ; turning it, as if he chid him for his
anger at the Trojans for hating him, being
conquered by Menelaus, when it is for his
effeminacy. Which is all paraphractical in my
translation.

Besiege Troy with their carcasses, on whose
heaps our high walls
Are overlook'd by enemies ; the sad sounds
of their falls
Without, are echo'd with the cries of wives
and babes within , [cannot win
And all for thee, and yet for them thy honour
Head of thine anger Thou should'st need
no spirit to sur up thine,
But thine should set the rest on fire, and
with a rage divine
Chastise impartially the best, that im-
piously forbears.
Come forth, lest thy fair towers and Troy
be burn'd about thine ears "
Paris acknowledged, as before, all just
that Hector spake,
Allowing justice, though it were for his
injustice sake,
And where his brother put a wrath upon
him by his art,
He takes it, for his honour's sake, as
sprung out of his heart,
And rather would have anger seem his
fault than cowardice ,
And thus he answer'd " Since, with right,
you join'd check with advice,
And I hear you, give equal ear : It is not
any spleen
Against the town, as you conceive, that
makes me so unseen,
But sorrow for it , which to ease, and by
discourse digest
Within myself, I live so close , and yet,
since men might wrest
My sad retreat, like you, my wife with her
advice inclined
This my addression to the field ; which
was mine own free mind,
As well as th' instance of her words ; for
though the foil were mine,
Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turns.
Stay then this baste of thine
But till I arm, and I am made a consort
for thee straight ;—
Or go, I'll overtake thy haste." Helen
stood at receipt,
And took up all great Hector's powers, t'
attend her heavy words,
By which had Paris no reply This vent
her grief affords .
" Brother (if I may call you so, that had
been better born
A dog, than such a horrid dame, as all
men curse and scorn,
A mischief-maker, a man-plague) O would
to God, the day
That first gave light to me, had been a
whirlwind in my way,

And borne me to some desert hill, or hid
me in the rage
Of earth's most far-resounding seas, ere I
should thus engage
The dear lives of so many friends : yet
since the Gods have been
Helpless foreseers of my plagues, they
might have likewise seen
That he they put in yoke with me, to bear
out their award,
Had been a man of much more spirit, and,
or had noblier dared
To shield mine honour with his deed, or
with his mind had known
Much better the upbraids of men, that so
he might have shown
(More like a man) some sense of grief for
both my shame and his
But he is senseless, nor conceives what
any manhood is,
Nor now, nor ever after will, and there-
fore hangs, I fear,
A plague above him But come near,
good brother, rest you here,
Who, of the world of men, stands charged
with most unrest for me,
Vile wretch, and for my lover's wrong,
on whom a destiny
So bitter is imposed by Jove, that all
succeeding times
Will put, to our unended shames, in all
men's mouths our crimes "
He answer'd. " Helen, do not seek to
make me sit with thee,
I must not stay, though well I know thy
honour'd love of me
My mind calls forth to aid our friends, in
whom my absence breathes
Longings to see me, for whose sakes,
importune thou to deeds
This man by all means, that your care may
make his own make haste,
And meet me in the open town, that all
may see at last
He minds his lover I myself will now go
home, and see
My household, my dear wife, and son,
that little hope of me ;
For, sister, 'tis without my skill, if I shall
evermore [right in me, restore
Return, and see them, or to earth, her
The Gods may stoop me by the Greeks."
This said, he went to see
The virtuous princess, his true wife, white-
arm'd Andromache.
She, with her infant son and maid, was
climb'd the tower, about
The sight of him that sought for her, weep-
ing and crying out.

Hector, not finding her at home, was
going forth, retired,
Stood in the gate, her woman call'd, and
curiously inquired
Where she was gone, bade tell him, "ue, if
she were gone to see
His sisters, or his brothers' wives, or
whether she should be
At temple with the other dames, t' implore
Minerva's ruth
Her woman answer'd, since he ask'd,
and urged so much the truth,
The truth was she was neither gone, to see
his brothers' wives,
His sisters, nor t' implore the ruth of Pallas
on their lives,
But she (advertised of the bane Troy
suffer'd, and how vast
Conquest had made herself for Greece) like
one distraught, made haste
To ample Ilion with her son, and nurse,
and all the way
Mourn'd, and dissolved in tears for him.
Then Hector made no stay,
But trod her path, and through the streets,
magnificently built,
All the great city pass'd, and came where,
seeing how blood was spilt,
Andromache might see him come ; who
made as he would pass
The ports without saluting her, not know-
ing where she was
She, with his sight, made breathless haste,
to meet him, ^{and} whose grace
Brought him withal so great a dower, she
that of all the race
Of king Acton only lived, Acton whose
house stood
Beneath the mountain Placius, environ'd
with the wood
Of Theban Hypoplace, being court to the
Cilician land
She ran to Hector, and with her, tender of
heart and hand,
Her son, borne in his nurse's arms ; when,
like a heavenly sign,
Compact of many golden stars, the princely
child did shine,
Whom Hector call'd Scamandrius, but
whom the town did name [same.
Astyanax, because his sire did only prop the
Hector, though grief bereft his speech, yet
smiled upon his joy.
Andromache cried out, mix'd hands, and
to the strength of Troy
Thus wept forth her affection : " O noblest
in desire,
Thy mind, inflamed with others' good, will
set thyself on fire :

Nor piest thou thy son, nor wife, who
 must thy widow be,
 If now thou issue, all the field will only
 run on thee
 Better thy shoulders underwent the earth,
 than thy decease,
 For then would earth bear joys no more,
 then comes the black increase
 Of griefs (like Greeks on Ilion). Alas,
 what one survives
 To be my refuge? one black day bereft
 seven brothers' lives,
 By stern Achilles, by his hand my father
 breathed his last,
 His high-wall'd rich Cilician Thebes* sack'd
 by him, and laid waste,
 The royal body yet he left unspoil'd,
 Religion charm'd
 That act of spoil, and all in fire he burn'd
 him complete arm'd,
 Built over him a royal tomb; and to the
 monument
 He left of him, th' Oreades (that are the
 high descent
 Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their
 own
 Did add to it, and set it round with elms,
 by which is shown,
 In theirs, the barrenness of death, yet
 might it serve beside
 To shelter the sad monument from all the
 ruffinous pride
 Of storms and tempests, used to hurt things
 of that noble kind
 The short life yet my mother lived he
 saved, and served his mind
 With all the riches of the realm; which
 not enough esteem'd,
 He kept her prisoner, whom small time,
 but much more wealth, redeem'd,
 And she, in sylvan Hypoplace, Cilicia ruled
 again,
 But soon was overruled by death; Diana's
 chaste disdain
 Gave her a lance, and took her life. Yet,
 all these gone from me,
 Thou amply render'st all; thy life makes
 still my father be,
 My mother, brothers: and besides thou art
 my husband too,
 Most loved, most worthy. Pity then, dear
 love, and do not go,
 For thou gone, all these go again; pity
 our common joy,
 Lest, of a father's patronage, the bulwark
 of all Troy,

* Thebes, a most rich city of Cilicia.

Thou leavest him a poor widow's charge.
 stay, stay then, in this tower,
 And call up to the wild fig-tree all thy re-
 tired power,
 For there the wall is easiest scaled, and
 fittest for surprise, [Diomed, thence
 And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides,
 Have both survey'd and made attempt, I
 know not if induced
 By some wise augur, or the fact was
 naturally infused
 Into their wits, or courages" To this,
 great Hector said
 "Be well assured, wife, all these things in
 my kind cares are weigh'd
 But what a shame and fear it is to think
 how Troy would scorn
 (Both in her husbands, and her wives,
 whom long-train'd gowns adorn)
 That I should cowardly fly off! The spirit
 I first did breathe
 Did never teach me that, much less, since
 the contempt of death
 Was settled in me, and my mind knew
 what a worthy was,
 Whose office is to lead in fight, and give
 no danger pass
 Without improvement In this fire must
 Hector's trial shine,
 Here must his country, father, friends, be,
 in him, made divine.
 And such a stormy day shall come (in
 mind and soul I know)
 When sacred Troy shall shed her towers,
 for tears of overthrow,
 When Priam, all his birth and power, shall
 in those tears be drown'd
 But neither Troy's posterity so much my
 soul doth wound,
 Priam, nor Hecuba herself, nor all my
 brothers' woes
 (Who though so many, and so good, must
 all be food for foes),
 As thy sad state; when some rude Greek
 shall lead thee weeping hence,
 These free days clouded, and a night of
 captive violence
 Loading thy temples, out of which thine
 eyes must never see,
 But spin the Greek wives' webs of task,
 and their fetch-water be
 To Argos, from Messeides, or clear Hy-
 peria's spring,*
 Which howsoever thou abhor'st, Fate's
 such a shrewish thing

* The names of two fountains: of which one
 in Thessaly, the other near Argos, or, according
 to others, in Peloponnesus or Lacedæmon.

She will be mistress, whose cursed hands,
 when they shall crush out cries
 From thy oppressions (being beheld by
 other enemies)
 Thus they will nourish thy extremes
 'This dame was Hector's wife,
 A man that, at the wars of Troy, did
 breathe the worthiest life
 Of all their army' This again will rub
 thy fruitful wounds,
 To miss the man that to thy bands could
 give such narrow bounds
 But that day shall not wound mine eyes,
 the solid heap of night
 Shall interpose, and stop mine ears against
 thy plaints, and plight."
 This said, he reach'd to take his son,
 who, of his arms afraid,
 And then the horse-hair plume, with
 which he was so overlaid,
 Nodded so horribly, he cling'd back to his
 nurse, and cried. [doff'd, and laid aside
 Laughter affected his great sire, who
 His fearful helm, that on the earth cast
 round about it light,
 Then took and kiss'd his loving son, and
 (balancing his weight
 In dancing him) these loving vows to
 living Jove he used,
 And all the other bench of Gods: "O
 you that have infused
 Soul to this infant, now set down this
 blessing on his star:
 Let his renown be clear as mine, equal
 his strength in war,
 And make his reign so strong in Troy, that
 years to come may yield
 His facts this fame, when, rich in spoils, he
 leaves the conquer'd field
 Sown with his slaughters 'These high
 deeds exceed his father's worth.'
 And let this echo'd praise supply the com-
 forts to come forth
 Of his kind mother with my life." This
 said, th' heroic sire
 Gave him his mother; whose fair eyes
 fresh streams of love's salt fire *
 Billow'd on her soft cheeks, to hear the
 last of Hector's speech,
 In which his vows comprised the sum of
 all he did beseech
 In her wish'd comfort So she took into
 her odorous breast
 Her husband's gift; who, moved to see her
 heart so much oppress'd,
 He dried her tears, and thus desired:
 "Afflict me not, dear wife,
 With these vain griefs. He doth not live,
 that can disjoin my life

And this firm bosom, but my fate, and
 Fate, whose wings can fly?
 Noble, ignoble, Fate controls. Once born,
 the best must die
 Go home, and set thy housewifery On these
 extremes of thought,
 And drive war from them with thy maids;
 keep them from doing nought,
 These will be nothing, leave the cares of
 war to men, and me
 In whom, of all the Iliad race, they take
 their highest degree "
 On went his helm, his princess home,
 half cold with kindly fears,
 When every fear turn'd back her looks,
 and every look shed tears.
 Foe-slaughtering Hector's house soon
 reach'd, her many women there
 Wept all to see her in his life great
 Hector's funerals were,
 Never look'd any eye of theirs to see their
 lord safe home,
 Scaped from the gripes and powers of
 Greece And now was Paris come
 From his high towers, who made no stay,
 when once he had put on
 His richest armour, but flew forth; the
 flints he trod upon
 Sparkled with lustre of his arms; his long-
 ebb'd spirits now flow'd
 The higher for their lower ebb. *And as
 a fair steed, proud
 With full-given manes, long tied up, and
 now, his head-stall broke,
 He breaks from stable, runs the field, and
 with an ample stroke
 Measures the centre, neighs, and lifts aloft
 his wanton head,
 About his shoulders shakes his crest, and
 where he hath been fed,
 Or in some calm flood wash'd, or, stung
 with his high plight, he flies
 Amongst his females, strength put forth,
 his beauty beautifies,
 And, like life's mirror, bears his gait; so
 Paris from the tower
 Of lofty Pergamus came forth; he shew'd
 a sun-like power
 In carriage of his goodly parts, address'd
 now to the strife; [he left his wife.
 And found his noble brother near the place
 Him, thus respected, he salutes: "Right
 worthy, I have fear
 That your so serious haste to field, my stay
 hath made forbear,

* His smile, high and expressive; which
 Virgil almost word for word hath translated.

And that I come not as you wish." He
 answer'd. "Honour'd man,
 Be confident, for not myself, nor any
 others, can
 Reproach thee the work of fight, at least,
 not any such
 As is an equal judge of things, for thou
 hast strength as much
 As serves to execute a mind very impor-
 tant, but
 Thy strength too readily flies off, enough
 will is not put

To thy ability. My heart is in my mind's
 strife sad,
 When Troy (out of her much distress, she
 and her friends have had
 By thy procurement) doth deprave thy
 noblesse in mine ears
 But come, hereafter we shall calm these
 hard conceits of theirs,
 When, from their ports the foe expulsed,
 high Jove to them hath given
 Wish'd peace, and us free sacrifice to all
 the powers of heaven."

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT.

HECTOR, by Helenus' advice, doth seek
 Adventurous combat on the boldest Greek
 Nine Greeks stand up, acceptants every one,
 But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon
 Both, with high honour, stand th' important
 fight,
 Till heralds part them by approached night
 Lastly, they grave the dead The Greeks erect
 A mighty wall, their navy to protect,
 Which angers Neptune. Jove, by hapless
 signs,
 In depth of night, succeeding woes divines

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

In Eta, Priam's strongest son
 Combats with Ajax Telamon

THIS said, brave Hector through the ports,
 with Troy's bane-bringing knight,
 Made issue to th' insatiate field, resolved
 to fervent fight
 And as the weather-wielder sends to sea-
 men prosperous gales,
 When with their swallow-polish'd oars,
 long lifted from their falls,
 Their wearied arms, dissolved with toil,
 can scarce strike one stroke more,
 Like those sweet winds appear'd these
 lords, to Trojans tired before
 Then fell they to the works of death. By
 Paris' valour fell
 King Areithous' hapless son, that did in
 Arna dwell,
 Menesthus, whose renowned sire a club
 did ever bear,
 And of Phylomedusa gat, that had her
 eyes so clear,
 Thus slaughter'd issue Hector's dart
 strook Eioneus dead,
 Beneath his good steel casque it pierced,
 above his gorget stead
 Glaucus, Hippolochus his son, that led the
 Lycian crew,
 Iphinous-Deviades with sudden javelin
 slew,

These next four books have not my last
 hand, and because the rest (for a time) will be
 sufficient to employ your censures, suspend
 them of these: spare not the other.

As he was mounting to his horse; his
 shoulders took the spear,
 And ere he sate, in tumbling down, his
 powers dissolved were.
 When grey-eyed Pallas had perceived
 the Greeks so fall in fight,
 From high Olympus' top she stoop'd, and
 did on Ilion light.
 Apollo, to encounter her, to Pergamus did
 fly,
 From whence he, looking to the field,
 wish'd Trojans' victory
 At Jove's broad beech these godheads
 met, and first Jove's son objects
 "Why, burning in contention thus, do thy
 extreme affects
 Conduct thee from our peaceful hill? is
 it to oversway [Greeks the day?
 The doubtful victory of fight, and give the
 Thou never pitiest perishing Troy: yet
 now let me persuade,
 That this day no more mortal wounds
 may either side invade
 Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall
 apply the fight. [turn it quite."
 Since your immortal wills resolve to over-
 Pallas replied "It likes me well; for
 this came I from heaven,
 But to make either army cease, what
 order shall be given?"
 He said "We will direct the spirit, that
 burns in Hector's breast,
 To challenge any Greek to wounds, with
 single powers impress'd;
 Which Greeks, admiring, will accept, and
 make some one stand out
 So stout a challenge to receive, with a
 defence as stout."
 It is confirm'd; and Helenus (king Priam's
 loved seed)
 By augury discern'd th' event that these
 two powers decreed,
 And greeting Hector ask'd him this:
 "Wilt thou be once advised?
 I am thy brother, and thy life with mine
 is evenly prized.
 Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to
 cease this public fight,
 And what Greek bears the greatest mind,
 to single strokes excite,

I promise thee that yet thy soul shall not
descend to fates,

So heard I thy survival cast, by the celestial
States

Hector with glad allowance gave his
brother's counsel ear,

And, fronting both the hosts, advanced
just in the midst his spear

The Trojans instantly succumb, the
Greeks Atreides stay'd

The God that bears the silver bow, and
war's triumphant Maid,

On Jove's beech like two vultures sat,
pleased to behold both parts

Flow in to hear, so sternly arm'd with
huge shields, helms, and darts

And such fresh horror as you see, driven
through the wrinkled waves

By rising Zephyr, under whom the sea
grows black, and raves,

Such did the hasty gathering troops of
both hosts make to hear,

Whose tumult settled, 'twixt them both,
thus spake the challenger

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd
Greeks, what my strong mind, diffused

Through all my spirits, commands me
speak Saturnus hath not used

His promised favour for our truce, but,
studying both our ills,

Will never cease, till Mars, by you, his
ravenous stomach fills

With ruin'd Troy, or we consume your
mighty sea-borne fleet

Since then the general peers of Greece in
reach of one voice meet,

Amongst you all, whose breast includes
the most impulsive mind,

Let him stand forth as combatant, by all
the rest design'd.

Before whom thus I call high Jove, to
witness of our strife. —

If he with home-thrust iron can reach th'
exposure of my life,

Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey
them to his tent,

But let my body be return'd, that Troy's
two-sex'd descent

May waste it in the funeral pile If I can
slaughter him,

Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil
his conquer'd limb,

And bear his arms to Ilion, where in
Apollo's shrine [body I'll resign

I'll hang them, as my trophies due, his
To be disposed by his friends in flamy

funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb, where
Hellespontus falls

Into Ægæum, and doth reach even to
your naval road,

That, when our beings in the earth shall
hide their period,

Survivors, sailing the black sea, may thus
his name renew

'This is his monument, whose blood long
since did fates imbrue,

Whom, passing far in fortitude, illustrate
Hector slew.'

This shall posterity report, and my fame
never die " [they shamed to deny,

This said, dumb silence seized them all;
And fear'd to undertake At last did

Menelaus speak
Check'd their remissness, and so sigh'd,

as if his heart would break '
"Ay me! But only threatening Greeks,

not worthy Grecian names! "

This more and more, not to be borne,
makes grow our huge defames,

If Hector's honourable proof be entertain'd
by none [symbolized in one,

But you are earth and water all, which,
Have framed your faint unfiery spirits, ye

sit without your hearts,
Grossly inglorious, but myself will use

acceptive darts,
And arm against him, though you think

I am 'gainst too much odds,
But conquest's garlands hang aloft, amongst

th' immortal Gods "

He arm'd, and gladly would have
fought but, Menelaus, then,

By Hector's far more strength, thy soul
had fled th' abodes of men,

Had not the kings of Greece stood up,
and thy attempt restrain'd,

And even the king of men himself, that in
such compass reign'd,

Who took him by the bold right hand,
and sternly pluck'd him back

"Mad brother, 'tis no work for thee, thou
seek'st thy wilful wrack

Contain, though it despite thee much, nor
for this strife engage

Thy person with a man more strong, and
whom all fear t' enrage;

Yea whom Æacides himself, in men-
renowning war,

Makes doubt t' encounter, whose huge
strength surpasseth thine by far

Sit thou then by thy regiment, some other
Greek will rise

(Though he be dreadless, and no war will
his desires suffice,

* O verè Phrygiæ, neque enim Phrygiæ
saith his imitator.

That makes this challenge to our strength)
 our valours to avow,
 To whom, if he can scape with life, he will
 be glad to bow "
 This drew his brother from his will, who
 yielded, knowing it true,
 And his glad soldiers took his arms, when
 Nestor did pursue
 The same reproof he set on foot, and thus
 supplied his turn
 "What huge indignity is this! How will
 our country mourn!
 Old Peleus that good king will weep, that
 worthy counsellor,
 That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much
 did ask me for
 All men of name that went to Troy, with
 joy he did inquire
 Their valour and their towardness, and I
 made him admire
 But, that ye all fear Hector now, if his
 grave ears shall hear,
 How will he lift his hands to heaven, and
 pray that death may bear
 His grieved soul into the deep! O would
 to heaven's great King,
 Minerva, and the God of light, that now
 my youthful spring*
 Did flourish in my willing veins, as when
 at Phæa's towers,
 About the streams of Jardanus, my gather'd
 Pylean powers,
 And dart-employ'd Arcadians, fought, near
 raging Celadon:
 Amongst whom, first of all stood forth great
 Ereuthalon,
 Who th' arms of Areithous wore, brave
 Areithous,
 And, since he still fought with a club, sur-
 named Clavigerus,
 All men, and fair-girt ladies both, for
 honour call'd him so
 He fought not with a keep-off spear, or
 with a far-shot bow,
 But, with a massy club of iron, he brake
 through armed bands.
 And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not
 with force of hands;
 With sleight (encountering in a lane, where
 his club wanted sway)
 He thrust him through his spacious waist,
 who fell, and upwards lay,
 In death not bowing his face to earth, his
 arms he did despoil,
 Which iron Mars bestow'd on him; and
 those, in Mars his toil,

* "O si præteritis referat mihi Jupiter annos
 Quælis eram," &c.

Lycurgus ever after wore; but, when he
 aged grew,
 Enforced to keep his peaceful house, their
 use he did renew [love well;
 On mighty Ereuthalon's limbs, his soldier,
 And with these arms he challenged all,
 that did in arms excel,
 All shook, and stood dismay'd, ne'er durst
 his adverse champion make
 Yet this same forward mind of mine, of
 choice, would undertake
 To fight with all his confidence, though
 youngest enemy [with him, I,
 Of all the army we conduct, yet I fought
 Minerva made me so renown'd, and that
 most tall strong peer
 I slew, his big bulk lay on earth, extended
 here and there, [everywhere.
 As it were covetous to spread the centre
 O that my youth were now as fresh, and all
 my powers as sound,
 Soon should bold Hector be impugn'd:
 yet you that most are crown'd
 With fortitude of all our host, even you
 methinks are slow,
 Not free, and set on fire with lust, t'
 encounter such a foe" [for the first;
 With this, nine royal princes rose, Atreides
 Then Diomed, th' Ajaces then, that did
 th' encounter thirst;
 King Idomen and his consorts; Mars-like
 Menones, [monides;
 Evemon's son, Eurypylus; and Andrae-
 Whom all the Grecians Thoas call'd,
 sprung of Andraemon's blood;
 And wise Ulysses, every one, proposed for
 combat, stood.
 Again Gerenius Nestor spake: "Let
 lots be drawn by all;
 His hand shall help the well-arm'd Greeks,
 on whom the lot doth fall,
 And to his wish shall he be help'd, if he
 escape with life
 The harmful danger-breathing fit of this
 adventurous strife."
 Each mark'd his lot, and cast it in to
 Agamemnon's casque.
 The soldiers pray'd, held up their hands,
 and this of Jove did ask,
 With eyes advanced to heaven: "O Jove,
 so lead the herald's hand,
 That Ajax, or great Tydeus' son, may our
 wish'd champion stand,
 Or else the king himself that rules the rich
 Mycenian land."
 This said, old Nestor mix'd the lots:
 the foremost lot survey'd
 With Ajax Telamon was sign'd, as all the
 soldiers pray'd;

One of the heralds drew it forth, who
brought and shew'd it round,
Beginning at the right hand first, to all the
most renown'd

None knowing it, every man denied, but
when he forth did pass

To him which mark'd and cast it in, which
famous Ajax was,

He stretch'd his hand, and into it the herald
put the lot, [duke denied not,

Who, viewing it, th' inscription knew, the
But joyfully acknowledged it, and threw it
at his feet,

And said "O friends, the lot is mine,
which to my soul is sweet,

For now I hope my fame shall rise, in
noble Hector's fall

But, whilst I arm myself, do you on great
Saturnius call,

But silently, or to yourselves, that not a
Trojan hear;

Or openly, if you think good, since none
alive we fear

None with a will, if I will not, can my
bold powers affright,

At least for plain fierce swinge of strength,
or want of skill in fight,

For I will well prove that my birth, and
breed in Salamine

Was not all consecrate to meat, or mere
effects of wine"

This said, the well-given soldiers pray'd,
up went to heaven thes eyne.

"O Jove, that Ida dost protect, most
happy, most divine,

Send victory to Ajax' side, fame, grace
his goodly limb,

Or (if thy love bless Hector's life, and thou
hast care of him),

Bestow on both like power, like fame."

This said, in bright arms shone
The good strong Ajax, who, when all his
war attire was on,

March'd like the hugely-figured Mars, when
angry Jupiter

With strength, on people proud of strength,
sends him forth to infer

Wreakful contention, and comes on with
presence full of fear;

So th' Achive rampire, Telamon, did 'twixt
the hosts appear,

Smiled; yet of terrible aspect, on earth,
with ample pace,

He boldly stalk'd, and shook aloft his dart
with deadly grace

It did the Grecians good to see; but heart-
quakes shook the joints

Of all the Trojans. Hektor's self felt
thoughts, with horrid points,

Tempt his bold bosom, but he now must
make no counterfight,

Nor, with his honour, now refuse, that had
provoked the fight.

Ajax came near; and like a tower, his
shield his bosom barr'd,

The right side brass, and seven ox-hides
within it quilted hard,*

Old Tychius, the best currier, that did in
Hyla dwell,

Did frame it for exceeding proof, and
wrought it wondrous well

With this stood he to Hector close, and
with this brave began

"Now, Hector, thou shalt clearly know,
thus meeting man to man,

What other leaders arm our host, besides
great Thetis' son,

Who with his hardy lion's heart hath
armies overrun,

But he lies at our crook'd-stern'd fleet, a
rival with our king

In height of spirit, yet to Troy he many
knights did bring,

Coequal with Æacides, all able to sustain
All thy bold challenge can import: begin

then, words are vain."

The helm-graced Hector answer'd him:
"Renowned Telamon,

Prince of the soldiers came from Greece,
essay not me like one

Young and immortal, with great words, as
to an Amazon dame,

I have the habit of all fights, and know
the bloody frame

Of every slaughter, I well know the ready
right hand charge,

I know the left, and every sway of my
secureful targe;

I triumph in the cruelty of fixed combat
fight,

And manage horse to all designs; I think
then with good right

I may be confident as far as this my
challenge goes,

Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne
out with empty shows

But, being a soldier so renown'd, I will not
work on thee

With least advantage of that skill I know
doth strengthen me,

And so, with privacy of sleight, win that for
which I strive,

But at thy best, even open strength, if my
endeavours thrive."

* Hinc illud: Dominus clypei septemplex
Ajax.

Thus sent his long javelin forth : it
 strook his foe's huge shield
 Near to the upper skirt of brass, which
 was the eighth it held
 Six folds th' untamed dart strook through,
 and in the seventh tough hide
 The point was check'd then Ajax threw,
 his angry lance did glide
 Quite through his bright orbicular targe,
 his cuirass shirt of mail,
 And did his manly stomach's mouth with
 dangerous taint assail,
 But, in the bowing of himself, black death
 too short did strike,
 Then both, to pluck their javelins forth,
 encounter'd lion-like,
 Whose bloody violence is increased by that
 raw food they eat,
 Or boars whose strength wild nourishment
 doth make so wondrous great
 Again Priamides did wound in midst his
 shield of brass,
 Yet pierced not through the upper plate,
 the head reflected was
 But Ajax, following his lance, smote
 through his target quite,
 And stay'd bold Hector rushing in, the
 lance held way outright,
 And hurt his neck, out gush'd the blood
 yet Hector ceased not so,
 But in his strong hand took a flint, as he
 did backwards go,
 Black, sharp, and big, laid in the field,
 the sevenfold targe it smit
 Full on the boss, and round about the brass
 did ring with it.
 But Ajax a far greater stone lift up, and
 (wreathing round, [to wound,
 With all his body laid to it) he sent it forth
 And gave unmeasured force to it, the
 round stone broke within
 His rattled target, his loved knees to
 languish did begin,
 And he lean'd, stretch'd out on his shield;
 but Phœbus raised him straight
 Then had they laid on wounds with swords,
 in use of closer fight,
 Unless the heralds (messengers of Gods
 and godlike men)
 The one of Troy, the other Greece, had
 held betwixt them then
 Imperial sceptres; when the one, Idæus,
 grave and wise,
 Said to them : "Now no more, my sons;
 the Sovereign of the skies
 Doth love you both, both soldiers are, all
 witness with good right,
 But now night lays her mace on earth, 'tis
 good to obey the night."

"Idæus," Telamon replied, "to Hector
 speak, not me;
 He that call'd all our Achive peers to
 station-fight, 'twas he;
 If he first cease, I gladly yield." Great
 Hector then began.
 "Ajax, since Jove, to thy big form,
 made thee so strong a man,
 And gave thee skill to use thy strength, so
 much, that for thy spear
 Thou art most excellent of Greece, now
 let us fight for fear
 Hereafter we shall war again, till Jove our
 herald be,
 And grace with conquest which he will:
 heaven yields to night, and we
 Go thou and comfort all thy fleet, all friends
 and men of thine,
 As I in Troy my favourers, who in the fane
 divine
 Have offer'd orisons for me; and come, let
 us impart
 Some ensigns of our strife, to show each
 other's suppl'd heart,
 That men of Troy and Greece may say,
 Thus their high quarrel ends
 Those that, encountering, were such foes,
 are now, being separate, friends."
 He gave a sword, whose handle was with
 silver studs through driven,
 Scabbard and all, with hangers rich. By
 Telamon was given
 A fair well-glossed purple waist.* Thus
 Hector went to Troy, [safety's joy,
 And after him a multitude, fill'd with his
 Despairing he could ever 'scape the
 puissant fortitude
 And unimpeach'd Ajax' hands. The Greeks
 like joy renew'd
 For their reputed victory, and brought him
 to the king, [offering,
 Who to the great Saturnides prefer'd an
 † An ox that fed on five fair springs, they
 lay'd and quarter'd him,
 And then, in pieces cut, on spits, they
 roasted every limb;
 Which neatly dress'd, they drew it off:
 work done, they fell to feast,
 All had enough, but Telamon, the king
 fed past the rest
 With good large pieces of the chine. Thus
 thirst and hunger stay'd,
 Nestor, whose counsels late were best,
 vows new, and first he said :

* Hector gives Ajax a sword; Ajax, Hector
 a girdle. Both which gifts were afterwards
 cause of both their deaths.

† Virgil imit.

"Atrides, and my other lords, a sort of
 Greeks are dead,
 Whose black blood, near Scamander's
 stream, inhuman Mars hath shed,
 Their souls to hell descended are. It fits
 thee then, our king,
 To make our soldiers cease from war, and,
 by thy day's first spring,
 Let us ourselves, assembled all, the bodies
 bear to fire,
 With mules and oxen near our fleet, that
 when we home retire,
 Each man may carry to the sons, of
 fathers slaughter'd here,
 Their honour'd bones. One tomb for all,
 for ever, let us rear,
 Circling the pile without the field, at
 which we will erect
 Walls, and a ravelin, that may safe our
 fleet and us protect
 And in them let us fashion gates, solid, and
 barr'd about,
 Through which our horse and chariots
 may well get in and out
 Without all, let us dig a dike, so deep it
 may avail
 Our forces 'gainst the charge of horse, and
 foot, that come to assail.
 And thus thy attempts, that I see swell, in
 Troy's proud heart, shall fail "
 The kings do his advice approve. So
 Troy doth court consent
 At Priam's gate, in th' Ilion tower, fearful
 and turbulent.
 Amongst all, wise Antenor spake. "Trojans,
 and Dardan friends,
 And peers' assistants, give good ear to what
 my care commends
 To your consents, for all our good. Re-
 solve, let us restore
 The Argive Helen, with her wealth, to
 him she had before,
 We now defend but broken faiths if,
 therefore, ye refuse, [we use "
 No good event can I expect of all the wars
 He ceased; and Alexander spake,
 husband to th' Argive queen
 "Antenor, to mine ears thy words harsh
 and ungracious been
 Thou canst use better, if thou wilt, but if
 these truly fit
 Thy serious thoughts, the Gods with age
 have left thy graver wit
 To warlike Trojans I will speak I clearly
 do deny [render willingly,
 To yield my wife, but all her wealth I'll
 Whatever I from Argos brought, and vow
 to make it more; [I may restore."
 Which I have ready in my house, if peace
 VOL. III.

Priam, surnamed Dardanides, godlike,
 in counsels grave,
 In his son's favour well-advised, this
 resolution gave:
 "My royal friends of every state, there is
 sufficient done,
 For this late council we have call'd, in th'
 offer of my son.
 Now then let all take needful food, then
 let the watch be set,
 And every court of guard held strong, so,
 when the morn doth wet
 The high-raised battlements of Troy, Idæus
 shall be sent
 To th' Argive fleet, and Atreus' sons, to
 unfold my son's intent,
 From whose fact our contention springs;
 and, if they will, obtain
 Respite from heat of fight, till fire consume
 our soldiers slain,
 And after our most fatal war let us im-
 portune still,
 Till Jove the conquest have disposed to his
 unconquer'd will."
 All heard, and did obey the king, and,
 in their quarters, all,
 That were to set the watch that night, did
 to their suppers fall.
 Idæus in the morning went, and th' Achæan
 peers did find
 In council at Atrides' ship; his audience
 was assign'd,
 And, in the midst of all the kings, the
 vocal herald said
 "Atrides, my renowned king, and other
 kings, his aid,
 Propose by me, in their commands, the
 offer Paris makes,
 From whose joy all our woes proceed. He
 princely undertakes
 That all the wealth he brought from Greece
 (would he had died before)
 He will, with other added wealth, for your
 amends restore;
 But famous Menelaus' wife he still means
 to enjoy, [peers of Troy.
 Though he be urged the contrary, by all the
 And this besides I have in charge, that, if
 it please you all,
 They wish both sides may cease from war,
 that rites of funeral
 May on their bodies be perform'd, that in
 the fields he slain;
 And after, to the will of Fate, renew the
 fight again."
 All silence held at first; at last Tydides
 made reply.
 "Let no man take the wealth, or dame;
 for now a child's weak eye

May see the imminent black end of Priam's empery "

This sentence, quick and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire

Then said the king. " Herald, thou hear'st in him the voice entire Of all our peers, to answer thee, for that of Priam's son

But, for our burning of the dead, by all means I am won

To satisfy thy king therein, without the slenderest gain

Made of their spoiled carcasses ; but freely, being slain,

They shall be all consumed with fire. To witness which I cite

High thundering Jove, that is the king of Juno's bed's delight."

With this, he held his sceptre up, to all the sky-throned Powers ;

And grave Idæus did return to sacred Ilion's towers,

Where Ilans and Dardanians, did still their counsels ply,

Expecting his return. He came, and told his legacy

All, whirlwind-like, assembled then, some bodies to transport,

Some to hew trees " On th' other part, the Argives did exhort

Their soldiers to the same affairs. Then did the new-fired sun

Smite the broad fields, ascending heaven, and th' ocean smooth did run ,

When Greece and Troy mix'd in such peace, you scarce could either know

Then wash'd they off their blood and dust, and did warm tears bestow

Upon the slaughter'd, and in cars convey'd them from the field

Priam commanded none should mourn, but in still silence yield

Their honour'd carcasses to fire, and only grieve in heart

All burn'd , to Troy Troy's friends retire, to fleet the Grecian part

Yet doubtful night obscured the earth, he day did not appear,

When round about the funeral pile, the Grecians gather'd were.

The pile they circled with a tomb, and by it raised a wall,

High towers, to guard the fleet and them , and in the midst of all

They built strong gates, through which the horse and chariots passage had ;

Without the rampire a broad dike, long and profound, they made,

On which they palisadoes pitch'd ; and thus the Grecians wrought.

Their huge works in so little time were to perfection brought,

That all Gods, by the Lightener set, the frame thereof admired ,

'Mongst whom the earthquake-making God, this of their king inquired

" Father of Gods, will any man, of all earth's grassy sphere,

Ask any of the Gods consent to any actions there,

If thou wilt see the shag-hair'd Greeks, with headstrong labours frame

So huge a work, and not to us due offerings first enflame ?

As far as white Aurora's dews are sprinkled through the air,

Fame will renoun the hands of Greece, for this divine affair ,

Men will forget the sacred work, the Sun and I did raise

For king Laomedon (bright Troy) and this will bear the praise "

Jove was extremely moved with him, and said " What words are these,

Thou mighty shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas ?

Some other God, of far less power, might hold conceits, dismay'd

With this rare Grecian stratagem,* and thou rest well afraid ,

For it will glorify thy name, as far as light extends ,

Since, when these Greeks shall see again their native soil and friends,

The bulwark batter'd, thou mayst quite devour it with thy waves,

And cover, with thy fruitless sands, this fatal shore of graves ,

That, what their fiery industries have so divinely wrought

In raising it, in razing it thy power will prove it nought "

Thus spake the Gods among themselves. set was the fervent Sun ;

And now the great work of the Greeks was absolutely done.

Then slew they oxen in their tents, and strength with food revived,

When out of Lemnos a great fleet of odorous wine arriv'd,

Sent by Euneus, Jason's son, borne of Hypsipyle.

The fleet contain'd a thousand tun, which must transported be

* The fortification that in the twelfth Book is razed.

To Atreus' sons, as he gave charge, whose
 merchandise it was
 The Greeks bought wine for shining steel,
 and some for sounding brass,
 Some for ox-hides, for oxen some, and
 some for prisoners
 A sumptuous banquet was prepared, and
 all that night the peers
 And fair-hair'd Greeks consumed in feast.
 so Trojans, and their aid
 And all the night Jove thunder'd loud;
 pale fear all thoughts dismay'd.

While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove
 wrought their banes in heaven
 They pour'd full cups upon the ground,
 and were to offerings driven
 Instead of quaffings, and to drink, none
 durst attempt, before [adore.
 In solemn sacrifice they did almighty Jove
 Then to their rests they all repair'd, bold zeal
 their fear bereaved, [they received
 And sudden sleep's refreshing gift, * securely

* The sweet gift of patient sleep 1598.

THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT

WHEN Jove to all the Gods had given command,
That none to either host should helpful stand,
To Ida he descends, and sees from thence
Juno and Pallas haste the Greeks' defence,
Whose purpose, his command, by Iris given,
Doth intervert. Then came the silent even,
When Hector charged fires should consume the
night,
Lest Greeks in darkness took suspected flight.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Theta, gods a Council have,
Troy's conquest, glorious Hector's brave

THE cheerful Lady of the light, deck'd
in her saffron robe,
Dispersed her beams through every part of
this enflowered globe,
When thundering Jove a court of Gods
assembled by his will,
In top of all the topful heights, that crown
th' Olympian hill
He spake, and all the Gods gave ear
"Hear how I stand inclined,
That God nor Goddess may attempt t'
infringe my sovereign mind,
But all give suffrage that with speed I may
these discords end [defend
What God soever I shall find endeavour to
Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven
he, shamed, shall reascend,
Or, taking with him his offence, I'll cast
him down as deep
As Tartarus, the brood of night, where
Baiathrum* doth steep
Torment in his profoundest sinks, where is
the floor of brass,
And gates of iron, the place, for depth, as
far doth hell surpass,
As heaven for height exceeds the earth;
then shall he know from thence
How much my power, past all the Gods,
hath sovereign eminence
Endanger it the whales and see. let down
our golden chain,
And at it let all deities their utmost
strengths constrain,

To draw me to the earth from heaven, yet
never shall prevail,
Though, with your most contention, ye
dare my state assail. -
But when my will shall be disposed, to
draw you all to me,
Even with the earth itself, and seas, ye
shall enforced be,
Then will I to Olympus' top our virtuous
engine bind,
And by it everything shall hang, by my
command inclined.
So much I am supreme to Gods, to men
supreme as much "
The Gods sat silent, and admired, his
dreadful speech was such
At last his blue-eyed daughter spake:
"O great Saturnides,
O father, O heaven's highest king, well
know we the excess
Of thy great power, compared with all:
yet the bold Greeks' estate
We needs must mourn, since they must
fall beneath so hard a fate,
For, if thy grave command enjoin, we will
abstain from fight
But to afford them such advice, as may
relieve their plight,
We will, with thy consent, be bold, that
all may not sustain
The fearful burthen of thy wrath, and with
their shames be slain "
He smiled, and said: "Be confident, thou
art beloved of me;
I speak not this with serious thoughts, but
will be kind to thee "
Thus said, his brass-hooved winged horse
he did to chariot bind,
Whose crests were fringed with manes of
gold, and golden garments shined
On his rich shoulders, in his hand he took
a golden scourge,
Divinely fashion'd, and with blows their
willing speed did urge
Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven;
to Ida then he came,
Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse
of beasts untame,
Where, on the mountain Gargarus, men
did a fane erect
To his high name, and altars sweet; and
there his horse he check'd,

* Virgil maketh thus likewise his place, adding
*His patet in proceps tantum, tenditque sub
umbra.* &c. — [ÆN. vi. 578.]

Dissolved them from his chariot, and in a
 cloud of jet
 He over'd them, and on the top took his
 triumphant seat,
 Beholding Priam's famous town, and all
 the fleet of Greece
 The Greeks took breakfast speedily, and
 arm'd at every piece
 So Trojans, who though fewer far, yet all
 to fight took arms,
 Dire need enforced them to avert their
 wives' and children's harms
 All gates flew open; all the host did issue,
 foot and horse,
 In mighty tumult; straight one place
 adjoin'd each adverse force
 Then shields with shields met, darts with
 darts, strength against strength opposed,
 The boss-piked targets were thrust on, and
 thunder'd as they closed
 In mighty tumult, groan for groan, and
 breath for breath did breathe,
 Of men then slain, and to be slain, earth
 flow'd with fruits of death
 While the fair morning's beauty held, and
 day increased in height,
 Their javelins mutually made death trans-
 port an equal freight,
 But when the hot meridian point, bright
 Phoebus did ascend, [extend,
 Then Jove his golden balances did equally
 And, of long-rest-conferring death, put in
 two bitter fates
 For Troy and Greece, he held the midst,
 the day of final dates
 Fell on the Greeks, the Greeks' hard lots
 sunk to the flowery ground,
 The Trojans leapt as high as heaven
 then did the claps resound
 Of his fierce thunder, lightning leapt
 amongst each Grecian troop,
 The sight amazed them, pallid fear made
 boldest stomachs stoop
 Then Idomen durst not abide, Atides
 went his way,
 And both th' Ajaces, Nestor yet, against
 his will did stay,
 That grave protector of the Greeks, for
 Paris with a dart
 Enraged one of his chariot horse, he smote
 the upper part
 Of all his skull, even where the hair, that
 made his foretop, sprung.
 The hurt was deadly, and the pain so sore
 the courser stung
 (Pierced to the brain), he stamp'd and
 plunged. One on another bears,
 Entangled round about the beam, then
 Nestor cut the gears

With his new-drawn authentic sword
 meanwhile the fiery horse
 Of Hector brake into the press, with their
 bold ruler's force,
 Then good old Nestor had been slain, had
 Diomed not espied,
 Who to Ulysses, as he fled, importunately
 cried
 "Thou that in counsels dost abound, O
 Laertiades,
 Why fleest thou? Why thus, coward-like,
 shunn'st thou the honour'd prease?
 Take heed thy back take not a dart stay,
 let us both intend
 To drive this cruel enemy, from our dear
 aged friend"
 He spake, but wary Ithacus would find
 no patient ear,
 But fled forthright, even to the fleet yet,
 though he single were,
 Brave Diomed mix'd amongst the fight,
 and stood before the steeds
 Of old Neleides, whose estate thus kingly
 he areeds
 "O father, with these youths in fight,
 thou art unequal placed,
 Thy willing sinews are unknt, grave age
 pursues thee fast,
 And thy unruly horse are slow, my chariot
 therefore use,
 And try how ready Trojan horse, can fly
 him that pursues,
 Pursue the fier, and every way perform
 the varied fight,
 I forced them from Anchises' son, well-
 skill'd in cause of flight
 Then let my squire lead hence thy horse;
 mine thou shalt guard, whilst I,
 By thee advanced, assay the fight, that
 Hector's self may try
 If my lance dote with the defects, that fail
 best minds in age,
 Or find the palsy in my hands, that doth
 thy life engage"
 This noble Nestor did accept, and
 Diomed's two friends, [ascends
 Eurymedon, that valour loves, and Sthenelus,
 Of Nestor's coach of Diomed's horse
 Nestor the chage sustains,
 And Iydeus' son took place of fight.
 Neleides held the reins,
 And scourged the horse, who swiftly ran
 direct in Hector's face,
 Whom fierce Iydidies bravely charged, but,
 he turn'd from the chase,
 His javelin Eniopeus smit, mighty The-
 bæus' son,
 And was great Hector's charioteer; it
 through his breast did run

Near to his pap; he fell to earth, back
flew his frightened horse,
His strength and soul were both dissolved.
Hector had deep remorse

Of his mishap, yet left he him, and for
another sought,
Nor long his steeds did want a guide; for
straight good fortune brought
Bold Archeptolemus, whose life did from
Iphitis spring,

He made him take the reins and mount
then souls were set on wing,
Then high exploits were undergone, then
Trojans in their walls

Had been infolded like meek lambs, had
Jove wink'd at their falls,

Who hur'd his horrid thunder forth, and
made pale lightnings fly [did apply

Into the earth, before the horse that Nestor
A dreadful flash burnt through the air,
that savour'd sulphur-like,

Which down before the chariot the dazzled
horse did strike.

The fair reins fell from Nestor's hands, who
did in fear entreat [fury's heat

Renown'd Tydides into flight to turn his
"For know'st thou not," said he, "our

aid is not supplied from Jove?
This day he will give fame to Troy, which

when it fits his love
We shall enjoy let no man tempt his

unresisted will, [he exceeds him still "
Though he exceed in gifts of strength, for

"Father," replied the king, "'tis true,
but both my heart and soul

Are most extremely grieved to think how
Hector will control

My valour with his vaunts in Troy, that I
was terror-sick

With his approach; which when he boasts,
let earth devour me quick "

"Ah, warlike Tydeus' son," said he,
"what needless words are these?

Though Hector should report thee faint,
and amorous of thy ease,

The Trojans, nor the Trojan wives, would
never give him trust,

Whose youthful husbands thy free hand
bath smother'd so in dust."

This said, he turn'd his one-hooved horse
to flight, and troop did take,

When Hector and his men, with shouts,
did greedy pursuit make,

And pour'd on darts that made air sigh:
then Hector did exclaim

"O Tydeus' son, the kings of Greece do
most renown thy name

With highest place, feasts, and full cups;
who now will do thee shame;

Thou shalt be like a woman used, and they
will say 'Depart,
Immortal minion, since to stand Hector
thou hadst no heart'

Nor canst thou scale our turrets' tops, nor
lead the wives to fleet

Of valiant men, that wife-like fear'st my
adverse charge to meet "

This two ways moved him, still to fly,
or turn his horse and fight.

Thrice thrust he forward to assault, and
every time the fright

Of Jove's fell thunder drove him back,
which he proposed for sign

(To shew the change of victory) Trojans
should victors shine

Then Hector comforted his men: "All my
adventurous friends,

Be men, and, of your famous strength,
think of the honour'd ends

I know benevolent Jupiter, did by his beck
profess [the Greeks distress

Conquest and high renown to me, and to
O fools, to raise such silly forts, not worth

the least account,
Nor able to resist our force, with ease

our horse may mount,
Quite over all their hollow dike: but,

when their fleet I reach,
Let Memory to all the world a famous

bonfire teach,
For I will all their ships inflame, with

whose festive smoke,
Fear-shrunk, and hidden near their keels,

the conquer'd Greeks shall choke."
Then cherish'd he his famous horse "O

Xanthus, now," said he,
"And thou Podargus, Æthon too, and

Lampus, dear to me,
Make me some worthy recompense, for so

much choice of meat,
Given you by fair Andromache; bread of

the purest wheat,
And with it, for your drink, mix'd wine, to

make ye wished cheer,
Still serving you before myself, her husband

young and dear
Pursue, and use your swiftest speed, that

we may take for prize
The shield of old Neleides, which Fame

lifts to the skies,
Even to the handles telling it to be of

massy gold.
And from the shoulders let us take, of

Diomed the bold,
The royal curass Vulcan wrought, with

art so exquisite.
These if we make our sacred spoil, I doubt

not, but this night,

And after these Eurypylus, Evemon's
honour'd race ;
The ninth, with backward-wreathed bow,
had little Teucer place,
He still fought under Ajax' shield, who
sometimes held it by,
And then he look'd his object out, and let
his arrow fly,
And, whomsoever in the press he wounded,
him he slew, [presently withdrew
Then under Ajax' seven-fold shield, he
He fared like an unhappy child, that doth
to mother run
For succour, when he knows full well, he
some shrewd turn hath done
What Trojans then were to their deaths, by
Teucer's shafts, impress'd ?
Hapless Orsilochus was first, Ormenus,
Ophelest,
Dætor, and hardy Cronus, and Lycophon
divine, [Polyæmon's line,
And Amopæon that did spring from
And Menalippus, all, on heaps, he
tumbled to the ground
The king rejoiced to see his shafts the
Phrygian ranks confound,
Who straight came near, and spake to him
"O Teucer, lovely man,
Strike still so sure, and be a grace to every
Grecian,
And to thy father Telamon, who took thee
kindly home [thee foster room,
(Although not by his wife his son) and gave
Even from thy childhood, then to him,
though far from hence removed,
Make good fame reach, and to thyself, I
vow what shall be proved :
If he that dreadful Ægis bears, and Pallas,
grant to me
Th' expugnance of well-built Troy, I
first will honour thee
Next to myself with some rich gift, and
put it in thy hand -
A three-foot vessel, that, for grace, in sacred
fanes doth stand ;
Or two horse and a chariot ; or else a lovely
dame [amplify thy name "
That may ascend one bed with thee, and
Teucer right nobly answer'd him "Why,
most illustrious king, [adjoin a string?
I being thus forward of myself, dost thou
Without which, all the power I have, I
cease not to employ :
For, from the place where we repulsed the
Trojans towards Troy,
I all the purple field have strew'd, with one
or other slain.
Eight shafts I shot, with long steel heads, of
which not one in vain.

All were in youthful bodies fix'd, well-
skill'd in war's constraint,
Yet this wild dog, with all my aim, I have
no power to tant "
This said, another arrow forth from his
stiff string he sent
At Hector, whom he long'd to wound ;
but still amiss it went
Not by his want of archery, but Jove pro-
tected him,
Who that day would not have him hurt,
but graced in every line
Yet for his skill sake other men, he bound
in endless sleeps,
A general more than troops of men,
instinct of duty keeps.*
His shaft smit fair Gorgythion, of Priam's
princely race, [town in Thrace,
Who in Epina was brought forth, a famous
By Castanira, that, for form, was like
celestial breed.
And, as a crimson poppy flower, surcharged
with his seed,
And vernal humours falling thick, declines
his heavy brow,
So, of one side, his helmet's weight his
fainting head did bow.
Yet Teucer would another shaft at Hector's
life dispose, [beside it goes ;
So fain he such a mark would hit, but still
Apollo did avert the shaft, but Hector's
charoteer, [rushing near
Bold Archeptolemus, he smit, as he was
To make the fight, to earth he fell, his
swift horse back did fly,
And there were both his strength and soul
exiled eternally.
Huge grief, for Hector's slaughter'd friend,
pinch'd in his mighty mind,
Yet was he forced to leave him there, and
his void place resign'd
To his sad brother, that was by, Cebriones ;
whose ear
Receiving Hector's charge, he straight the
weighty reins did bear ;
And Hector from his shining coach, with
horrid voice, leap'd on,
To wreak his friend on Teucer's hand ; and
up he took a stone,
With which he at the archer ran ; who
from his quiver drew
A sharp-piled shaft, and nock'd it sure ;
but in great Hector flew

* These four lines are now first restored from the edition of 1598 (Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer, p. 67). They are, however, an interpolation of Chapman's own: there is no equivalent for them in the original Greek. — Ed.

With such fell speed, that, in his draught,
 he his right shoulder strook
 Where, 'twixt his neck and breast, the
 joint his native closure took.
 The wound was wondrous full of death,
 his string in sunder flees,
 His numbed hand fell strengthless down,
 and he upon his knees.
 Ajax neglected not to aid his brother thus
 depress'd,
 But came and saft him with his shield,
 and two more friends, address'd
 To be his aid, took him to fleet Mecisteus,
 Echius' son, [his service done
 And gay Alastor. Teucer sigh'd, for all
 Then did Olympius, with fresh strength,
 the Trojan powers revive,
 Who, to their trenches once again, the
 troubled Greeks did drive
 Hector brought terror with his strength,
 and ever fought before
 As when some highly-stomach'd hound,
 that hunts a sylvan boar,
 Or kingly lion, loves the haunch, and
 pincheth oft behind,
 Bold of his feet, and still observes the
 game to turn inclined,
 Not utterly dissolved in flight, so Hector
 did pursue, [subdue
 And whosoever was the last, he ever did
 They fled, but, when they had their dike and
 palisadoes pass'd [they stay'd at last.
 (A number of them put to sword), at ships
 Then mutual exhortations flew, then, all
 with hands and eyes
 Advanced to all the Gods, their plagues
 wrung from them open cries
 Hector, with his four rich-maned horse,
 assaulting always rode,
 The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and
 war's vermillion God
 The Goddess that all Goddesses, for snowy
 arms, out-shined,
 Thus spake to Pallas, to the Greeks with
 gracious ruth inclined
 "O Pallas, what a grief is this! Is all
 our succour past,
 To these our perishing Grecian friends?
 at least withheld at last,
 Even now, when one man's violence must
 make them perish all,
 In satisfaction of a fate so full of funeral?
 Hector Phrygiades now raves, no more to
 be endured, [harms inured."
 That hath already on the Greeks so many
 The azure Goddess answer'd her
 "This man had surely found
 His fortune and life dissolved, even on
 his father's ground,

By Grecian valour, if my sire, infested with
 ill moods,
 Did not so dote on these of Troy, too
 jealous of their bloods,
 And ever an unjust repulse stands to my
 willing powers,
 Little remembering what I did, in all the
 desperate hours
 Of his affected Hercules; I ever rescued
 him, [life or limb,
 In labours of Eurystheus, untouch'd in
 When he, heaven knows, with drowned
 eyes look'd up for help to heaven,
 Which ever, at command of Jove, was by
 my supppliance given.
 But had my wisdom reach'd so far, to
 know of this event,
 When to the solid-ported depths of hell
 his son was sent,
 To hale out hateful Pluto's dog from dark
 some Erebus,
 He had not scaped the streams of Styx,
 so deep and dangerous
 Yet Jove hates me, and shews his love in
 doing Thetis' will,
 That kiss'd his knees, and stroked his chin,
 pray'd, and importuned still,
 That he would honour with his aid her
 city-razing son,
 Displeased Achilles; and for him our
 friends are thus undone
 But time shall come again, when he (to do
 his friends some aid)
 Will call me his Glaucoepides, his sweet
 and blue-eyed maid
 Then harness thou thy horse for me, that
 his bright palace gates
 I soon may enter, arming me, to order
 these debates,
 And I will try if Priam's son will still
 maintain his cheer,
 When in the crimson paths of war, I
 dreadfully appear,
 For some proud Trojan shall be sure to
 nourish dogs and fowls,
 And pave the shore with fat and flesh,
 deprived of lives and souls."
 Juno prepared her horse, whose manes
 ribands of gold enlaced
 Pallas her partly-colour'd robe on her
 bright shoulders cast,
 Divinely wrought with her own hands, in
 th' entry of her sue
 Then put she on her ample breast her
 under-arming ture,
 And on it her celestial arms. The chariot
 straight she takes,
 With her huge heavy violent lance, with
 which she slaughter makes

Of armies fatal to her wrath. Saturnia
whipp'd her horse,
And heaven gates, guarded by the Hours,
oped by their proper force,
Through which they flew whom when
Jove saw (set near th' Idalian springs)
Highly displeased, he Iris call'd, that hath
the golden wings,
And said "Fly, Iris, turn them back, let
them not come at me,
Our meetings, severally disposed, will
nothing gracious be
Beneath their o'erthrown chariot I'll shiver
their proud steeds,
Hurl down themselves, their wagon break,
and, for their stubborn deeds,
In ten whole years they shall not heal the
wounds I will impress
With horrid thunder, that my maid may
know when to address
Arms 'gainst her father For my wife, she
doth not so offend,
'Tis but her use to interrupt whatever I
intend"
Iris, with this, left Ida's hills, and up t'
Olympus flew,
Met near heaven-gates the Goddesses, and
thus their haste withdrew
"What course intend you? Why are
you wrapp'd with your fancies' storm?
Jove likes not ye should aid the Greeks,
but threats, and will perform,
To crush in pieces your swift horse beneath
their glorious yokes,
Hurl down yourselves, your chariot break,
and those impositon'd strokes
His wounding thunder shall imprint in
your celestial parts,
In ten full springs ye shall not cure, that
she that tames proud hearts
(Thyself Minerva) may be taught to know
for what, and when,
Thou dost against thy father fight, for
sometimes children
May with discretion plant themselves
against their fathers' wills,
But not where humours only rule, in
works beyond their skills
For Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth
him so much,
For 'tis her use to cross his will, her
impudence is such,*
The habit of offence in this she only doth
contract,
And so grieves or incenseth less, though
ne'er the less her fact.

But thou most grieveest him, dogged dame,
whom he rebukes in time,
Lest silence should pervert thy will, and
pride too highly climb
In thy bold bosom, desperate girl, if
seriously thou dare
Lift thy unwieldy lance 'gainst Jove, as
thy pretences are "
She left them, and Saturnia said "Ay
me, thou seed of Jove,
By my advice we will no more unfit con-
tention move
With Jupiter, for mortal men, of whom,
let this man die, [with destiny;
And that man live, whoever he pursues
And let him, plotting all events, dispose of
either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and
may become us most "
Thus turn'd she back, and to the Hours
her rich-maned horse resign'd,
Who them t' immortal mangers bound;
the chariot they inclined
Beneath the crystal walls of heaven, and
they in golden thrones
Consorted other Deities, replete with
passions
Jove, in his bright-wheel'd chariot, his
fiery horse now beats
Up to Olympus, and aspired the Gods'
eternal seats
Great Neptune loosed his horse, his car
upon the altar placed,
And heavenly-linen coverings did round
about it cast
The Far-seer used his throne of gold:
the vast Olympus shook
Beneath his feet his wife, and maid,
apart their places took,
Nor any word afforded him: he knew
their thoughts, and said
"Why do ye thus torment yourselves?
you need not sit dismay'd
With the long labours you have used in
your victorious fight,
Destroying Trojans, 'gainst whose lives
you heap such high dispute.
Ye should have held your glorious course;
for, be assured, as far
As all my powers, by all means urged,
could have sustain'd the war,
Not all the host of Deities should have
retired my hand
From vow'd inflictions on the Greeks:
much less you two withstand.
But you, before you saw the fight, much
less the slaughter there,
Had all your shining lineaments possess'd
with aspen fear,

* Facile facit quod semper facit.

And never had your chariot borne their
charge to heaven again,

But thunder should have smit you both,
had you one Trojan slain "

Both Goddesses let fall their chins upon
their ivory breasts, [Troy's unrests

Set next to Jove, contriving still, afflicted
Pallas for anger could not speak, Saturnia,

contrary, [made this bold reply
Could not for anger hold her peace, but

"Not-to-be-suffer'd Jupiter, what need st
trou still enforce

Thy matchless power? we know it well,
but we must yield remorse

To them that yield us sacrifice nor need'st
thou thus denie

Our kind obedience, nor our griefs, but
bear our powers applied

To just protection of the Greeks, that anger
tomb not all [stand, should fall "

In Troy's foul gulf of perjury, and let them
"Grieve not," said Jove, "at all done

yet, for, if thy fair eyes please,
This next red morning they shall see the

great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greeks, and

Hector shall not cease, [Æacides,
Till he have roused from the fleet swift-foot

In that day, when before their ships, for his
Patroclus slain, [so the Fates ordain

The Greeks in great distress shall fight, for
I weigh not thy displeased spleen, though

to th' extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carry thee, where end-

less night confounds
Japet, and my dejected Sire, who sit so far

beneath, [winds that breathe,
They never see the flying sun, nor hear the

Near to profoundest Tartarus nor, thither
if thou went, [more impudent."

Would I take pity of thy moods, since none
To this she nothing did reply. And now

Sol's glorious light [drowsy night
Fell to the sea, and to the land drew up the

The Trojans grieved at Phœbus' fall, which
all the Greeks desired,

And sable night, so often wish'd, to earth's
firm throng aspired

Hector (intending to consult) near to the
gulfy flood, [exempt from blood,

Far from the fleet, led to a place, pure and
The Trojan forces from their horse all

lighted, and did hear
Th' oration, Jove-loved Hector made; who

held a goodly spear,
Eleven full cubits long, the head was brass,

and did reflect
A wanton light before him still, it round

about was deck'd

With strong hoops of new-burnish'd gold:
on this he lean'd, and said

"Hear me, my worthy friends of Troy,
and you, our honour'd aid

A little since, I had conceit we should have
made retreat,

By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the
Greeks' escheat,

But darkness hith prevented us, and saft,
with special grace,

These Achives and their shore-haled fleet.
Let us then render place

To sacred Night, our suppers dress, and
from our chariots free

Our fair-maned horse, and meat them well-
then let there convoy'd be,

From forth the city presently, oxen and
well-fed sheep,

Sweet wine, and bread, and fell much wood,
that all night we may keep

Plenty of fires, even till the light bring
forth the lovely morn,

And let their brightness glaze the skies,
that night may not suborn

The Greeks' escape, if they for flight the
sea's broad back would take,

At least they may not part with ease, but,
as retreat they make,

Each man may bear a wound with him, to
cure when, he comes home,

Made with a shaft or sharpen'd spear; and
others fear to come,

With charge of lamentable war, 'gainst
soldiers bred in Troy

Then let our heralds through the town
their offices employ

To warn the youth, yet short of war, and
time-white fathers, past,

That in our god-built towers they see strong
courts of guard be placed,

About the walls, and let our dames yet
flourishing in years,

That, having beauties to keep pure, are
most inclined to fears

(Since darkness in distressful times more
dreadful is than light)

Make lofty fires in every house, and thus,
the dangerous night,

Held with strong watch, if th' enemy have
ambuscadoes laid

Near to our walls (and therefore seem in
fight the more dismay'd,

Intending a surprise, while we are all with-
out the town) [man's renown

They every way shall be impugn'd, to every
Perform all this, brave Trojan friends:

what now I have to say
Is all express'd, the cheerful morn shall

other things display.

<p>It is my glory (putting trust in Jove, and other Gods) That I shall now expulse these dogs fates sent to our abodes, Who bring ostents of destiny, and black their threatening fleet But this night let us hold strong guards to-morrow we will meet (With fierce-made war) before their ships, and I'll make known to all If strong Tydides from their ships can drive me to their wall, Or I can pierce him with my sword, and force his bloody spoil The wished morn shall shew his power, if he can shun his foil I running on him with my lance. I think, when day ascends, He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends. O that I were as sure to live immortal, and sustain No frailties with increasing years, but evermore remain Adored like Pallas, or the Sun, as all doubts die in me That heaven's next light shall be the last the Greeks shall ever see " This speech all Trojans did applaud, who from their traces loosed Their sweating horse, which severally with headstalls they reposed,</p>	<p>And fasten'd by their chariots; when others brought from town Fat sheep and oxen, instantly, bread wine, and hewed down Huge store of wood The winds trans- ferr'd into the friendly sky Their supper's savour, to the which they sat delightfully, And spent all night in open field, fires round about them shined As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind, And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows, And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight, When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light, And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart, So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part, Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets show'd A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allow'd Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn, And all did wishfully expect the silver- throned morn.</p>
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THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT

To Agamemnon (urging hopeless flight)
Stand Diomed, and Nestor opposite
By Nestor's counsel, legates are dismiss'd
To Thetis' son, who still denies to assist.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iota sings the Embassy,
And great Achilles' stern reply

So held the Trojans sleepless guard, the
Greeks to flight were given,
The feeble consort of cold fear, strangely
infused from heaven,
Grief, not to be endured, did wound all
Greeks of greatest worth
And as two lateral-sited winds, the West
wind and the North,
Meet at the Thracian sea's black breast,
join in a sudden blower, [upon the shore
Tumble together the dark waves, and pour
A mighty deal of froth and weed, with
which men manure ground,
So Jove and Troy did drive the Greeks,
and all their minds confound
But Agamemnon most of all was tortured
at his heart, [bade them cite, apart,
Who to the voiceful heralds went, and
Each Grecian leader severally, not openly
proclaim [together came
In which he labour'd with the first, and all
They sadly sate The king arose, and
poured out tears as fast
As from a lofty rock a spring doth his
black waters cast,
And, deeply sighing, thus bespake the
chives "O my friends,
Princes, and leaders of the Greeks, heaven's
adverse king extends
His wrath, with too much detriment, to
my so just design,
Since he hath often promised me, and
bound it with the sign
Of his bent forehead, that this Troy our
vengeful hands should race,
And safe return; yet, now engaged, he
plagues us with disgrace,
When all our trust to him hath drawn so
much blood from our friends
My glory, nor my brother's wreak, were
the proposed ends,

For which he drew you to these toils, but
your whole country's shame,
Which had been huge to bear the rape of
so divine a dame,
Made in despite of our revenge And yet
not that had moved
Our powers to these designs, if Jove had
not our drifts approved,
Which since we see he did for blood, 'tis
desperate fight in us
To strive with him, then let us fly; 'tis
flight he urgeth thus"
Long time still silence held them all, at
last did Diomed rise *
"Atreides, I am first must cross
thy indiscreet advice,
As may become me, being a
king, in this our martial
court
Be not displeased then, for thyself didst
broadly misreport
In open field my fortitude, and call'd me
faint and weak,
Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth
any rites to break
That appertain'd thy public rule; yet all
the Greeks knew well,
Of every age, thou didst me wrong. As
thou then didst reffell
My valour first of all the host, as of a man
dismay'd,
So now, with fit occasion given, I first
blame thee afraid.
Inconstant Saturn's son hath given inconstant
spirits to thee, [degreed,
And, with a sceptre over all, an eminent
But with a sceptre's sovereign grace, the
chief power, fortitude
(To bridle thee), he thought not best thy
breast should be endured.
Unhappy king, think'st thou the Greeks
are such a silly sort,
And so excessive impotent, as thy weak
words import?
If thy mind move thee to be gone, the way
is open, go;
Mycenian ships enow ride near, that
brought thee to this woe;
The rest of Greece will stay, nor stir till
Troy be overcome
With full eversion; or if not, but (doters of
their home)

* Diomed
takes fit time
to answer his
wrong done
by Agamem-
non in the
fourth book.

Will put on wings to fly with thee, myself
and Sthenelus

Will fight till (trusting favouring Jove) we
bring home Troy with us ".*

This all applauded, and admired the
spirit of Diomed,

When Nestor, rising from the rest, his
speech thus seconded

"Tydides, thou art, questionless, our
strongest Greek in war, [equal are

And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that
In place with thee, and stand on strength,

nor is there any one
Can blame, or contradict thy speech, and

yet thou hast not gone
So far, but we must further go Thou'rt

young, and well might'st be
My youngest son, though still I yield thy

words had high degree
Of wisdom in them to our king, since well

they did become
Their right in question, and refute in-
glorious going home

But I (well-known thy senior far) will
speak, and handle all

Yet to propose, which none shall check,
no, not our general

A hater of society, unjust, and wild, is he
That loves intestine war, being stuff'd with

manless cruelty
And therefore in persuading peace, and

home-flight, we the less
May blame our general, as one loth to

wrap in more distress
His loved soldiers but because they

bravely are resolved
To cast lives after toils, before they part

in shame involved,
Provide we for our honour'd stay; obey

black night, and fall
Now to our suppers, then appoint our

guards without the wall,
And in the bottom of the dike, which

guards I wish may stand
Of our brave youth. And, Atreus' son,

since thou art in command
Before our other kings, be first in thy

command's effect.
It well becomes thee; since 'tis both what

all thy peers expect,

* Continued thus in the edition of 1598.—
And lest this madness seem, observe what reasons
I pursue

We fight with love of Jove, with which one man
may worlds subdue "

This speech was liked, when Nestor mark'd,
who like a right old man

Would fain prefer his graver years; and there-
fore thus began :—

And in the royal right of things is no
impair to thee

Nor shall it stand with less than right, ~~that~~
they invited be

To supper by thee, all thy tents are amply
stored with wine,

Brought daily in Greek ships from Thrace;
and to this grace of thine

All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of
men to wait,

And, many meeting there, thou mayst
hear every man's conceit,

And take the best. It much concerns all
Greeks to use advice [our enemies

Of gravest natures, since so near our ships
Have lighted such a sort of fires, with

which what man is joy'd?
Look, how all bear themselves this night

so live, or be destroy'd "
All heard, and follow'd his advice

There was appointed then
Seven captains of the watch, who forth

did march with all their men
The first was famous Thrasymed, adviceful

Nestor's son, [Merion;
Ascalaphus, and Ialmen; and mighty

Alphareus, and Deipyrus; and lovely
Lycomed, [an hundred soldiers led,

Old Creon's joy. These seven bold lords
In every sever'd company, and every man

his pike,
Some placed on the rampire's top, and

some amidst the dike.
All fires made, and their suppers took.

Atrides to his tent [sufficient
Invited all the peers of Greece, and food

Apposed before them, and the peers ap-
posed their hands to it

Hunger and thirst being quickly quench'd,
to counsel still they sit

And first spake Nestor, who they thought
of late advised so well,

A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus
his tale did tell

"Most high Atrides, since in thee I
have intent to end,

From thee will I begin my speech, to
whom Jove doth command

The empire of so many men, and puts into
thy hand [mayst well command

A sceptre, and establish'd laws, that thou
And counsel all men under thee. It there-
fore doth behove

Thyself to speak most, since of all, thy
speeches most will move;

And yet to hear, as well as speak; and
then perform as well

A free just counsel in thee still must stick
what others tell,

For me, what in my judgment stands the most convenient

I will advise, and am assured advice more competent

Shall not be given, the general proof, that hath before been made

Of what I speak, confirms me still, and now may well persuade,

Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou, most royal king,

Even from the tent, Achilles' love didst violently bring,

Against my counsel, urging thee by all means to relent, [venture the event,

But you, obeying your high mind, would Dishonouring our ablest Greek, a man th'

immortals grace [now embrace

Again yet let's deliberate, to make him Affection to our general good, and bring

his force to field,

Both which kind words and pleasing gifts must make his virtues yield "

"O father," answered the king, "my wrongs thou tell'st me right

Mine own offence mine own tongue grants one man must stand in fight

For our whole army, him I wrong'd, him Jove loves from his heart,

He shows it in thus honouring him, who, living thus apart,

Proves us but number, for his want makes all our weakness seen

Yet after my confess'd offence, soothing my humorous spleen,

I'll sweeten his affects again with presents infinite, [openly recite

Which, to approve my firm intent, I'll Seven sacred tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,

Twenty bright caldrons; twelve young horse, well-shaped, and well controll'd,

And victors too, for they have won the prize at many a race,

That man should not be poor that had but what their winged pace

Hath added to my treasury, nor feel sweet gold's defect. [were the most select,

Seven Lesbian ladies he shall have, that And in their needles rarely skill'd, whom,

when he took the town

Of famous Lesbos, I did choose, who won the chief renown

For beauty from their whole fair sex, amongst whom I'll resign [of mine

Fair Briseis, and I deeply swear (for any fact That may discourage her receipt) she is

untouch'd, and rests

As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if Jove to our requests

Vouchsafe performance, and afford the work, for which we wait,

Of winning Troy) with brass and gold he shall his navy freight

And, entering when we be at spoil, that princely hand of his

Shall choose him twenty Trojan dames, excepting Tyndaris,

The fairest Pergamus enfolds, and, if we make retreat

To Argos, call'd of all the world the Navel, or chief seat,

He shall become my son-in-law, and I will honour him

Even as Orestes, my sole son, that doth in honours swim

Three daughters in my well-built court unmarried are, and fair,

Laodice, Chrysothemis, that hath the golden hair,

And Iphianassa, of all three the worthiest let him take

All jointureless to Peleus' court, I will her jointure make,

And that so great as never yet did any maid prefer [on her,

Seven cities right magnificent, I will bestow Enope, and Cardamyle, Hira for herbs renowned,

The fair Æpea, Pedasus that doth with grapes abound,

Antæa girdled with green meads, Phera, surnamed Divine,

All whose bright turrets on the seas, in sandy Pylos shine

Th' inhabitants in flocks and herds are wondrous confluent,

Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present,

And to his throne will contribute what tribute he will rate.

All this I gladly will perform, to pacify his hate

Let him be mild and tractable, 'tis for the God of ghosts

To be unrul'd, implacable, and seek the blood of hosts,

Whom therefore men do much abhor; then let him yield to me,

I am his greater, being a king, and more in years than he

"Brave king," said Nestor, "these rich gifts must make him needs relent,

Choose then fit legates instantly to greet him at his tent.

But stay; admit my choice of them, and let them straight be gone.

Jove-loved Phoenix shall be chief, then Ajax Telamon,

And prince Ulysses ; and on them let these
two heralds wait,
Grave Odus and Eurybates. Come, lords,
take water straight,

Make pure your hands, and with sweet
words appease Achilles' mind,
Which we will pray the king of Gods may
gently make inclined "

All liked his speech , and on their hands
the heralds water shed,
The youths crown'd cups of sacred wine to
all distributed

But having sacrificed, and drunk to every
man's content,

With many notes by Nestor given, the
legates forward went

With courtship in fit gestures used, he did
prepare them well,

But most Ulysses, for his grace did not so
much excel

Such rites besem ambassadors ; and
Nestor urged these,

That their most honours might reflect en-
raged Æacides

They went along the shore, and pray'd the
God that earth doth bind

In brackish chains, they might not fail,
but bow his mighty mind

The quarter of the Myrmidons they
reach'd, and found him set

Delighted with his solemn harp, which
curiously was fret

With works concerted, through the verge ,
the bawdrick that embraced

His lofty neck was silver twist , this when
his hand laid waste

Aëtion's city, he did choose as his especial
prize, [exercise

And, loving sacred music well, made it his
To it he sung the glorious deeds of great

heroes dead,
And his true mind, that practice fail'd,
sweet contemplation fed

With him alone, and opposite, all silent sat
his friend,

Attentive, and beholding him, who now his
song did end.

Th' ambassadors did forwards press, re-
nown'd Ulysses led,

And stood in view. Their sudden sight his
admiration bred,

Who with his harp and all arose ; so did
Menoctrus' son

When he beheld them. their receipt
Achilles thus begun :

"Health to my lords - right welcome
men, assure yourselves ye be ,

Though some necessity, I know, doth make
you visit me,

Incensed with just cause 'gainst the Greeks."

This said, a several seat
With purple cushions he set forth, and did
their ease intreat,

And said "Now, friend, our greatest
bowl, with wine unmix'd and neat,

Appose these lords, and of the depth let
every man make proof,

These are my best-esteemed friends, and
undeineath my roof "

Patroclus did his dear friend's will , and
he that did desire

To cheer the lords, come faint from fight,
set on a blazing fire

A great brass pot, and into it a chine of
mutton put,

And fat goat's flesh. Automedon held,
while he pieces cut,

To roast and boil, right cunningly , then of
a well-fed swine [it wondrous fine.

A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits
His good friend made a goodly fire ; of
which the force once past,

He laid the spit low, near the coals, to make
it brown at last,

Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and
took it from the racks.

This roasted and on dresser set, his friend
Patroclus takes

Bread in fair baskets , which set on, Achilles
brought the meat, [seat

And to divines Ithacus took his opposed
Upon the bench Then did he will his

friend to Sacrifice,
Who cast sweet incense in the fire to all the
deities

Thus fell they to their ready food hunger
and thirst allay'd, [they stay'd

Ajax to Phœnix made a sign, as if too long
Before they told their legacy. Ulysses saw
him wink,

And, filling the great bowl with wine, did
to Achilles drink

"Health to Achilles - but our plights
stand not in need of meat,

Who late supp'd at Atrides' tent, though
for thy love we eat

Of many things, whereof a part would make
a complete feast.

Nor can we joy in these kind rites, that
have our hearts oppress'd,

O prince, with fear of utter spoil. 'Tis
made a question now,

If we can save our fleet or not, unless thy-
self endow

Thy powers with wonted fortitude. Now
Troy and her consorts,

Bold of thy want, have pitch'd their tents
close to our fleet and forts,

And made a firmament of fires, and now no more, they say,
 Will they be prison'd in their walls, but force their violent way
 Even to our ships, and Jove himself hath with his lightnings show'd
 Their bold adventures happy signs, and Hector grows so proud
 Of his huge strength, borne out by Jove, that fearfully he raves,
 Presuming neither men nor Gods can interrupt his raves.
 Wild rage invades him, and he prays that soon the sacred morn
 Would light his fury, boasting then our streamers shall be torn,
 And all our naval ornaments fall by his conquering stroke,
 Our ships shall burn, and we ourselves lie stifled in the smoke
 And I am seriously afraid, heaven will perform his threats,
 And that 'tis fatal to us all, far from our native seats,
 To perish in victorious Troy But rise, though it be late,
 Deliver the afflicted Greeks from Troy's tumultuous hate.
 It will hereafter be thy grief, when no strength can suffice [calamities
 To remedy th' effected threats of our Consider these affairs in time, while thou mayst use thy power,
 And have the grace to turn from Greece fate's unrecover'd hour
 O friend, thou know'st thy royal sire forewarn'd what should be done,
 That day he sent thee from his court to honour Atreus' son
 'My son,' said he, 'the victory let Jove and Pallas use
 At their high pleasures, but do thou no honour'd means refuse
 That may advance her In fit bounds contain thy mighty mind,
 Nor let the knowledge of thy strength be factiously inclined,
 Contriving mischief. Be to fame and general good profess'd.
 The more will all sorts honour thee Benvignity is best.'
 Thus charged thy sire, which thou forgett'st yet now those thoughts appease,
 That torture, thy great spirit with wrath, which if thou wilt surcease,
 The king will merit it with gifts; and, if thou wilt give ear,
 I'll tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitt'st angry here :

Seven tripods that no fire must touch;
 twice ten pans, fit for flame,
 Ten talents of fine gold, twelve horse that ever overcame,
 And brought huge prizes from the field, with swiftness of their feet;
 That man should bear no poor account, nor want gold's quickening sweet,
 That had but what he won with them; seven worthiest Lesbian dames,
 Renown'd for skill in housewifery, and bear the sovereign fames
 For beauty from their general sex, which, at thy overthrow
 Of well-built Lesbos, he did choose, and these he will bestow,
 And with these he took from thee, whom, by his state, since then,
 He swears he touch'd not, as fair dames use to be touch'd by men.
 All these are ready for thee now. And, if at length we take,
 By help of Gods, this wealthy town, thy ships shall but then make
 Of gold and brass at thy desires, when we the spoil divide,
 And twenty beauteous Trojan dames thou shalt select beside,
 Next Helen, the most beautiful; and, when return'd we be [honour thee
 To Argos, be his son-in-law, for he will Like his Orestes, his sole son, maintain'd in height of bliss
 Three daughters beautify his court, the fair Chrysothemis,
 Laodice, and Iphianesse; of all the fairest take
 To Pelus thy grave father's court, and never jointure make,
 He will the jointure make himself, so great as never sire
 Gave to his daughter's nuptials: seven cities left entire,
 Cardamyle, and Enope, and Hira full of flowers,
 Anthæa for sweet meadows praised, and Phera deck'd with towers,
 The bright Epea, Pedasus that doth God Bacchus please;
 All, on the sandy Pylus' soil, are seated near the seas,
 Th' inhabitants in droves and flocks exceeding wealthy be,
 Who, like a God, with worthy gifts will gladly honour thee,
 And tribute of especial rate to thy high sceptre pay.
 All this he freely will perform, thy anger to allay,

But if thy hate to him be more than his
 gifts may repress,
 Yet pity all the other Greeks, in such
 extreme distress,
 Who with religion honour thee, and to
 their desperate ill
 Thou shalt triumphant glory bring, and
 Hector thou mayst kill,
 When pride makes him encounter thee,
 fill'd with a baneful sprite,
 Who vaunts our whole fleet brought not
 one, equal to him in fight "
 Swift-foot Æacides replied. " Divine
 Laertes' son,
 'Tis requisite I should be short, and show
 what place hath won
 Thy serious speech, affirming nought but
 what you shall approve
 Establish'd in my settled heart, that in
 the rest I move
 No murmur nor exception; for, like hell
 mouth I loathe,
 Who holds not in his words and thoughts
 one indistinguish'd troth
 What fits the freeness of my mind, my
 speech shall make display'd
 Nor Atreus' son, nor all the Greeks, shall
 win me to their aid,
 Their suit is wretchedly enforced, to free
 their own despairs,
 And my life never shall be hired with thank-
 less desperate prayers,
 For never had I benefit, that ever foil'd the
 foe, [he to field doth go,
 Even share hath he that keeps his tent, and
 With equal honour cowards die, and men
 most valiant,
 The much performer, and the man that
 can of nothing vaunt
 No overplus I ever found, when, with my
 mind's most strife
 To do them good, to dangerous fight I
 have exposed my life.
 But even as to unfeather'd birds the careful
 dam brings meat,
 Which when she hath bestow'd, herself
 hath nothing left to eat;
 So, when my broken sleeps have drawn
 the nights t' extremest length,
 And ended many bloody days with still-
 employed strength,
 To guard their weakness, and preserve
 their wives' contents infract,
 I have been robb'd before their eyes:
 twelve cities I have sack'd
 Assail'd by sea, eleven by land, while this
 siege held at Troy;
 And of all these, what was most dear, and
 most m'ght crown the joy

Of Agamemnon, he enjoy'd, who here
 behind remain'd,
 Which when he took, a few he gave, and
 many things retain'd,
 Other to optimates and kings he gave, who
 hold them fast,
 Yet mine he forceth, only I sit with my
 loss disgraced
 But so he gain a lovely dame, to be his
 bed's delight,
 It is enough; for what cause else do
 Greeks and Trojans fight?
 Why brought he hither such an host?
 was it not for a dame?
 For fair-hair'd Helen? And doth love
 alone the hearts inflame
 Of the Atrides to their wives, of all the
 men that move?
 Every discreet and honest mind cares for
 his private love,
 As much as they, as I myself loved Briseis
 as my life, [her for my wife
 Although my captive, and had will to take
 Whom since he forced, preventing me, in
 vain he shall prolong
 Hopes to appease me, that know well the
 deepness of my wrong.
 But, good Ulysses, with thyself, and all
 you other kings,
 Let him take stomach to repel Troy's fiery
 threatenings
 Much hath he done without my help, built
 him a goodly fort,
 Cut a dike by it, patch'd with pales, broad
 and of deep import,
 And cannot all these helps repress this
 kill-man Hector's fright?
 When I was arm'd amongst the Greeks, he
 would not offer fight
 Without the shadow of his walls; but to
 the Scæan ports,
 Or to the holy beech of Jove, come back'd
 with his consorts;
 Where once he stood my charge alone, and
 hardly made retreat,
 And to make new proof of our powers, the
 doubt is not so great.
 To-morrow then, with sacrifice perform'd
 t' imperial Jove
 And all the Gods, I'll launch my fleet, and
 all my men remove;
 Which (if thou wilt use so thy sight, or
 think'st it worth respect)
 In forehead of the morn, thine eyes shall
 see, with sails erect
 Amidst the fishy Hellespont, help'd with
 laborious oars.
 And if the sea-God send free sail, the
 fruitful Phthian shores

Within three days we shall attain, where I
have store of prize
Left, when with prejudice I came to these
indignities
There have I gold as well as here, and
store of ruddy brass,
Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steel as
bright as glass
These will I take as I retire, as shares I
firmly save,
Though Agamemnon be so base to take
the gifts, he gave
Tell him all this, and openly, I on your
honours charge,
That others may take shame to hear his
lusts command so large,
And, if there yet remain a man he hopeth
to deceive
(Being dyed in endless impudence) that
man may learn to leave
His trust and empire. But alas, though,
like a wolf he be,
Shameless and rude, he durst not take my
prize, and look on me
I never will partake his works, nor counsels,
as before, [shall never more
He once deceived and injured me, and he
Tye my affections with his words. Enough
is the increase
Of one success in his deceits, which let
him joy in peace,
And bear it to a wretched end. Wise Jove
hath reft his brain
To bring him plagues, and these his gifts
I, as my foes, disdain
Ev'n in the numbness of calm death I will
revengeful be,
Though ten or twenty times so much he
would bestow on me,
All he hath here, or anywhere, or
Orchomen contains,
To which men bring their wealth for
strength; or all the store remains
In circuit of Egyptian Thebes, where
much hid treasure lies,
Whose walls contain an hundred ports, of
so admired a size,
Two hundred soldiers may a-front with
horse and chariots pass.
Nor, would he amplify all his like sand,
or dust, or grass,
Should he reclaim me, till his wreak paid
me for all the pains
That with his contumely burn'd, like
poison, in my veins.
Nor shall his daughter be my wife, al-
though she might contend
With golden Venus for her form; or if she
did transcend

Blue-eyed Minerva for her works, let him
a Greek select [Gods protect
Fit for her, and a greater king For if the
My safety to my father's court, he shall
choose me a wife [peached life
Many fair Achive princesses of unim-
In Helle and in Phthia live, whose sires
do cities hold,
Of whom I can have whom I will. And,
more an hundredfold
My true mind in my country likes to take
a lawful wife [my life
Than in another nation; and there delight
With those goods that my father got,
much rather than die here
Not all the wealth of well-built Troy,
possess'd when peace was there,
All that Apollo's marble fane in stony
Pythos holds,
I value equal with the life that my free
breast enfolds
Sheep, oxen, tripods, crest-deck'd horse,
though lost, may come again,
But when the white guard of our teeth no
longer can contain
Our human soul, away it flies, and, once
gone, never more
To her frail mansion any man can her lost
powers restore *
And therefore since my mother-queen,
famed for her silver feet,
Told me two fates about my death in my
direction meet

* More an hundred-fold

My true mind in my country likes to satisfy my
love
Where the same stars have influence, the self-
same air doth move,
That may engender like affects, and to one end
conduce
Two that are one, and take a wife, without all
laws' abuse
Equal in honour, all consents inclining to our
joys,
That should by holy rites of kind, be partners in
our choice
Thus my old father's well-got wealth shall well
* delight my youth
Not match'd for pomp the high are proud, rich
are not rich in truth
Nor all the wealth Troy held before the arms
she now enfolds,
Nor what Apollo's stony fane in rocky Pythos
holds,
I value equal to my life, spent with a pleasant
mind;
Oxen, sheep, trevets, crest-deck'd horse, fortune
or strength may find,
But of an human soul no prize nor conquest can
be made,
When the white formers of his speech are forced
to let it fade. 1598.

The one, that, if I here remain t' assist our
victory,
My safe return shall never live, my fame
shall never die,
If my return obtain success, much of my
fame decays, [live many days
But death shall linger his approach, and I
This being reveal'd, 'twere foolish pride, t'
abridge my life for praise
Then with myself, I will advise others to
hoise their sail,
For, 'gainst the height of Ilion you never
shall prevail
Jove with his hand protecteth it, and
makes the soldiers bold
This tell the King in every part, for so
grave legates should,
That they may better counsels use, to save
their fleet and friends
By their own valours, since this course,
drown'd in my anger, ends
Phoenix may in my tent repose, and in the
morn steer course
For Phthia, if he think it good, if not, I'll
use no force."
All wonder'd at his stern reply, and
Phoenix, full of fears
His words would be more weak than just,
supplied their wants with tears
"If thy return incline thee thus, Peleus'
renowned joy,
And thou wilt let our ships be burn'd with
harmful fire of Troy,
Since thou art angry, O my son, how shall
I after be [quish'd by thee?
Alone in these extremes of death, relin-
I, whom thy royal father sent as orderer
of thy force, [thee for this course,
When to Atides from his court he left
Yet young, and when in skill of arms thou
didst not so abound,
Nor hadst the habit of discourse, that
makes men so renown'd
In all which I was set by him, t' instruct
thee as my son,
That thou might'st speak, when speech was
fit; and do, when deeds were done,
Not sit as dumb, for want of words; idle,
for skill to move
I would not then be left by thee, dear son,
begot in love,
No, not if God would promise me, to raze
the prints of time
Carved in my bosom and my brows, and
grace me with the prime
Of manly youth, as when at first I left
sweet Helle's shore
Deck'd with fair dames, and fled the
grudge my angry father bore;

Who was the fair Amyntor call'd, sur-
named Ormenides,*
And for a fair-hair'd harlot's sake that
his affects could please,
Contemn'd my mother, his true wife, who
ceaseless urged me [clasp my knee
To use his harlot Clytia, and still would
To do her will, that so my sue might turn
his love to hate [fort her estate
Of that lewd dame, converting it to com-
At last I was content to prove to do my
mother good,
And reconcile my father's love, who
straight suspicious stood,
Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the
Furies pray'd
No dame might love, nor bring me seed:
the duties obey'd
That govern hell, infernal Jove, and stern
Persephone [stern father be
Then durst I in no longer date with my
Yet did my friends and near allies enclose
me with desires
Not to depart, kill'd sheep, boars, beeves,
roast them at solemn fires,
And from my father's tuns we drunk ex-
ceeding store of wine
Nine nights they guarded me by turns,
their fires did ceaseless shine,
One in the porch of his strong hall, and in
the portal one,
Before my chamber, but when day beneath
the tenth night shone,
I brake my chamber's thick-framed doors,
and through the hall-guard pass'd,
Unseen of any man or maid Through
Greece then, rich and vast,
I fled to Phthia, nurse of sheep, and came
to Peleus' court, [gracious sort
Who entertain'd me heartily, and in as
As any sire his only son, born when his
strength is spent,
And bless'd with great possessions to leave
to his descent.
He made me rich, and to my charge did
much command commend
I dwelt in th' utmost region nch Phthia
doth extend,
And govern'd the Dolopians, and made
thee what thou art,
O thou that like the Gods art framed:
since, dearest to my heart,
I used thee so, thou lovedst none else, nor
anywhere wouldst eat,
Till I had crown'd my knee with thee, and
carved thee tenderest meat,

* *Morem senum, observat, qui de prateritis
libenter solent meminisse.*

And given thee wine so much, for love,
that, in thy infancy [continual eye]
(Which still discretion must protect, and a
My bosom lovingly sustain'd the wine thine
could not bear.

Then, now my strength needs thine as
much, be mine to thee as dear*

Much have I suffer'd for thy love, much
labour'd, wished much,

Thinking, since I must have no heir (the
Gods' decrees are such)

I would adopt thyself my heir to thee
my heart did give [I hoped to live

What any sire could give his son - in thee
O mitigate thy mighty spirits - it fits not
one that moves

The hearts of all, to live unmoved, and
succour hates for loves.

The Gods themselves are flexible, whose
virtues, honours, powers,

Are more than thine, yet they will bend
their breasts as we bend ours

Perfumes, benign devotions, savours of
offerings burn'd,

And holy rites, the engines are with which
their hearts are turn'd,

By men that pray to them; whose faiths
their sins have falsified

For prayers are daughters of great Jove,
lame, wrinkled, ruddy-eyed,

And ever following injury, who, strong and
sound of feet,

Flies through the world, afflicting men.
Believing prayers yet

(To all that love that seed of Jove), the
certain blessing get

To have Jove hear, and help them too,
but if he shall refuse,

And stand inflexible to them, they fly to
Jove, and use

Their powers against him, that the wrongs
he doth to them may fall

On his own head, and pay those pains
whose cure he fails to call

Then, great Achilles, honour thou this
sacred seed of Jove,

And yield to them, since other men of
greatest minds they move

If Agamemnon would not give the selfsame
gifts he vows, [bent brows

But offer others afterwards, and in his still-
Entomb his honour and his word, I would
not thus exhort,

With wrath appeased, thy aid to Greece,
though plagu'd in heaviest sort,

But much he presently will give, and after
yield the rest.

T' assure which he hath sent to thee the
men thou lovest best,

And most renown'd of all the host, that
they might soften thee

Then let not both their pains and prayers
lost and despised be,

Before which none could reprehend the
tumult of thy heart,

But now to rest inepiate were much too
rude a part

Of ancient worthies we have heard, when
they were more displeased,

To their high fames, with gifts and prayers
they have been still appeased

For instance, I remember well a fact per-
form'd of old,

Which to you all, my friends, I'll tell The
Curets was did hold

With the well-fought Ætolians, where
mutual lives had end

About the city Calydon Th' Ætolians
did defend*

Their flourishing country, which to spoil
the Curets did contend

Diana with the golden throne, with Oeneus
much incensed,

Since with his plenteous land's first fruits
she was not revered,

(Yet other Gods, with hecatombs, had
feasts, and she alone,

Great Jove's bright daughter, left unserved,
or by oblivion,

Or undue knowledge of her dues) much
hurt in heart she swore;

And she, enraged, excited much, she sent
a sylvan boar

From their green groves, with wounding
tusks, who usually did spoil

King Oeneus' fields, his lofty woods laid
prostrate on the soil,

Rent by the roots trees fresh adorn'd with
fragrant apple flowers

Which Meleager (Oeneus' son) slew, with
assembled powers

Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds, from
many cities brought;

For such he was that with few lives his
death could not be bought,

Heaps of dead humans, by his rage, the
funeral piles applied.

Yet, slain at last, the Goddess stirr'd about
his head and hide,

A wondrous tumult, and a war betwixt the
Curets wrought [Meleager fought,

And brave Ætolians all the while fierce
ill-fared the Curets, near the walls none
durst advance his crest,

Though they were many but when wrath
inflamed his haughty breast

(Which oft the firm mind of the wise with
passion doth infest)

Since 'twixt his mother-queen and him
 arose a deadly strife,
 He left the court, and privately lived with
 his lawful wife,
 Fair Cleopatra, female birth of bright
 Marpessa's pain, [did reign,
 And of Ideus, who of all terrestrial men
 At that time, king of fortitude, and for
 Marpessa's sake,
 'Gainst wanton Phoebus, king of flames,
 his bow in hand did take,
 Since he had ravish'd her, his joy, whom
 her friends after gave
 The surname of Alcyone, because they
 could not save
 Their daughter from Alcyone's fate In
 Cleopatra's arms
 Lay Meleager, feeding on his anger, for
 the harms
 His mother pray'd might fall on him; who,
 for her brother slain
 By Meleager, grieved, and pray'd the Gods
 to wreak her pain,
 With all the horror could be pour'd upon
 her furious birth
 Still knock'd she with her impious hands
 the many-feeding earth,
 To urge stern Pluto and his Queen t' in-
 cline their vengeful ears,
 Fell on her knees, and all her breast dew'd
 with her fiery tears,
 To make them massacre her son, whose
 wrath enraged her thus.
 Eriunys, wandering through the air, heard,
 out of Erebus,
 Prayers fit for her unpleased mind. Yet
 Meleager lay
 Obscured in fury. Then the brut of the
 tumultuous fray
 Rung through the turrets as they scaled,
 then came th' Ætolian peers
 To Meleager with low suits, to rise and
 free their fears;
 Then sent they the chief priests of Gods,
 with offer'd gifts t' atone
 His differing fury, bade him choose, in
 sweet-soil'd Calydon,
 Of the most fat and yieldy soil, what with
 an hundred steers
 Might in a hundred days be plough'd, half
 that rich vintage bears,
 And half of naked earth to plough; yet
 yielded not his ire
 Then to his lofty chamber-door, ascends
 his royal sire
 With ruthless complaints, shook the strong
 bars; then came his sisters' cries;
 His mother then; and all intreat; yet
 still more stiff he lies;

His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd;
 yet none impression took,
 Till the high turrets where he lay, and his
 strong chamber, shook
 With the invading enemy, who now forced
 dreadful way [dismay,
 Along the city Then his wife, in pitiful
 Besought him, weeping, telling him the
 miseries sustain'd
 By all the citizens, whose town the enemy
 had gain'd,
 Men slaughter'd, children bondslaves
 made, sweet ladies forc'd with lust,
 Fires climbing towers, and turning them
 to heaps of fruitless dust
 These dangers soften'd his steel heart;
 up the stout prince arose,
 Indued his body with rich arms, and freed
 th' Ætolians' woes,
 His smother'd anger giving air; which
 gifts did not assuage,
 But his own peril. And because he did
 not disengage
 Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost.
 But for my sake, dear friend,
 Be not thou bent to see our plights to these
 extremes descend,
 Ere thou assist us, be not so by thy ill
 angel turn'd
 From thine own honour It were shame
 to see our navy burn'd,
 And then come with thy timeless aid. For
 offer'd presents, come,
 And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of
 celestial room
 But if without these gifts thou fight, forced
 by thy private woe,
 Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though
 thou repel the foe.
 Achilles answer'd the last part of this
 oration thus:
 "Phoenix, renown'd and reverend, the
 honours urged on us
 We need not Jove doth honour me, and
 to my safety sees,
 And will, while I retain a spirit, or can
 command my knees
 Then do not thou with tears and woes im-
 passion my affects,
 Becoming gracious to my foe. Nor fits
 it the respects
 Of thy vow'd love to honour him that hath
 dishonour'd me,
 Lest such loose kindness lese his heart
 that yet is firm to thee.
 It were thy praise to hurt with me the
 hurter of my state,
 Since half my honour and my realm thou
 mayst participate.

Let these lords then return th' event, and
do thou here repose,
And, when dark sleep breaks with the day,
Our counsels shall disclose
The course of our return or stay " This
said, he with his eye
Made to his friend a covert sign, to hasten
instantly
A good soft bed, that the old prince, soon
as the peers were gone,
Might take his rest, when, soldier-like,
brave Ajax Telamon
Spake to Ulysses, as with thought Achilles
was not worth
The high direction of his speech, that
stood so sternly forth
Unmoved with th' other orators, and spake,
not to appease
Pelides' wrath, but to depart His argu-
ments were these
"High-issued Laertides, let us insist no
more
On his persuasion I perceive the world
would end before
Our speeches' end in this affair We must
with utmost haste
Return his answer, though but bad The
peers are elsewhere placed,
And will not rise till we return Great
Thetis' son hath stored
Proud wrath within him, as his wealth,
and will not be implored,
Rude that he is, nor his friends' love, re-
spects, do what they can.
Wherein past all, we honour'd him. O
unremorseful man,
Another for his brother slain, another for
his son, [hath done
Accepts of satisfaction; and he the deed
Lives in beloved society long after his
amends,
To which his foe's high heart, for gifts,
with patience condescends,
But thee a wild and cruel spirit the gods
for plague have given,
And for one girl, of whose fair sex we
come to offer seven,
The most exempt for excellence, and many
a better prize
Then put a sweet mind in thy breast,
respect thy own allies,
Though others make thee not remiss a
multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royal family, and our
supremest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most love
with thee
Of all the Greeks, how great an host
soever here there be."

He answer'd "Noble Telamon, prince
of our soldiers here,
Out of thy heart I know thou speak'st, and
as thou hold'st me dear,
But still as often as I think, how rudely I
was used, [good, refused,
And, like a stranger, for all rites, fit for our
My heart doth swell against the man, that
durst be so profane [private bane,
To violate his sacred place, not for my
But since wrack'd virtue's general laws he
shameless did infringe,
For whose sake I will loose the reins, and
give mine anger swinge,
Without my wisdom's least impeach. He
is a fool, and base,
That pities vice-plagued minds, when pain,
not love of right, gives place.
And therefore tell your king, my lords, my
just wrath will not care
For all his cares, before my tents and navy
charged are
By warlike Hector, making way through
flocks of Grecian lives,
Enlighten'd by their naval fire, but when
his rage arrives
About my tent, and sable bark, I doubt
not but to shield
Them and myself, and make him fly the
there strong bounded field "
This said, each one but kiss'd the cup,
and to the ships retired,
Ulysses first Patroclus then the men and
maids required
To make grave Phoenix' bed with speed,
and see he nothing lacks
They straight obey'd, and laid thereon the
subtle fruit of flax,
And warm sheep-fells for covering; and
there the old man slept, [station kept.
Attending till the golden Morn her usual
Achilles lay in th' inner room of his tent
richly wrought, [Lesbos brought,
And that fair lady by his side, that he from
Bright Diomeda, Phorbos' seed. Patroclus
did embrace
The beauteous Iphis, given to him, when
his bold friend did race
The lofty Syrus that was kept in Enyeu's
hold. [man with cups of gold
Now at the tent of Atreus' son, each
Received th' ambassadors return'd. All
cluster'd near to know
What news they brought, which first the
king would have Ulysses show
"Say, most praiseworthy Ithacus, the
Grecians' great renown,
Will he defend us? or not yet will his
proud stomach down?"

<p>Ulysses made reply "Not yet will he appeased be, But grows more wrathful, prizing light thy offer'd gifts and thee, And wills thee to consult with us, and take some other course To save our army and our fleet, and says, with all his force, The morn shall light him on his way to Phthia's wished soil, For never shall high-seated Troy be sack'd with all our toil, Jove holds his hand 'twixt us and it the soldiers gather heart Thus he replies, which Ajax here can equally impart, And both these heralds Phoenix stays, for so was his desire, To go with him, if he thought good, if not, he might retire" All wonder'd he should be so stern, at last bold Diomed spake "Would God, Atreides, thy request were yet to undertake,</p>	<p>And all thy gifts unoffer'd him, he's proud enough beside, But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride But let us suffer him to stay, or go, at his desire, Fight when his stomach serves him best, or when Jove shall inspire Meanwhile, our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest After our food, strength, lives by both, and virtue is their guest Then, when the rosy-finger'd Morn holds out her silver light, Bring forth thy host, encourage all, and be thou first in fight " The kings admired the fortitude, that so divinely moved The skilful horseman, Diomed, and his advice approved Then with their nightly sacrifice each took his several tent, Where all received the sovereign gifts soft Somnus did present</p>
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THE END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIADS.

THE ARGUMENT

TH' Atrides, watching, wake the other peers,
And (in the fort, consulting of their fear-)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honour'd
most,

For royal scouts, into the Trojan host,
Who meeting Dolon, Hector's bish'd spy,
Take him, and learn how all the quarters lie
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich King Rhesus, and his royal tent,
Striving for safety, but they end his strife,
And rid poor Dolon of a dangerous life
Then with digressive wiles they use their force
On Rhesus' life, and take his snowy horse

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Kappa the night exploits applies
Rhesus' and Dolon's tragedies

THE other princes at their ships soft-
finger'd sleep did bind,
But not the General, Somnus' silks bound
not his labouring mind,
That turn'd and return'd many thoughts
And as quick lightnings* fly,
From well-deck'd Juno's sovereign, out of
the thicken'd sky,
Preparing some exceeding rain, or hail,
the fruit of cold,
Or down-like snow that suddenly makes
all the fields look old,
Or opes the gulfy mouth of war with his
ensulphur'd hand,
In dazzling flashes pour'd from clouds, on
any punish'd land,
So from Atrides' troubled heart, through
his dark sorrows, flew
Redoubled sighs, his entrails shook, as
open as his view
Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the
Phrygian shade,
And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawms,
and tumults soldiers made
But when he saw his fleet and host kneel
to his care and love,
He rent his hair up by the roots as sacrifice
to Jove.

Burnt in his fiery sighs, still breathed out of
his glorious heart,
And first thought good to Nestor's care
his sorrows to impart,
To try if royal diligence, with his approved
advice,
Might fashion counsels to prevent their
threaten'd miseries
So up he rose, attired himself, and to
his strong feet tied
Rich shoes, and cast upon his back a ruddy
lion's hide,
So ample it his ankles reach'd, then took
his royal spear

Like him was Menelaus pierced with an
industrious fear,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes, lest
bitter fates should quite
The Greeks' high favours, that for him
resolved such endless fight.
And first a freckled panther's hide hid his
broad back athwart;
His head his brazen helm did arm, his
able hand his dart,
Then made he all his haste to raise his
brother's head as rare,
That he who most excell'd in rule might
help t' effect his care
He found him, at his ship's crook'd stern,
adorning him with arms,
Who joy'd to see his brother's spirits
awaked without alarms,
Well weighing th' importance of the time
and first the younger spake

"Why, brother, are ye arming thus?
is it to undertake
The sending of some venturous Greek, t'
explore the foe's intent?
Alas, I greatly fear, not one will give
that work consent,
Exposed alone to all the fears that flow in
gloomy night
He that doth this must know death well,
in which ends every fright."
"Brother," said he, "in these affairs we
both must use advice,
Jove is against us, and accepts great
Hector's sacrifice.
For I have never seen, nor heard, in one
day, and by one,
So many high attempts well urged, as
Hector's power hath done

* These are the lightnings before snow, &c.,
that Scaliger's Criticus so unworthily taxeth,
citing the place falsely, as on the Third book's
annotations, &c.

Against the hapless sons of Greece; being chiefly dear to Jove,
And without cause, being neither fruit of any Goddess' love,
Nor helpful God, and yet I fear the deepness of his hand,
Ere it be razed out of our thoughts, will many years withstand
But, brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease,
With warlike Ajax, I will haste to grave Neleides,
Exhorting him to rise, and give the sacred watch command,
For they will specially embrace incitement at his hand,
And now his son their captain is, and Idomen's good friend,
Bold Merion, to whose discharge we did that charge commend."

"Command'st thou then," his brother ask'd, "that I shall tarry here
Attending thy resolved approach, or else the message bear,
And quickly make return to thee?" He answer'd "Rather stay,
Lest otherwise we fail to meet, for many a different way
Lies through our labyrinthian host. Speak ever as you go,
Command strong watch, from sire to son urge all t' observe the foe,
Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting every eye, [authority
Not with unseason'd violence of proud
We must our patience exercise, and work ourselves with them,
Jove in our births combined such cares to either's diadem"

Thus he dismiss'd him, knowing well his charge before he went
Himself to Nestor, whom he found in bed within his tent,
By him his damask cuirass hung, his shield, a pair of darts,
His shining casque, his arming waist; in these he led the hearts
Of his apt soldiers to sharp war, not yielding to his years
He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchful ears
Untimely feet told some approach, he took his lance in hand,
And spake to him: "Ho, what art thou that walk'st at midnight? stand.
Is any wanting at the guards, or lack'st thou any peer?
Speak, come not silent towards me; say, what intend'st thou here?"

He answer'd: "O Neleides, grave honour of our host,
'Tis Agamemnon thou may'st know, whom Jove afflicteth most
Of all the wretched men that live, and will, whilst any breath
Gives motion to my toiled limbs, and bears me up from death
I walk the round thus, since sweet sleep cannot inclose mine eyes,
Nor shut those organs care breaks ope for our calamities
My fear is vehement for the Greeks; my heart, the fount of heat,
With his extreme affects made cold, without my breast doth beat;
And therefore are my sinews strook with trembling, every part
Of what my friends may feel hath act in my dispersed heart
But, if thou think'st of any course may to our good redound
(Since neither thou thyself canst sleep), come, walk with me the round,
In way whereof we may confer, and look to every guard,
Lest watching long, and weariness with labouring so hard,
Drown their oppressed memories of what they have in charge
The liberty we give the foe, alas, is over large,
Their camp is almost mix'd with ours, and we have forth no spies
To learn their drifts, who may perchance this night intend surprise."
Grave Nestor answer'd "Worthy king, let good hearts bear our ill.
Jove is not bound to perfect all this busy Hector's will,
But I am confidently given, his thoughts are much dismay'd [our aid,
With fear lest our distress incite Achilles to And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours, with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and sur up more beside;
Tydides, famous for his lance; Ulysses, Telamon,
And bold Phyleus' valiant heir. Or else, if any one
Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their sail
Lie so removed, with much good speed, it might our haste avail
But, though he be our honour'd friend, thy brother I will blame,
Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame

He should commit all pains to thee, that
 should himself employ,
 Pass all our pines, in the care, and cure
 of our annoy,
 And be so far from needing spurs to these
 his due respects,
 He should apply our spurs himself, with
 prayers and urged affects
 Necessity (a law to laws, and not to be en-
 dured)
 Makes proof of all his faculties, not sound
 if not inured "
 "Good father," said the king, "some-
 times you know I have desired
 You would improve his negligence, too oft
 to ease retired.
 Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compass
 of his brain, [should abstain
 But with observing my estate, he thinks, he
 Till I commanded, knowing my place,
 unwilling to assume,
 For being my brother, anything might
 prove he did presume
 But now he rose before me far, and came
 t' avoid delays,
 And I have sent him for the man yourself
 desired to raise.
 Come, we shall find them at the guards we
 placed before the fort,
 For thither my direction was they should
 with speed resort "
 "Why now," said Nestor, "none will
 grudge, nor his just rule withstand
 Examples make excitements strong, and
 sweeten a command."
 Thus put he on his arming truss, far
 shoes upon his feet,
 About him a mandilion, that did with
 buttons meet,
 Of purple, large and full of folds, curl'd
 with a warmful nap,
 A garment that 'gainst cold in nights did
 soldiers use to wrap,
 Then took he his strong lance in hand,
 made sharp with proved steel,
 And went along the Grecian fleet. First at
 Ulysses' keel
 He call'd, to break the silken fumes that
 did his senses bind.
 The voice through th' organs of his ears
 straight rung about his mind.
 Forth came Ulysses, asking him. "Why
 stir ye thus so late?
 Sustain we such enforce cause?" He
 answer'd, "Our estate
 Doth force this perturbation, vouchsafe it,
 worthy friend,
 And come, let us exarte one more, to
 counsel of some end

To our extremes, by fight, or flight." He
 back, and took his shield,
 And both took course to Diomed they
 found him laid in field,
 Far from his tent, his armour by, about
 him was disspread
 A ring of soldiers, every man his shield
 beneath his head,
 His spear fix'd by him as he slept, the
 great end in the ground,
 The point, that bristled the dark earth,
 cast a reflection round
 Like pallid lightnings thrown from Jove,
 thus this heroic lay, [head had stay
 And under him a big ox-hide, his royal
 On arras hangings, rolled up, whereon
 he slept so fast,
 That Nestor stirr'd him with his foot, and
 chid to see him cast
 In such deep sleep, in such deep woes, and
 ask'd him why he spent
 All night in sleep, or did not hear the
 Trojans near his tent?
 Their camp drawn close upon their dike,
 small space twixt foes and foes?
 He, starting up, said, "Strange old man,
 that never takest repose,
 Thou art too patient of our toil: have
 we not men more young,
 To be employ'd from king to king? thine
 age hath too much wrong "
 "Said like a king," replied the sire, "for
 I have sons renown'd,
 And there are many other men, might go
 thus toilsome round,
 But, you must see, imperious Need hath
 all at her command
 Now on the eager razor's edge,* for life or
 death, we stand.
 Then go (thou art the younger man) and
 if thou love my ease,
 Call swift-foot Ajax up thyself, and young
 Phyleides."
 This said, he on his shoulders cast a
 yellow lion's hide,
 Big, and reach'd caith, then took his
 spear, and Nestor's will applied,
 Raised the heroes, brought them both All
 met, the round they went,
 And found not any captain there asleep or
 negligent,
 But waking, and in arms, gave ear to
 every lowest sound.
 And as keen dogs keep sheep in cotes, or
 folds of hurdles bound,

* *Ἐπὶ ῥυπόδ' ἰστανται ἀκμήs.* This went into
 a proverb, used by Theocritus, in *Dioscorus*,
 out of Homer.

And grin at every breach of air, envious
 of all that moves,
 Still listening when the ravenous beast
 stalks through the hilly groves,
 Then men and dogs stand on their guards,
 and mighty tumults make,
 Sleep wanting weight to close one wink,
 so did the captains wake,
 That kept the watch the whole sad night,
 all with intente ear
 Converted to the enemy's tents, that they
 might timely hear
 If they were stirring to surprise; which
 Nestor joy'd to see.
 "Why so, dear sons, maintain your
 watch, sleep not a wink," said he,
 "Rather than make your fames the scorn
 of Trojan perjury."
 Thus said, he foremost pass'd the dike,
 the others seconded,
 Even all the kings that had been call'd to
 council from the bed,
 And with them went Meriones, and Nestor's
 famous son, [consultation
 For both were call'd by all the kings to
 Beyond the dike they choosed a place,
 near as they could from blood,
 Where yet appear'd the falls of some, and
 whence, the crimson flood
 Of Grecian lives being pour'd on earth by
 Hector's furious chase,
 He made retreat, when night repour'd
 grim darkness in his face
 There sat they down, and Nestor spake
 "O friends, remains not one
 That will rely on his bold mind, and view
 the camp alone,
 Of the proud Trojans, to approve if any
 straggling mate
 He can surprise near th' utmost tents, or
 learn the brief estate
 Of their intentions for the time, and mix
 like one of them [renown'd extreme
 With their outguards, expiscating if the
 They force on us will serve their turns,
 with glory to retire,
 Or still encamp thus far from Troy? This
 may he well inquire,
 And make a brave retreat untouch'd; and
 this would win him fame
 Of all men canopied with heaven, and
 every man of name
 In all this host shall honour him with an
 enriching meed,
 A black ewe and her sucking lamb (re-
 wards that now exceed
 All other best possessions, in all men's
 choice requests); [and royal feasts"
 And still be bidden by our kings to kind

All revered one another's worth, and
 none would silence break,
 Least worse should take best place of
 speech, at last did Diomed speak
 "Nestor, thou ask'st if no man here
 have heart so well inclined
 To work this stratagem on Troy? yes, I
 have such a mind
 Yet, if some other prince would join, more
 probable will be
 The strengthen'd hope of our exploit-
 two may together see
 (One going before another still) sly danger
 every way,
 One spint upon another works, and takes
 with firmer stay
 The benefit of all his powers; for though
 one knew his course,
 Yet might he well distrust himself, which
 th' other might enforce"
 This offer every man assumed, all would
 with Diomed go, [too,
 The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus
 But Nestor's son enforced it much, and
 hardy Ithacus,
 Who had to every venturous deed a mind
 as venturous.
 Amongst all these thus spake the king:
 "Tydides, most beloved,
 Choose thy associate worthily, a man the
 most approved
 For use and strength in these extremes.
 Many thou seest stand forth,
 But choose not thou by height of place,
 but by regard of worth,
 Lest with thy nice respect of right to any
 man's degree,
 Thou wrong'st thy venture, choosing one
 least fit to join with thee,
 Although perhaps a greater king. This
 spake he with suspect
 That Diomed, for honour's sake, his
 brother would select.
 Then said Tydides. "Since thou givest
 my judgment leave to choose,
 How can it so much truth forget Ulysses
 to refuse,
 That bears a mind so most exempt, and
 vigorous in th' effect
 Of all high labours, and a man Pallas doth
 most respect?
 We shall return through burning fire, if I
 with him combine,
 He sets strength in so true a course, with
 counsels so divine."
 Ulysses, loth to be esteem'd a lover of
 his praise,
 With such exceptions humbled him as did
 him higher raise,

And said : " Tydides, praise me not more
 than free truth will bear,
 or yet impair me, they are Greeks that
 give judicial ear
 But come, the morning hastes, the stars
 are forward in their course,
 Two parts of night are past, the third is
 left t' employ our force "
 Now borrow'd they for haste some arms
 bold Thrasymedes lent
 Adventurous Diomed his sword (his own
 was at his tent),
 His shield, and helm tough and well-
 tann'd, without or plume or crest,
 And call'd a morion, archers' heads it
 used to invest
 Meronēs lent Ithacus his quiver and his
 bow, [man did bestow
 His helmet fashion'd of a hide, the work-
 Much labour in it, quilting it with bow-
 strings, and without
 With snowy tusks of white-mouth'd boars
 'twas armed round about
 Right cunningly, and in the midst an
 arming cap was placed,
 That with the fix'd ends of the tusks his
 head might not be rased
 This, long since, by Autolycus was brought
 from Eleon, [was Ormenus' son
 When he laid waste Amyntor's house, that
 In Scandia, to Cytherus, surnamed Am-
 phidamas,
 Autolycus did give this helm, he, when
 he feasted was
 By honour'd Molus, gave it him, as pre-
 sent of a guest, [bequest
 Molus to his son Menon did make it his
 With this Ulysses arm'd his head, and
 thus they, both address'd,
 Took leave of all the other kings. To
 them a glad ostent,
 As they were entering on their way, Mi-
 nerva did present,
 A harnshaw consecrate to her, which they
 could ill discern
 Through sable night, but, by her clange,
 they knew it was a helm
 Ulysses joy'd, and thus invoked : " Hear
 me, great seed of Jove,
 That ever dost my labours grace with
 presence of thy love,
 And all my motions dost attend : still
 love me, sacred dame,
 Especially in this exploit, and so protect
 our fame
 We both may safely make retreat, and
 thriftily employ
 Our boldness in some great affair baneful
 to them of Troy."

Then pray'd illustrate Diomed " Vouch-
 safe me likewise ear,
 O thou unconquer'd Queen of arms be
 with thy favours near,
 As to my royal father's steps, thou went'st
 a bounteous guide,
 When th' Achives and the peers of Thebes
 he would have pacified,
 Sent as the Greeks' ambassador, and left
 them at the flood
 Of great Æsopus, whose retreat thou
 madest to swim in blood
 Of his enambush'd enemies, and, if thou
 so protect [beifer most select,
 My bold endeavours, to thy name an
 That never yet was tamed with yoke,
 broad-fronted, one year old,
 I'll burn in zealous sacrifice, and set the
 horns in gold "
 The Goddess heard, and both the
 kings their dreadless passage bore
 Through slaughter, slaughter'd carcasses,
 arms, and discolour'd gore.
 Nor Hector let his princes sleep, but all
 to council call'd,
 And ask'd, " What one is here will vow,
 and keep it unappall'd,
 To have a gift fit for his deed, a chariot
 and two horse,
 That pass for speed the rest of Greece?
 What one dares take this course,
 For his renown, besides his gifts, to mix
 amongst the foe,
 And learn if still they hold their guards,
 or with this overthrow
 Determine flight, as being too weak to
 hold us longer war?"
 All silent stood, at last stood forth one
 Dolon, that did dare
 This dangerous work, Eumedes' heir, a
 herald much renown'd
 This Dolon did in gold and brass ex-
 ceedingly abound,
 But in his form was quite deform'd, yet
 passing swift to run,
 Amongst five sisters, he was left Eumedes'
 only son
 And he told Hector, his free heart would
 undertake t' explore
 The Greeks' intentions, " but," said he,
 " thou shalt be sworn before,
 By this thy sceptre, that the horse of great
 Æacides,
 And his strong chariot bound with brass,
 thou wilt (before all these)
 Resign me as my valour's prize ; and so I
 rest unmoved
 To be thy spy, and not return before I
 have approved

(By venturing to Atreus' ship, where their consults are held)

If they resolve still to resist, or fly as quite expell'd "

He put his sceptre in his hand, and call'd the thunder's God,

Saturnia's husband, to his oath, those horse should not be rode

By any other man than he, but he for ever joy

(To his renown) their services, for his good done to Troy

Thus swore he, and forswore himself, yet made base Dolon bold,

Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold

A white wolf's hide, and with a helm of weasels' skins did arm

His weasel's head, then took his dart, and never turn'd to harm

The Greeks with their related drifts, but being past the troops

Of horse and foot, he promptly runs, and as he runs he stoops

To undermine Achilles' horse. Ulysses straight did see,

And said to Diomed "This man makes footing towards thee,

Out of the tents I know not well, if he be used as spy

Bent to our fleet, or come to rob the slaughter'd enemy

But let us suffer him to come a little further on, (we be overgone)

And then pursue him If it chance, that By his more swiftness, urge him still to run

upon our fleet, And (lest he scape us to the town) still let thy javelin meet

With all his offers of retreat." Thus stepp'd they from the plain

Amongst the slaughter'd carcasses Dolon came on amain,

Suspecting nothing, but once past, as far as mules outdraw

Oxen at plough, being both put on, neither admitted law,

To plough a deep-soil'd furrow forth, so far was Dolon past

Then they pursued, which he perceived, and stay'd his speedless haste,

Subtly supposing Hector sent to countermand his spy;

But, in a javelin's throw or less, he knew them enemy

Then laid he on his nimble knees, and they pursued like wind

As when a brace of greyhounds are laid in with hare or hind,

Close-mouth'd and skill'd to make t; and best of their industrious course,

Serve either's turn, and, set on hard, lo^e of neither ground nor force,

So constantly did Tydeus' son, and his here town-razing peer,

Pursue this spy, still turning him, as he, I was winding near

His covert, till he almost mix'd with the, more out-courts of guard

Then Pallas prompt'd Diomed, lest his, t: due worth's reward

Should be impair'd if any man did vaunt he first did sheathe

His sword in him, and he be call'd but second in his death

Then spake he, threatening with his lance: "Or stay, or this comes on,

And long thou canst not run before thou be by death outgone "

This said, he threw his javelin forth; which miss'd as Diomed would,

Above his right arm making way, the pile stuck in the mould.

He stay'd and trembled, and his teeth did chatter in his head.

They came in blowing, seized him fast; he, weeping, offered

A wealthy ransom for his life, and told them he had brass,

Much gold, and iron, that fit for use in many labours was,

From whose rich heaps his father would a wondrous portion give,

If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his son did live

Ulysses bade him cheer his heart. "Think not of death," said he,

"But tell us true, why runn'st thou forth, when others sleeping be?

Is it to spoil the carcasses? or art thou choicely sent

T' explore our drifts? or of thyself seek'st thou some wish'd event?"

He trembling answer'd "Much toward did Hector's oath propose,

And urged me, much against my will, t' endeavour to disclose

If you determin'd still to stay, or bent your course for flight,

As all dismay'd with your late foil, and wearied with the fight

For which exploit, Pelides' horse and chariot he did swear, [to hear

I only ever should enjoy" Ulysses smiled

So base a swain have any hope so high a price t' aspire

And said, his labours did affect a great and precious hire,

And that the horse Pelides rein'd no
 mortal hand could use
 But ~~he~~ himself, whose matchless life a
 Goddess did produce
 "But tell us, and report but truth, where
 left'st thou Hector now?
 Where are his arms? his famous horse?
 on whom doth he bestow
 The watch's charge? where sleep the
 kings? intend they still to lie
 Thus near encamp'd, or turn sufficed with
 their late victory?"
 "All this," said he, "I'll tell most true
 At Ilus' monument
 Hector with all our princes sits, t' advise
 of this event,
 Who choose that place removed, to shun
 the rude confused sounds
 The common soldiers throw about · but,
 for our watch and rounds,
 Whereof, brave lord, thou makest demand,
 none orderly we keep
 The Trojans, that have roofs to save, only
 abandon sleep,
 And privately without command each other
 they exhort [this slender sort
 To make prevention of the worst, and in
 its watch and guard maintain'd with us
 th' auxiliary bands
 Sleep soundly, and commit their cares into
 the Trojans' hands,
 For they have neither wives with them, nor
 children to protect,
 The less they need to care, the more they
 succour dull neglect"
 "But tell me," said wise Ithacus, "are
 all these foreign powers
 Appointed quarters by themselves, or else
 commix'd with yours?"
 "And this," said Dolon, "too, my
 lords, I'll seriously unfold
 The Pæons with the crooked bows, and
 Cares, quarters hold
 Next to the sea, the Leleges, and Caucois,
 join'd with them,
 And brave Pelasgians Thymber's ~~land~~,
 removed more from the stream,
 Is quarter to the Lycians, the lofty Mysian
 force,
 The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight
 with armed horse
 But what need these particulars? if ye
 intend surprise
 Of any in our Trojan camp, the Thracian
 quarter lies
 Utmost of all, and uncommix'd with
 Trojan regiments,
 That keep the voluntary watch · new
 pitch'd are all their tents.

King Rhesus, Eioneus' son, commands
 them, who hath steeds
 More white than snow, huge, and well-
 shaped, their fiery pace exceeds
 The winds in swiftness, these I saw, his
 chariot is with gold
 And pallid silver richly framed, and
 wondrous to behold,
 His great and golden armour is not fit a
 man should wear,
 But for immortal shoulders framed: come
 then, and quickly bear
 Your happy prisoner to your fleet, or leave
 him here fast bound,
 Till your well-urged and rich return prove
 my relation sound"
 Tydides dreadfully replied. "Think not
 of passage thus,
 Though of right acceptable news thou hast
 advertised us,
 Our hands are holds more strict than so,
 and should we set thee free
 For offer'd ransom, for this scape, thou
 still wouldst scouting be
 About our ships, or do us scathe in plain
 opposed arms, [thy harms."
 But, if I take thy life, no way can we repent
 With this, as Dolon reach'd his hand to
 use a suppliant's part,
 And stroke the beard of Diomed, he strook
 his neck athwart
 With his forced sword, and both the nerves
 he did in sunder wound,
 And suddenly his head, deceived, fell
 speaking on the ground
 His weasel's helm they took, his bow, his
 wolf's skin, and his lance,
 Which to Mineiva Ithacus did zealously
 advance,
 With lifted arm into the air, and to her
 thus he spake
 "Goddess, triumph in thine own spoils,
 to thee we first will make
 Our invocations, of all powers throned on
 th' Olympian hill;
 Now to the Thracians, and their horse, and
 beds, conduct us still"
 With this, he hung them up aloft upon a
 tamansk bough
 As eyeful trophies, and the springs that did
 about it grow
 He pruned from the leavy arms, to make
 it easier view'd
 When they should hastily retire, and be
 perhaps pursued
 Forth went they through black blood and
 arms, and presently aspired
 The guardless Thracian regiment, fast
 bound with sleep, and tired;

Their arms lay by, and triple ranks they,
 as they slept, did keep.
 As they should watch and guard their king,
 who, in a fatal sleep,
 Lay in the midst, their chariot horse, as
 they coachfellows were,
 Fed by them, and the famous steeds, that
 did their general bear,
 Stood next him, to the hinder part of his
 rich chariot tied
 Ulysses saw them first, and said "Tydides,
 I have spied
 The horse that Dolon, whom we slew,
 assured us we should see
 Now use thy strength; now idle arms are
 most unfit for thee,
 Prise thou the horse, or kill the guard, and
 leave the horse to me"
 Minerva, with the azure eyes, breathed
 strength into her king,
 Who fill'd the tent with mixed death
 the souls, he set on wing,
 Issued in groans, and made air swell into
 her stormy flood
 Horror and slaughter had one power, the
 earth did blush with blood
 As when a hungry lion flies, with purpose
 to devour,
 On flocks unkept, and on their lives doth
 freely use his power,
 So Tydeus' son assail'd the foe, twelve
 souls before him flew, [he slew,
 Ulysses waited on his sword, and ever as
 He drew them by their strengthless heels
 out of the horses' sight,
 That, when he was to lead them forth,
 they should not with affright
 Boggle, nor snore, in treading on the
 bloody carcasses;
 For being new come, they were unused to
 such stern sights as these.
 Through four ranks now did Diomed the
 king himself attain,
 Who, snoring in his sweetest sleep, was
 like his soldiers slain.
 An ill dream by Minerva sent that night
 stood by his head, [quer'd Diomed.
 Which was Oenides' royal son, uncon-
 Meanwhile Ulysses loosed his horse,
 took all their reins in hand,
 And led them forth, but Tydeus' son did
 in contention stand
 With his great mind to do some deed of
 more audacity;
 If he should take the chariot, where his
 rich arms did lie, [on his back,
 And draw it by the beam away, or bear it
 Or if, of more dull Thracian lives, he
 should their bosoms sack.

In this contention with himself, Minerva
 did suggest
 And bade him think of his retreat; lest
 from their tempted rest
 Some other God should stir the foe, and
 send him back dismay'd
 He knew the voice, took horse, and fled.
 the Trojans' heavenly aid,
 Apollo with the silver bow, stood 'no blind
 sentinel
 To their secure and drowsy host, but did
 discover well
 Mineva following Diomed; and, angry
 with his act,
 The mighty host of Ithion he enter'd, and
 awaked
 The cousin-german of the king, a cour-
 sellor of Ithace, [the desert place,
 Hippocoon, who when he rose, and saw
 Where Rhesus' horse did use to stand,
 and th' other dismal harms,
 Men struggling with the pangs of death,
 he shriek'd out thick alarms,
 Call'd 'Rhesus! Rhesus!' but in vain;
 then still, 'Arm! arm!' he cried
 The noise and tumult was extreme on
 every startled side
 Of Troy's huge host, from whence in
 throngs all gather'd, and admired
 Who could perform such harmful facts,
 and yet be safe retired
 Now, coming where they slew the scout,
 Ulysses stay'd the steeds,
 Tydides lighted, and the spoils, hung on
 the tamarisk reeds,
 He took and gave to Ithacus, and up he
 got again.
 Then flew they joyful to their fleet. Nestor
 did first attain
 The sounds the horse-hoofs strook through
 air, and said "My royal peers,
 Do I but dote, or say I true? methinks
 about mine ears
 The sounds of running horses beat.
 would to God they were
 Our friends thus soon return'd with spoil;
 but I have hearty fear,
 Lest this high tumult of the foe doth the
 distress intend"
 He scarce had spoke, when they were
 come; both did from horse descend:
 All, with embraces and sweet words, to
 heaven their worth did raise.
 Then Nestor spake. "Great Ithacus,
 even heap'd with Grecian praise,
 How have you made these horse your
 prize? pierced you the dangerous host,
 Where such games stand? or did some
 God your high attempts accost,

And honour'd you with this reward?
 why, they be like the rays
 The Sun effuseth I have mix'd with
 Trojans all my days,
 And now, I hope you will not say, I
 always lie aboard,
 Though an old soldier I confess, yet did
 all Troy afford [possess'd]
 Never the like to any sense that ever I
 But some good God, no doubt, hath met,
 and your high valours bless'd,
 For he that shadows heaven with clouds
 loves both as his delights,
 And she that supple earth with blood can-
 not forbear your sighs "
 Ulysses answer'd "Honour'd sire, the
 willing Gods can give
 Horse much more worth than these men
 yield, since in more power they live
 These horse are of the Thracian breed,
 their king, Tydides slew,
 And twelve of his most trusted guard, and
 of that meaner crew
 A scout for thirteenth man we kill'd, whom
 Hector sent to spy [fight or fly "
 The whole estate of our designs,* if bent to

Thus, follow'd with whole troops of
 friends, they with applauses pass'd
 The spacious dike, and in the tent of
 Diomed they placed
 The horse without contention, as his deserv-
 ing's meed,
 Which, with his other horse set up, on
 yellow wheat did feed
 Poor Dolon's spoils Ulysses had; who
 shrined them on his stern,
 As trophies vow'd to her that sent the
 good-aboding hern.
 Then enter'd they the mere main sea, to
 cleanse their honour'd sweat
 From off their feet, their thighs and necks;
 and, when their vehement heat
 Was calm'd, and their swoln hearts re-
 fresh'd, more cunous baths they used,
 Where odorous and dissolving oils* they
 through their limbs diffused
 Then, taking breakfast, a big bowl, fill'd
 with the purest wine,
 They offer'd to the maiden Queen, that hath
 the azure eyne

* The whole existence of our drifts 1598.

* Odorous and relaxive oils. 1598.

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.